

外教社中国文化汉外对照丛书



英译中国现代 **散文** 选(四)  
SELECTED MODERN  
CHINESE ESSAYS 4

张培基 译注 · Rendered into English by Zhang Peiji  
汉英对照 · Annotated Bilingual Edition

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## 编辑说明

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《英译中国现代散文选》（四）仍是作者自编自译的汉英对照读本。与前三集相同，书中各篇均附作者与作品的简介以及有关译文的详细注释。

本书编排仍以遴选的散文家的生年为序。

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# 白马湖<sup>[1]</sup>之冬

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◎ 夏丏尊

在我过去四十余年的生涯中，冬的情味尝得最深刻的<sup>[2]</sup>，要算十年前初移居白马湖的时候了。十年以来，白马湖已成了一个小村落，当我移居的时候，还是一片荒野。春晖中学的新建筑巍然矗立于湖的那一面，湖的这一面的山脚下是小小的几间新平屋<sup>[3]</sup>，住着我和刘君心如两家。此外两三里内没有人烟。一家人于阴历十一月下旬从热闹的杭州移居这荒凉的山野，宛如投身于极带中<sup>[4]</sup>。

那里的风，差不多日日有的，呼呼作响，好像虎吼。屋宇虽系新建，构造却极粗率，风从门窗隙缝中来，分外尖削，把门缝窗隙厚厚地用纸糊了，椽缝中却仍有透入。风刮得厉害的时候，天未夜就把大门关上，全家吃毕夜饭即睡入被窝里，静听寒风的怒号，湖水的澎湃。靠山的小后轩，算是我的书斋，在全屋子中风最少的一间，我常把头上的罗宋帽拉得低低地，在洋灯下工作至夜深。松涛如吼，霜月当窗，饥鼠吱吱在承尘上奔窜<sup>[5]</sup>。我于这种时候深感到萧瑟的诗趣，常独自拨划着炉灰，不肯就睡，把自己拟诸山水画中的人物，作种种幽逸的遐想。

现在白马湖到处都是树木了，当时尚一株树木都未种<sup>[6]</sup>。月亮与太阳都是整个儿的，从上山起直要照到下山为止。太阳好的时候，只要不刮风，那真和暖得不像冬天。一家人都坐在庭间曝日，甚至于吃午饭也在屋外，像夏天的晚饭一样。日光晒到哪里，就把椅凳移到哪里，忽然寒风来了，只好逃难似地各自带了椅凳逃入室中，急急把门关上。在平常的日子，风来大概在下午快要傍晚的时候，半夜即息。至于大风寒，那是整日夜狂吼，要二三日才止的。最严寒的几天，泥地看去惨白如水门汀<sup>[7]</sup>，山色冻得发紫而黯，湖波泛深蓝色。

下雪原是我所不憎厌的，下雪的日子，室内分外明亮，晚上差不多不用燃灯<sup>[8]</sup>。远山积雪足供半个月的观看，举头即可从窗中望见。可是究竟是南方，每冬下雪不过一二次。我在那里所日常领略的冬的情味，几乎都从风来。白马湖的所以多风，可以说有着地理上的原因。那里环湖都是山，而北首却有一个半里阔的空隙，好似故意张了袋口欢迎风来的



样子。白马湖的山水和普通的风景区相差不远，唯有风却与别的地方不同。风的多和大，凡是到过那里的人都知道的。风在冬季的感觉中，自古占着重要的因素，而白马湖的风尤其特别。

现在，一家僦居上海多日了，偶然于夜深人静时听到风声，大家就要提起白马湖来，说“白马湖不知今夜又刮得怎样厉害哩！<sup>[9]</sup>”

夏丏尊（1886—1946），浙江上虞县人，我国著名文学家、教育家、出版家，著译颇丰，其作品《文心》、《文章作法》、《平屋杂文》、《爱的教育》等，在20世纪20—40年代的文坛，曾风行一时。1921年，他到家乡上虞白马湖的春晖中学教书，并在学校附近盖平房安家，自题室名为“平屋”。《白马湖之冬》一文是他后来移居上海时所写的名篇，文章回忆旧地故居，蕴含眷眷深情，用语平淡朴素，构思严谨周密。

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[1] “白马湖”是湖名，也是地名，可用音译法或意译法分别译为Bai Ma Lake或White Horse Lake。今意译之，取其醒目。

[2] “冬的情味尝得最深刻的……”可按“使我真正体会冬天的……”译为I got a feel of what winter was really like，其中feel是名词，作“体验”解。

[3] “湖的这一面的山脚下是小小的几间新平屋”译为while on this side were several newly-built one-storey houses tucked away at the foot of a mountain，其中“平屋”即“平房”，与bungalow不完全相同，故译one-story houses；又，tucked away作“安置在……”、“隐藏在……”解，是译文中的增益成分，原文虽无其词而有其意。

[4] “宛如投身于极带中”译为we felt like getting bogged down in a polar region，其中“投身于”本可译为being plunged into，今译getting bogged down in，意思是“陷入……（困境）”，更切合原意。

[5] “饥鼠吱吱在承尘上奔窜”中的“承尘”作“天花板”解，全句可译为hungry rats squeaking and scurrying in the neighbourhood of the ceilings（或somewhere close to the ceilings）。

[6] “现在白马湖到处是树木了，当时尚一株树木都未种”译为White Horse Lake is now rich in vegetation while at that time it was totally treeless，其中

vegetation指“植被”，是包括树木在内的植物总称。上半句也可译为White Horse Lake is now well grown with trees, 或Trees now grow everywhere in White Horse Lake, 或White Horse Lake is now covered with trees等。

[7] “惨白如水门汀”译为deathly pale like cement, 其中deathly也可改用deadly, ghastly等, 意思均为“死人一般地”。

[8] “晚上差不多不用燃灯”译为I could almost do without lamplight at night, 其中do without是成语, 作“没有……也行”解, 也可换用另一同义成语dispense with。

[9] “白马湖不知今夜又刮得怎样厉害哩!”意即“白马湖今夜想必又刮大风了!”, 故译“White Horse Lake must be terribly windy tonight!”, 其中must be意同“想必”, 表示一种揣测。

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# Winter in White Horse Lake

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© *Xia Mianzun*

I am now over forty, but it was not until ten years ago that I got a feel of what winter was really like soon after I had moved my residence to White Horse Lake, a place beyond my home town. Since then, however, it has grown into quite a village, but it was an expanse of wilderness at the time when I moved in. The new buildings of Chun Hui Middle School then stood tall on the other side of the Lake while on this side were several newly-built small one-storey houses tucked away at the foot of a mountain where lived two families separately, the family of mine and that of Liu Xinru. The neighborhood was totally unpopulated far and wide except for the two households. Having moved from Hangzhou to this desolate countryside late in the eleventh moon of the lunar year, we felt like getting bogged down in a polar region.

The wind there blew almost every day, howling like a tiger's roaring. The new houses were of poor quality, with a biting wind coming in through every chink in the doors and windows. And our efforts to have all the cracks sealed with paper nevertheless failed to stop it from breaking into the house. When it was very windy, all we could do was shut the front door before dark and go to bed after supper, listening quietly to the whistling of the sharp wind and the surging of the Lake waters. In the small rear-room close to the mountain, which, least affected by the wind, was my study, I often worked by the light of an oil lamp late into the night, with my woolen cap pulled down, while the pines were soughing in the wind, the white moon shining on the window, and hungry rats squeaking and scurrying in the neighborhood of the ceilings. Seized with a poetic mood generated by the scene of bleakness, I would stay up late and sit alone poking the charcoal fire, imaging myself a figure in a traditional Chinese landscape painting and indulging in deep reveries.

White Horse Lake is now rich in vegetation while at that time it was totally treeless. When the sun shone bright on a windless day, it would be nice and warm. The whole family would then sit in the courtyard to bask in the sun, and even have lunch in the open air like we did in summer. Where there was sunshine, there we would move our chairs. When the cold wind came, however,

we would scamper indoors like refugees, each carrying a chair or stool and hastily closing the doors behind us. The wind usually began to howl towards evening and lasted until midnight. In the case of a severe storm, it would rage for two to three days and nights on end. At the height of the bitter cold, the fields would for several days look deathly pale like cement, the mountains would turn dirty purple with cold, and the ripples of the Lake would be of a deep blue.

I had no aversion to snowfall because it very much brightened up my room, so much so that I could almost do without lamplight at night. The distant mountains would remain snow-capped for at least half a month — a scene I could easily enjoy from my window. However, it was a pity that, living in the south, we could have snowfall only once or twice each winter. Hence it was from the wind only that I could in my daily life get a taste of winter. White Horse Lake is windy for geographical reasons. The place is surrounded by mountains except in the north where there is a gap as wide as one fourth of a kilometer, like the wide open mouth of a bag, ready to accept the wind. It is the wind that differentiates White Horse Lake from other scenic spots. Anybody who has been to the place can tell how frequent and violent the wind is there. The wind has, since time immemorial, been an important factor in characterizing winter, particularly so in White Horse Lake.

Now it is quite a few days since I and my family moved to Shanghai. Whenever the wind blows in the stillness of the night, we will all mention White Horse Lake, saying, “White Horse Lake must be terribly windy tonight!”



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# 八十一岁结婚

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◎ 张恨水

金圣叹说过<sup>[1]</sup>：“人生三十不仕，不当再仕，五十不娶，不当再娶。何则？用非其时也<sup>[2]</sup>。”这一种说法，可代表中国人一般的普通思想。中国人的事业观<sup>[3]</sup>，最羡慕“少年得志”，最伤感“大器晚成”。为了这个原因，便是有所成就的人，到了五十以上<sup>[4]</sup>，便有退休的意思。六七十的人若还在事业上努力，就有抽身不得的慨叹了<sup>[5]</sup>。照人生上寿不过八十而言，为私人作一番打算，这种作风好像也有点道理。只是就事业的观点上说<sup>[6]</sup>，就不对。因为越是有年纪的人，他的学识经验也就越丰富，大事业正需要这种人撑持。而且为人作事<sup>[7]</sup>，也必须有个自信心。一老就觉得自己不行<sup>[8]</sup>，那也透着我们生命力不强。扩而充之，整个民族如此，那是我们一种自馁精神，对民族兴衰大有关系。欧美人之成大事业总在晚年，恰与我们的观点相反。最近有两个老的行为，值得借鉴，正可和我们打一针兴奋剂<sup>[9]</sup>。第一是美国务卿赫尔<sup>[10]</sup>，以七十二岁之年，飞莫斯科开那全球注意的三国会议。第二是前英国首相劳合·乔治<sup>[11]</sup>，八十一岁结婚。这可证明他们的生命力强，也可以证明他们精神毫不衰老。老了还活泼的干，不必退休去等死，这人生才有意味，才没枉过“吾生也有涯”的岁月<sup>[12]</sup>。

现在我国的事业，多半在四五十岁的中年人手上。中年人干吧<sup>[13]</sup>，我们的前途还遥远着呢！

张恨水（1895—1967），原名张心远，安徽潜山人，生于江西广信，是著名章回小说家、报人，人称“章回小说大师”。他一生创作了100多部中长篇通俗小说，其中《啼笑因缘》、《春明外史》、《金粉世家》、《八十一梦》等长篇小说影响尤为深远，在我国文学史上有着重要的地位。他是中国20世纪创作数量最多、最受读者欢迎的作家之一。老舍曾称他是“国内唯一的妇孺皆知的老作家”。但由于历史原因，建国后他在国内却一直遭到冷落，变得默默无闻。张恨水还是一位优秀的散文家，现选译了他的散文小品《八十一岁结婚》，以飨读者。

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[1] “金圣叹说过”中的“说过”可译为said或says, 只是后者常指有书面记载的言论。

[2] “用非其时也”意即“在错误的时候做错误的事”, 故译doing the wrong thing at the wrong time。

[3] “中国人的事业观”可译为According to the Chinese outlook on life, 或According to the Chinese, 或According to the Chinese view on one's career。

[4] “到了五十以上”译为on the wrong side of 50, 意同older than 50。

[5] “就有抽身不得的慨叹了”现按“谅必为自己的处境叫苦”而译为must bemoan their plight, 其中must作“想必”、“谅必”解。

[6] “就事业的观点上说”译为from the standpoint of a worthy cause, 其中worthy作“好的”、“有意义的”解, 是译文中的增益词。

[7] “为人作事”不宜按字面直译, 现译为to conduct oneself。

[8] “一老就觉得自己不行”译为Calling yourself a good-for-nothing on account of age, 其中good-for-nothing作“无用的人”解, on account of age意同because of old age, age (单独用) 可指“年迈”。

[9] “和我们打一针兴奋剂”译为serve to give us a shot in the arm, 其中to give one a shot in the arm是成语, 意思是“给某人打气(或刺激、鼓励等)”。

[10] “赫尔”全名“科德尔·赫尔”Cordell Hull (1871—1955), 1933至1944年任美国国务卿, 主张改变高关税壁垒, 改善美国与拉丁美洲国家的关系, 反对日本对中国的军事侵略, 协助筹建联合国, 获1945年诺贝尔和平奖。

[11] “劳合·乔治”全名“大卫·劳埃德·乔治”David Lloyd George (1863—1945), 第一次世界大战期间任英国首相(1916—1922), 大战结束后于1919年参加巴黎和会。

[12] “没枉过‘吾生也有涯’的岁月”可按“没有浪费短暂的一生”从正面译为fully utilize the transient days of one's life, 其中transient作“转瞬即逝”解。

[13] “中年人干吧”译为Middle-aged fellow countrymen, roll up your sleeves, 其中用fellow countrymen (同胞们) 替代men, 较为亲切, 又roll up your sleeves也是成语, 意即“准备大干”。

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# Getting Married at 81

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© *Zhang Henshui*

Jin Shengtan<sup>[1]</sup> says, “People over 30 should not become an official, and people over 50 should not get married. Why? Because otherwise they would be doing the wrong thing at the wrong time.” That is representative of the mentality of people at large in China. According to the Chinese outlook on life, it is most enviable “to achieve success in one’s early years” but most sorrowful “to fail to achieve it until one’s old age.” Hence, even a successful man will feel like going into retirement when he is on the wrong side of 50. And those who continue to work out of necessity in their sixties or seventies must bemoan their plight. However, considering that men seldom live up to the age of 80, their personal concerns may seem to be impeccable. But, from the standpoint of a worthy cause, they are wrong. Because the older one is, the more knowledgeable and experienced he is, and therefore the more indispensable he is to a great cause. Moreover, one should conduct oneself with self-confidence. Calling yourself a good-for-nothing on account of age manifests your lack of vitality. The same is true of a nation. Self-confidence has a lot to do with its rise and fall. Unlike us Chinese, Westerners usually go in for great undertakings in late life. The recent cases of two Western senior politicians set a good example for us and serve to give us a shot in the arm. One was 72-year-old US Secretary of State Cordell Hull, who went to Moscow to attend the 3-power conference in the limelight of the world. The other was former British prime minister Lloyd George, who got married at the age of 81. Their activities afforded proof of their vitality and youthful spirit. The way to live a meaningful life and fully utilize the transient days of one’s life is by continuing to work vigorously in old age rather than retire.

Our national cause now rests, for the most part, on the shoulders of our middle-aged men — men in their forties or fifties. Middle-aged fellow countrymen, roll up your sleeves to strive for our ultimate goal!

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[1] Jin Shengtan (1608—1661), a native of Wuxian, Jiangsu Province, was



a remarkable scholar in the early years of the Qing Dynasty, known for his creative thinking in literary criticism.

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# 我写小说的道路

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◎ 张恨水

我在十一二岁，看小说已经成迷了，十四五岁我就拿起笔来，仿照七侠五义的套子，构成一个十三岁的孩子，会玩大铁锤<sup>[1]</sup>。这小说叫什么名字，现在记不得了，可是这里面我还画成了画，画一个小侠客，拿着两柄大锤，舞成了旋风舞<sup>[2]</sup>。我为什么这样爱作小说，还要画侠客图呢？因为我的弟妹以及小舅父，喜欢听我说小侠客故事，有时我把图摊开来，他们也哈哈大笑。至今我想起来，何以弄小说连图都画上了。说我求名吗？除了家里三四个听客，于外没有人知道，当然不是。说我求利吗？大人真个知道了，那真会笑掉了大牙。当然也不是。我就喜欢这样玩意，喜欢，我就高兴乱涂<sup>[3]</sup>。什么我也不求。<sup>[4]</sup>

我到十五六岁，小说读的更多了。也读过自西洋翻译来的理论，但是那学问只有点把点，读过了也就完了。不过这样一来，我对小说，更抱着浓厚的兴趣。商务印书馆出版的“小说月报”，那时为国内首屈一指的文艺杂志，我就每月得买一本。因此，我对小说，有了更进一步的认识，认识到作小说的，可以作为一种职业。所以我爱读的小说，也自剑侠一变为爱情<sup>[5]</sup>。事实上，这个日子的小说，也以爱情为最多。可是为什么作小说，我依旧模糊着。至于作小说为职业，我根本未曾想到。

到了十九岁，我在苏州“蒙藏垦殖专门学校”<sup>[6]</sup>读书，有工夫，还是看小说。我觉着光是看，还有些不够，所以也作了两篇，往“小说月报”社投稿。当然，我那时还很年轻，读书不但不多，而且很多应当读的书，我只看到或者听到它的名字而已，所以两篇小说，投过了邮也就算了，并没有想到还有什么下文<sup>[7]</sup>。可是过了几日，“小说月报”居然回信来了，说我的小说还算不错，望我努力。那小说虽然没有发表，但给我的鼓励真是不小。于是我就对小说更为细心研究，尤其是写景一方面，小动作一方面，中国小说虽然也有，却是并不多，我就在西洋小说中，加倍注意。

可是学校被袁世凯封门了，我的家境，又十分不好，我就失了学。自此以后，我飘流在扬子江一带，寻找职业。直到二十四岁，才找到了我的饭碗<sup>[8]</sup>，就是芜湖《皖江报》。不过那飘流的几年中，有些日子在乡下家里，我还极力看中国旧书，也看看小说。这好像

说我的读书，有些进步了吧？所以在《皖江报》就业以后，我在自己报上写小说，也有工夫为别家写小说。上海《民国日报》，这就是别家的一家。若是说我写小说何日开始，这就是第一课吧<sup>[9]</sup>。

这年下半年，我到了北京，以后有十几年没有离开。同时，我一面当新闻记者，一面写小说。但是我虽依旧写小说，却慢慢地摸上一点路子。觉得写小说，专门写爱情，那也似乎太狭窄。我自己以为自这以后，我的小说，又有一点小变动，以社会各种变化情形为经，以爱情为纬<sup>[10]</sup>。我的小说自然也应该有些变化，可是我仍旧不能完全抛弃爱情<sup>[11]</sup>。大概有几十年工夫，不，可以说一辈子吧，总是不能离开这经纬线。如《太平花》、《夜深沉》、《水浒新传》、《八十一梦》等等。

我是作章回小说的，对于普及，那是没有问题的。但是我们要谈普及，是在哪里下手呢？这是我们必须要研究的。要把人民日常生活，一种自然形态，在烂熟之下摘取。这里说着人民日常生活，好像很容易摘取似的。事实上不尽然，也许是很难的。我们要细心慢慢去找日常生活最普遍的一处，然后把它在适当的时候，使鲜花开出来。这不能性急，日常生活体会得越多，就会使鲜花开得越灿烂。

《我写小说的道路》是章回小说大师张恨水（1895—1967）用简约的文字回忆自己生平创作经历的散文。他的小说虽离不开章回小说范畴，并大多以言情为主题，但走的却是现实主义道路，同情弱小，反抗强暴，具有正义感和丰富热情，通俗易懂，因此深受广大读者欢迎。他认为小说家必须研究社会，了解周围的人物环境，正如他在文章中所说，“日常生活体会得越多，就会使鲜花开得越灿烂”。

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[1] “构成一个十三岁的孩子，会玩大铁锤”可按“我这样做，就像一个小孩胆敢耍玩大铁锤一般”译成 I did that like I was a small kid having the audacity to wield a heavy iron hammer, 其中 having the audacity (胆敢) 是译文中的增益成分，原文虽无其词而有其意。

[2] “拿着两柄大锤，舞成了旋风舞”可按“拿着两根大钉头锤在狂跳狂舞”译成 dancing around like mad wielding a pair of giant maces, 其中把“锤”译为 maces (一种古代武器，名为钉头锤)；like mad 是成语，作“拼命地”、“疯狂地”解。

[3] “我就喜欢这样玩意，喜欢，我就高兴乱涂”可按“我这样做是出于喜爱”译为 I

did it for love, 简明扼要, 其中for love是成语, 作“出于喜爱”解。

[4] “什么我也不求”本可译为I sought nothing else或I had no other motives等, 现按“如此而已”、“就是这样”等译为That's all there is to it或That's it。

[5] “我爱读的小说, 也自剑侠一变为爱情”译为I shifted my favorite reading from kung fu stories to love stories, 其中kung fu来自“功夫”, 意为“武打”; “剑侠(小说)”也可译为stories about chivalrous swordsmen;

[6] “蒙藏垦殖专门学校”据说为孙中山所开创, 可译为Mongolia-Tibet Reclamation School for Vocational Training。

[7] “没有想到还有什么下文”可按“就把它忘了”或“就不再去想它们”等译为and just forgot about them。

[8] “找到了我的饭碗”可译为I finally found employment at ...或I finally got a job at ...等。

[9] “若是说我写小说何日开始, 这就是第一课吧”不必按字面直译, 现按“这就是我小说生涯的开端”译为That's the beginning of my career as a novelist即可。

[10] “以社会各种变化情形为经, 以爱情为纬”意即“社会问题和爱情并重”, 现参照上下文, 按“不仅写爱情, 并且写社会问题”译为I wrote about social problems as well as love。

[11] “可是我仍旧不能完全抛弃爱情”译为Nevertheless, I have never been able to totally break away from the topic of love, 其中用短语break away表达“抛弃”, 作“摆脱”解; 又“爱情”指“爱情题材”, 最好译为the topic of love, 其中the topic of是增添词。

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# How I Started My Career as a Novelist

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© Zhang Henshui

I became engrossed in reading fiction when I was 12. At 15, I wrote a story patterned after *Seven Swordsmen and Five Gallants*<sup>[1]</sup>. I did it like I was a small kid having the audacity to wield a heavy iron hammer. I have forgotten the title of the story, but, I remember, it was illustrated with my drawing of a hero dancing around like mad wielding a pair of giant maces. I enjoyed writing stories illustrated with my drawings of gallants because my younger brothers and sisters plus my young uncle all liked to listen to my storytelling. And they would be greatly amused when I sometimes showed them the illustrations. Did I seek fame? Of course not, for I had no other listeners except a handful of my own folks. Did I seek personal gain? No, not either, for that would have made a laughing stock of myself in the family. I did it for love. That's all there is to it.

At 16, I read more novels and meanwhile acquired a smattering of knowledge by reading the Chinese version of some Western books on literature. Thus I became even more interested in fiction. I would buy every issue of *Fiction Monthly*<sup>[2]</sup>, the only literary magazine then published in China. I came to realize that story-writing could be one's profession. I shifted my favorite reading from kung fu stories to love stories. In fact, love was then a favorite theme with most novelists. But I still had only a vague idea as to why one should engage in story writing. And I never thought of myself becoming a novelist.

At 19, while studying at Mongolia-Tibet Reclamation School for Vocational Training, in Suzhou, Jiangsu Province, I continued to read stories in spare time. But I thought mere reading was not enough, so I submitted two stories I had written to the magazine *Fiction Monthly* for publication. Of course, I was then very young and far from being well-read. And many books I should have read were known to me by name only. Therefore, I didn't expect too much of the two stories I had sent out and just forgot about them. Several days later, however, I received a reply from the said magazine saying that I had done quite well and they hoped I would do still better. Though they didn't use my contributions, the encouragement they gave me was

tremendous. Thereupon, I went in for an even more careful study of fiction, especially as regards the depiction of scenery and petty moves, which also appeared in Chinese fiction, but with much lower frequency than in Western fiction. So I focused more on them in Western fiction.

Later, I was obliged to discontinue my studies when the school was closed down by order of Yuan Shikai<sup>[3]</sup> and my parents could not send me to another school due to financial difficulties. Then I began to wander about hunting for a job in places along the Yangtse River. And it was not until I was 24 that I finally found employment at *The Wanjiang News* in Wuhu, Anhui Province. Thanks to the improvement I seemed to have made in knowledge through burying myself in Chinese classics as well as fiction during the several years when I was in my country home and later when I was wandering about, I was able to write novels for my newspaper and also, in spare time, for other newspapers as well, including *The Republic Daily*. That's the beginning of my career as a novelist.

In the second half of the year, I went to Beijing, where I was to stay for more than ten years, both as a newspaperman and as a novelist. While I continued to write, I gradually realized that, as a novelist, I shouldn't narrow my works to the sole theme of love. So from then on, there was a small change in my writings. I wrote about social problems as well as love. Nevertheless, I have never been able to totally break away from the topic of love. It has been my favorite theme for decades or throughout my life, as witness my *Taiping Flowers*, *Deep Night*, *New Shui Hu Zhuan*, *81 Dreams*, etc.

As a writer of novels in *zhanghui* style<sup>[4]</sup>, I of course advocate popularization. But we have to know how to achieve it. The way is to observe people's daily life in its natural form until the time is ripe for us to pick it like an opening flower. It is not easy though. It may be very difficult. We have to look for the most common aspect of people's life and then let it blossom forth like fresh flowers in our works at an opportune time. We need to work with patience. The more we know about people's life, the more beautiful the flowers will be.

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[1]A popular novel of adventure and detection in the Qing Dynasty with stories about brave and gallant men in towns and villages who championed the good, killed tyrants and achieved great deeds for the state.

[2]Fiction Monthly was first published in 1910 by The Commercial Press in

Shanghai. From 1921, Shen Yanbing (pen-named Mao Dun), a renowned progressive novelist, was its editor-in-chief. The literary journal ceased publication in June 1932 at the outbreak of the anti-Japanese war in Shanghai.

[3]Yuan Shikai (1859—1916) was chieftain of the Northern Warlords. After the Qing Dynasty was overthrown by the revolution of 1911, he usurped the presidency of the Republic and organized the first government of the Northern Warlords. He proclaimed himself emperor in December 1915, but was forced to abdicate in March 1916. He died in Beijing in June 1916.

[4]A type of traditional Chinese novel divided into chapters with each chapter headed by a couplet giving the gist of the contents. Most Chinese classical novels are in zhanghui style.



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# 从重庆到箱根

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◎ 冰心

从羽田机场进入东京已经是夜里。呈现在街灯下的街道一片冷落，看不见人影<sup>[1]</sup>，比起人声嘈杂、车辆拥挤的<sup>[2]</sup>上海完全成了两样。

我想这才是真正的夜。白天决不是这样寂静。我到东京的第三天，友人带着去了箱根<sup>[3]</sup>。从东京到横滨的途中，印象最深的是无边的瓦砾、衣衫褴褛的妇女、形容枯槁的人群。但是道路很平坦光洁。快到箱根，森林渐渐深起来，红叶映着夕阳，弯曲的道路，更增添了一层秀媚。在山路大转弯的地方，富士山头顶雪冠、裹着紫云，真有一种难以形容的美。

比起欧美的一流旅馆，箱根的旅馆也不算差<sup>[4]</sup>。从窗口望去，到处溢满东洋风味。山岭、房檐、石塔、小桥等等，使人感到幽雅、舒适。

那一夜我怎么也不能入睡，各种各样的想法千头万绪，自己也说不清楚为什么有这样的感情。

这二天，天还没亮就起来，卷起窗帘，完全裹住了山峦的浓雾中隐约地露出青松的绿色。“啊！我的歌乐山！”突然间多么想这样叫一声——重庆的奇峰歌乐山是我的。

我必须在这里介绍那令人留恋的歌乐山。歌乐山比起箱根来要小得多，红叶也没有这样多。歌乐山被茂密的松林包裹着，一到春天，鲜红的杜鹃漫山盛开。

春夜里可以听到杜鹃那令人伤感的鸣叫，山上杜鹃花的红色据说就是杜鹃吐的血染的。

轰炸的日子，常常是晴空万里。

惊慌的尖叫的警报声中，带着食粮、饮水、蜡烛、毛毯，抱着孩子跑进阴冷的防空洞<sup>[5]</sup>。



这里面，吓得发抖的妇人和孩子们，脸色变得发青<sup>[6]</sup>。

我们没有声音，对着头上飞过的成群的飞机和轰轰的爆炸声，还有那猛烈摇动的狂风长长地叹息，然后好不容易爬上山顶，望着被滚滚白烟笼罩着的重庆，惦念着自己的亲人<sup>[7]</sup>是否安全。

夜间轰炸一定是美丽的星月夜。在夜里我们不进入洞中。

让孩子们睡下之后，抱在膝上，等待在狭窄的洞口。

往下看萤火虫一样的光亮渐渐消失，很快街道被黑色完全包围，万籁俱静，只有远处传来的微弱的犬吠声。

嘉陵江犹如银白色的绢带。

淡淡的月光中看不见机影，只有爆炸声渐渐地传来，突然有几条探照灯光在天空中一扫而过。

“打中了！”“打中了！”<sup>[8]</sup>九架、六架、三架，白蛾一样的飞机摇晃着冲向重庆，紧接着是震撼大地的爆炸声，火光冲上了天空。

就这样流走了五年的日日夜夜。歌乐山的五年，是在“好天良夜”中度过的<sup>[9]</sup>。

可怕的、令人诅咒的战争。

战争结束我们懂得了怨<sup>[10]</sup>。而且我们虽然体验了激烈的战争，也懂得了同情和爱。因此，我在歌乐山最后的两年中，听到东京遭受轰炸的时候，感到有种说不出的痛苦之情。我想象得出无数东京的年轻女性担心着丈夫和亲人，背着柔弱的孩子在警报声中挤进防空壕那悲惨的样子。

看见了东京我想起了重庆，走在箱根感到是走在歌乐山。痛苦给了我们贵重的教训。最大的繁荣的安乐不能在侵略中得到，只有同情和互助的爱情才能有共存共荣。

今后永远再也不要使歌乐山和箱根成为疏散地，要让热爱山水的人们常常登上山顶享受美丽的风光<sup>[11]</sup>，不能再从自然的美中挤进黑暗的防空壕<sup>[12]</sup>。

冰心（1900—1999），现代著名女作家、诗人、翻译家，原籍福建长乐，生于福州，

原名为谢婉莹，笔名为冰心。《从重庆到箱根》是她1946年10月22日写于日本东京的一篇散文。当时抗日战争已胜利结束，日本先此约一年宣布无条件投降。

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[1] “看不见人影”译为Not a soul in sight, 意同There was not a person in sight。

[2] “车辆拥挤的”译为choked with vehicles, 意同crowded with traffic。

[3] “友人带着去了箱根”译为a friend of mine showed me around Hakone, 其中to show around是成语, 意思是“带某人参观某个地方”(to take a person on a tour of a place)。

[4] “比起欧美的一流旅馆, 箱根的旅馆也不算差”译为Hotels of Hakone compare well with first-class hotels of Western countries, 其中to compare well with作“比得上”、“可与……媲美”等解。此句也可译为Compared with first-class hotels in Europe or America, hotels in Hakone are in no way inferior。

[5] “跑进阴冷的防空洞”译为would dash for dear life into dark and cold air-raid dugouts, 其中for dear life是成语, 作“拼命地”解, 是译文中的添加词, 原文虽无其词而有其意。

[6] “吓得发抖的妇人和孩子们, 脸色变得发青”译为Fear was written large on the ashen faces of trembling women and children, 其中to be written on the face of为英语常见用语, 作“脸上显露……表情”解。

[7] “自己的亲人”可译为our dear ones或our close relatives。

[8] “打中了”译为We got them, 其中to get在口语中可作“捕获”、“抓住”、“杀死”等解, 这里意同We hit them。

[9] “歌乐山的五年, 是在‘好天良夜’中度过的”可按“歌乐山的五年, 是在目睹猛烈空袭中度过的”译为I spent five years in the Gele Mountain of Chongqing witnessing every bombing holocaust, 句后没有必要再加in fair weather。

[10] “战争结束我们懂得了怨”意即“战争结束我们明白什么该受指摘”, 故译At the end of the war, we understood what was to blame。

[11] “享受美丽的风光”译为to feast their eyes on the beautiful scenery, 其中to feast one's eyes on是成语, 作“尽情欣赏”解。

[12] “不能再从自然的美中挤进黑暗的防空壕”言外之意即“不能再让黑暗的防空壕玷污自然美”, 故译Never again will gloomy air-raid dugouts tarnish (或 blemish) a place of natural beauty, 或Never again will gloomy air-raid shelters be constructed to spoil natural beauty。

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# From Chongqing to Hakone

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© *Bing Xin*

It was already dark when I arrived in Tokyo from Heneda Airport. The city looked desolate under the street lamps. Not a soul in sight. It was entirely different from Shanghai, which was noisy and choked with vehicles.

However, I presumed the city would never be so still in the daytime. On the third day after my arrival, a friend of mine showed me around Hakone. On the way from Tokyo to Yokohama, what struck me most were the endless sights of debris, shabbily-dressed women and haggard crowds. But the roads were level and clean. The nearer we got to Hakone, the more luxuriant the forests. The red autumn leaves in the evening glow plus the zigzag paths added greatly to the enchanting beauty of the landscape. Around a corner of the mountain path, we suddenly came in sight of the indescribable beauty of snow-capped Mount Fuji wrapped in purplish clouds.

Hotels of Hakone compare well with first-class hotels of Western countries. Our window opened on a scene rich in Oriental flavour. Mountain ridges, eaves, stone pagodas, small bridges, etc. all were so quiet, elegant and pleasing.

That night I just couldn't fall asleep. I didn't know why I had so many thoughts surging in my mind.

The next day I got out of bed before daybreak. As I lifted the window curtain, green pines were dimly visible through a thick mist enveloping the mountains. Suddenly I was on the verge of exclaiming, "Ah, my Gele Mountain, the fantastic Gele Mountain of Chongqing!"

Now I feel obliged to say a few words about the unforgettable Gele Mountain. It is much smaller than Hakone with not so many red autumn leaves. Its slopes are covered with dense pine forests. Red azaleas are in full bloom all over the place in spring.

And cuckoos are heard crying plaintively on spring evenings. It is said that azaleas on the mountain have been dyed red with the blood spit up by cuckoos.

Bombing raids usually happened in fair weather.

At the hideous, penetrating sound of the air-raid siren, people would dash for dear life into dark and cold air-raid dugouts, carrying food, drinking water, candles, blankets and their kids.

Fear was written large on the ashen faces of trembling women and children.

While Japanese aircraft were sweeping past overhead amidst terrible bomb blasts and a violent gust of wind, we could do nothing but sigh a deep sigh. Then we somehow managed to climb up to the mountaintop where we stood watching the city of Chongqing shrouded in billowing gray smoke and worrying about the safety of our dear ones.

Bombing raids usually took place on a beautiful starry night. So we chose to stay outside the air-aid shelter.

We sat at the narrow entrance of the tunnel holding our sleeping babies in our laps.

Then, when the distant fires, flickering like fireflies, gradually died out, the streets became pitch dark and silence reigned everywhere except for the faint barking of far-off dogs.

The Jialing River looked like a silvery white ribbon.

Aircraft were hardly visible in the pale moonlight. Only distant explosions were heard now and then. Suddenly several searchlights swept across the dark sky.

“We got them! We got them!” Nine, six, three Japanese aircraft tottered like white moths and plunged headlong into the city, and then followed the earth-shaking explosions and leaping flames.

Days and nights went on like this for five years. I spent five years in the Gele Mountain of Chongqing witnessing every bombing holocaust.

It was a horrible and abominable war.

At the end of the war, we understood what was to blame. In spite of the ravages of war we had gone through, we felt sympathy and love for the common people. During the last two years of my stay in the Gele Mountain, it gave me a feeling of unutterable pain to learn of the bombing raids on Tokyo. I visualized the tragic picture of countless Tokyo young women trying

desperately at the air alarm to squeeze into air-raid shelters with little babies on their backs and meanwhile worrying about husbands and relatives.

Now Tokyo reminds me of Chongqing. Here in Hakone, I feel as if I were in the Gele Mountain. We have learned a valuable lesson from sufferings. No prosperity or happiness will come of acts of aggression. Without mutual sympathy and love, there would be no co-existence and co-prosperity at all.

Never again will the Gele Mountain or Hakone be a place for sheltering evacuees. They should be a place for sightseers to feast their eyes on the beautiful scenery at the mountaintop. Never again will gloomy air-raid dugouts tarnish a place of natural beauty.



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# 生命从八十岁开始

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◎ 冰心

亲爱的小朋友：

我每天在病榻上躺着，面对一幅极好看的画。这是一个满面笑容，穿着红兜肚，肩上扛着一对大红桃的孩子，旁边写着“冰心同志八十大寿”，底下落款是“一九八〇年十月《儿童文学》敬祝”。<sup>[1]</sup>

每天早晨醒来，在灿烂阳光下看着它，使我快乐，使我鼓舞，但是“八十”这两个字，总不能使我相信我竟然已经八十岁了！<sup>[2]</sup>

我病后有许多老朋友来信，又是安慰又是责难，说：“你以后千万不能再不服老了！”<sup>[3]</sup>所以，我在复一位朋友的信里说：“孔子说他常觉得‘不知老之将至’，我是‘无知’到了不知老之已至的地步！”

这无知要感谢我的千千万万的小读者！自从我二十三岁起写《寄小读者》以来，断断续续地写了将近六十年。<sup>[4]</sup>正是许多小读者们读《寄小读者》后的来信，这热情的回响，使我永远觉得年轻！

我在病中不但得到《中国少年报》编辑部的赠花，并给我拍了照，也得到许多慰问的信，因为这些信的祝福都使我相信我会很快康复起来<sup>[5]</sup>。我的病是在得了脑血栓<sup>[6]</sup>之后，又把右胯骨摔折。因此行动、写字都很困难。写这几百字几乎用了半个小时<sup>[7]</sup>，但我希望在一九八一年我完全康复之后，再努力给小朋友们写些东西。西谚云“生命从四十岁开始”。我想从一九八一年起，病好后再好好练习写字，练习走路。“生命从八十岁开始”，努力和小朋友们一同前进！

祝 你们健康快乐

你们的热情的朋友 冰心  
一九八〇年十月二十九日于北京医院

冰心1923年夏毕业于燕京大学，同年8月赴美留学，前后共三年。在此期间，她写了散文《寄小读者》，内有29篇通讯，除8篇写于国内，其余21篇都写于赴美的船上和美国。这些通讯最初陆续发表在《晨报副刊》的“儿童世界”栏内，1926年结集出了单行本。新中国成立后，她继续写了两集。本篇通讯发表在《三寄小读者》中，为该集的代序。

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[1] “冰心同志八十大寿”为上款，“一九八〇年十月《儿童文学》敬祝”为下款，英译时把两者都按“落款”译为inscriptions。

[2] “但是‘八十’这两个字，总不能使我相信我竟然已经八十岁了！”译为But the birthday gift hasn't brought me to realize that I am already 80 years old!, 其中hasn't brought me to realize that ...作“使我明白……”解，意同hasn't made me conscious that ...。

[3] “又是责难，说：‘你以后千万不能再不服老了！’”可按“又是劝我勿再不顾年老而拼命”译为and meanwhile warn me never again to work so hard without regard for my old age; 也可译为and meanwhile blame me for overworking myself and refusing to admit that I am old.

[4] “自从我二十三岁起写《寄小读者》以来，断断续续地写了将近六十年”译为It is about 60 years since I began at the age of 23 to write intermittently Letters to Little Readers, 其中“断断续续”可译为intermittently或off and on.

[5] “这些信的祝福都使我相信我会很快康复起来”可按“他们的祝福激起我早日康复的信心”译为whose good wishes inspired me with confidence in my speedy recovery, 比whose blessing made me believe in my early recovery更具表达力。

[6] “脑血栓”译为cerebral thrombosis, 也可译为a stroke, 虽较通俗，但欠精确，因a stroke (中风) 兼指“脑血栓”和“脑溢血”。

[7] “写这几百字几乎用了半个小时”本可译为It took me almost half an hour to finish writing this short letter of a few hundred words!, 现译为You can imagine how it took me almost half an hour to finish writing this short note of only a few hundred words! 或 Just imagine me taking almost half an hour to finish writing this short letter of only a few hundred words!, 其中You can



imagine how和Just imagine均为译文中的增益词，用以加强原意。

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# Life Begins at 80<sup>[1]</sup>

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© Bing Xin

Beijing Hospital  
October 29, 1980

Dear Little Friends,

Every day I lie facing a lovely picture from my sickbed — the picture of a smiling little child wearing a *doudu*<sup>[2]</sup> and carrying two big red peaches on the shoulder. It bears the inscriptions “On the 80th birthday of Comrade Bing Xin” and “With best wishes from the *Children's Literature*, October 1980” on the margin and at the bottom, respectively.

Every morning, when I wake up, it gives me great joy and encouragement to see the picture in the bright sunshine. But the birthday gift hasn't brought me to realize that I am already 80 years old!

Since I fell ill, many old friends have written to express their sympathy for me and meanwhile warn me never again to work so hard without regard for my old age. So, in reply to a friend's letter, I said, “While Confucius refers to himself as often being ‘unaware of approaching old age’, I am, however, unaware that I am already old!”

For this unawareness, I owe a debt of gratitude to millions upon millions of my little readers! It is about 60 years since I began at the age of 23 to write intermittently *Letters to Little Readers*. The warm response expressed by many of my little friends after reading my letters has given me a perpetual feeling of being young!

During my illness, the editorial department of the *China Juvenile Daily* sent me flowers and took my picture. I also received many letters of sympathy from my friends and readers, whose good wishes inspired me with confidence in my speedy recovery. My illness started with cerebral thrombosis, and later I suffered a fracture in my right hipbone. As a result, I had

difficulty getting around and writing by hand. You can imagine how it took me almost half an hour to finish writing this short note of only a few hundred words! As a Western saying goes, "Life begins at 40." I hope that, starting from 1981, I'll be able to try my hand at writing and moving around after my recovery. Life begins at 80. Let me strive to forge ahead with all my little friends!

With every good wish,

Bing Xin, your loving friend

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[\[1\]](#) The title is a sentence quoted from the following letter written by Bing Xin in lieu of the preface to Vol. 3 of her Letters to Little Readers.

[\[2\]](#) A diamond-shaped undergarment, worn usually by a child in China, covering the chest and abdomen, with bands going around the neck and waist.

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# 再寄小读者

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◎ 冰心

亲爱的小朋友：

4月12日，我们在微雨中<sup>[1]</sup>到达意大利东海岸的威尼斯。

威尼斯是世界闻名的水上城市，常有人把它比作中国的苏州。但是苏州基本上是陆地上的城市，不过城里有许多河道和桥梁。威尼斯却是由一百多个小岛组成的，一条较宽的曲折的水道，就算是大街，其余许许多多纵横交织的小水道，就算是小巷。<sup>[2]</sup>三四百座大大小小的桥，将这些小岛上的一簇一簇的楼屋，穿连了起来。这里没有车马<sup>[3]</sup>，只有往来如织的大小汽艇，代替了公共汽车和小卧车；此外还有黑色的、两端翘起、轻巧可爱的小游船，叫做Gondola，译作“共渡乐”，也还可以谐音会意。

这座小城，是极有趣的！你们想象看：家家户户，面临着水街水巷，一开起门来，就看见荡漾的海水和飞翔的海鸥。门口石阶旁边，长满了厚厚的青苔，从石阶上跳上公共汽艇，就上街去了。这座城里，当然也有教堂，有宫殿，和其他的公共建筑，座座都紧靠水边。夜间一行行一串串的灯火，倒影在颤摇的水光里，真是静美极了！

威尼斯是意大利东海岸对东方贸易的三大港口之一，其余的两个是它南边的巴利和北边的特利斯提。在它在繁盛的时代，就是公元后十三世纪，那时是中国的元朝，有个商人名叫马可波罗曾到过中国，在扬州作过官。他在中国住了二十多年，回到威尼斯<sup>[4]</sup>之后，写了一本游记，极称中国文物之盛。在他的游记里，曾仔细地描写过芦沟桥，因此直到现在，欧洲人还把芦沟桥称作马可波罗桥。

国际间的贸易，常常是文化交流的开端，精美的商品的互换，促进了两国人民相互的爱慕与了解。和平劳动的人民，是欢迎这种“有无相通”的。近几年来，中意两国间的贸易，由于人为的障碍，大大地减少了。这几个港口的冷落，使得意大利的工商业者，渴望和中国重建邦交，畅通贸易，这种热切的呼声，是我们到处可以听到的。

这几天欧洲的气候，真是反常<sup>[5]</sup>！昨天在帕都瓦城，遇见大雪，那里本已是桃红似

锦，柳碧如茵，而天空中的雪片，却是搓棉扯絮一般，纷纷下落。在雪光之中，看到融融的春景，在我还是第一次！

昨晚起雪化成雨，凉意逼人，现在我的窗外呼啸着呜呜的海风，风声中夹杂着悠扬的钟声；回忆起二十几年前的初春，我也是在阴雨中游了威尼斯，它的明媚的一面，我至今还没有看到！今天又是星期六，在寂静的时间中，我极其亲切地想起了你们。住学校的小朋友们，现在都该回到家里了吧？灯光之下，不知你们和家里人谈了些什么？是你们学习的情况，还是国家建设？又有几天没有看到祖国的报纸，消息都非常隔膜了。出国真不能走得太久，思想跟不上就使人落后！小朋友一定会笑我又“想家”了吧？——同行的人都冒雨出去参观，明天又要赶路，我独自留下，抽空再写几行，免得你们盼望，遥祝你们好好地度一个快乐的星期天！

你的朋友 冰心

1958年4月12日夜意大利，威尼斯

冰心这篇通讯记述她在雨中游访威尼斯的情况。她在走访这座著名水上城市时，身在异邦，情系故乡，不忘给祖国和祖国的儿童寄来一份温馨的报导。

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[1] “在微雨中”译为amidst a gentle rain, 也可译为while it was drizzling.

[2] “威尼斯却是由一百多个小岛组成的，一条较宽的曲折的水道，就算是大街，其余许许多多纵横交织的小水道，就算是小巷”译为Venice is a port composed of more than 100 small islands cut by a broad winding waterway serving as its avenue and numerous small crisscross water courses serving as its alleys, 其中cut作“穿过”解。

[3] “车马”指“车辆”，现根据上下文，可按“机动车”译为motor vehicles.

[4] “他在中国住了二十多年，回到威尼斯……”译为After 20 years in China, he returned to Venice ..., 其中After后面省略了staying或living.

[5] “真是反常”未译为is abnormal indeed, 现译为is unusually bad indeed或is unusually nasty indeed等，更较确切。

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# Another Letter to Young Readers — Written on the evening of April 12, 1958, in Venice, Italy

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© Bing Xin

Dear Little Friends,

On April 12, we arrived, amidst a gentle rain, in Venice, a city on the eastern coast of Italy.

Venice is a world-famous aquatic city, often compared to China's Suzhou. But, while Suzhou is primarily a land-based city with many rivers and bridges, Venice is a port composed of more than 100 small islands cut by a broad winding waterway serving as its avenue and numerous small crisscross water courses serving as its alleys. And clusters of buildings on the small islands are linked by some 400 bridges of various sizes. There are no motor vehicles. In place of buses and motor cars, motorboats of various descriptions speed to and fro on the congested waterways. Also on the waterways are lovely black small pleasure boats with curved ends, known as *gondola*, a term that has been translated into the Chinese homonym *gondule* meaning “share the joy of river-crossing.”

The small town of Venice is very interesting. Imagine how every building stands directly facing a waterway instead of a street or lane, and the residents, as soon as they open the door, come face to face with nothing but undulating sea waves and seagulls circling in the air. Walk down a flight of mossy stone steps at their door, and they will be able to get on a public waterboat bound for town. The city also has its own churches, palaces and other public buildings, all situated on the water front. What a wonderful sight it is when strings of their lights are reflected in the quivering water at nights!

Venice is one of the three big ports on Italy's eastern coast doing trade with Eastern countries, the other two being Bari to its south and Trieste to its north. In its heyday, that is, during China's Yuan Dynasty in the 13th century AD, an Italian merchant named Marco Polo

visited China and became an official in Yangzhou. After 20 years in China, he returned to Venice and wrote *Travels of Marco Polo* in which he speaks highly of China's rich cultural relics. He makes a detailed description of Lugouqiao<sup>[1]</sup> in his travel notes. That is why Europeans today still refer to Lugouqiao as Marco Polo Bridge.

International cultural exchange usually begins with international trade. The exchange of top-quality commodities promotes mutual love and understanding between nations. Peace-loving working people welcome "mutual supply of what the other party needs." In recent years, due to man-made barriers, Sino-Italian trade has dropped sharply. In the face of the declining business of the above-mentioned ports, Italian industrial and business circles long for re-establishment of relations and smooth development of business with China. The same urgent voice is heard throughout the country.

These few days, the weather in Europe has been unusually bad indeed. Yesterday, snow fell in large flakes on Padova when the city was at the height of its beauty with pink peach blossoms and green willows. It was the first time for me to see a warm snow-covered spring scene.

There has been a chill in the air since last night, snow having turned into rain. The sound of howling sea wind outside my window is mingled with the melodious sound of bells. I remember that in an early spring of 20 years ago, it also rained when I first visited Venice. Therefore, I haven't as yet seen the city in bright sunshine. Today is Sunday again, and I'm thinking of you warmheartedly. Little friends, those of you who are boarders must now be back at home for the weekend. I wonder what you are talking about with your folks at home in the lamplight. Is it about your studies or about our national construction? Having had no access to up-to-date newspapers from China for several days, I'm ill-informed about things at home. It's probably inadvisable for one to stay abroad for too long, for he may otherwise lag behind ideologically. Little friends, you must be laughing at me for being "homesick" again. Now my fellow travelers are all gone out visiting places in spite of the rain, for tomorrow they will have to push on with the journey. I'm the only one left alone, so I manage to find time to write you a few lines so as to keep you from worrying about me. I wish you from afar a happy Sunday!

Your friend,  
Bing Xin

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[\[1\]](#)Lugouqiao, also known as Marco Polo Bridge, is an ancient bridge spanning the Yongding River in the southwestern suburbs of Beijing. On July 7, 1937, the Japanese imperialists staged an incident at Lugouqiao (known as July 7 Incident of 1937), which marked the beginning of the War of Resistance Against Japan by China (1937—1945).



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# 一只木屐

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◎ 冰心

淡金色的夕阳，像这条轮船一样，懒洋洋地停在这一块长方形的海水上<sup>[1]</sup>。两边码头上仓库的灰色大门，已经紧紧地关起了<sup>[2]</sup>。一下午的嘈杂的人声，已经寂静了下来，只有乍起的晚风，在吹卷着码头上零乱的草绳和尘土。

我默默地倚伏在船栏上，周围是一片空虚——沉重，时间一分一分地过去，苍茫的夜色，笼盖了下来。

猛抬头，我看见在离船不远的水面上，飘着一只木屐，它已被海水泡成黑褐色的了。它在摇动的波浪上，摇着、摇着，慢慢地往外移，仿佛要努力地摇到外面大海上去似的<sup>[3]</sup>！

啊！我苦难中的朋友！你怎么知道我要悄悄地离开？<sup>[4]</sup>你又怎么知道我心里丢不下那些把你穿在脚下的朋友？你从岸上跳进海中，万里迢迢地在船边护送着我？

过去几年的、在东京的苦闷不眠的夜晚——相伴我的只有瓦檐上的雨声<sup>[5]</sup>，纸窗外的月色，更多的是空虚——沉重的、黑黝黝的长夜；而每一个不眠的夜晚，我都听到嘎达嘎达的木屐声音<sup>[6]</sup>，一阵一阵的从我楼前走过。这声音，踏在石子路上，清空而又坚实；它不像我从前听过的、引人憎恨的、北京东单操场上日本军官的军靴声<sup>[7]</sup>，也不像北京饭店的大厅上日本官员、绅士的皮鞋声<sup>[8]</sup>。这是日本劳动人民的、风里雨里<sup>[9]</sup>寸步不离的、清空而又坚实的木屐的声音……

我把双手交叉起，枕在脑后，随着一阵一阵的屐声，在想象中从穿着木屐的双脚，慢慢地向上看，我看到悲哀憔悴的穿着外褂、套着白罩衣的老人、老妇的脸；我看到痛苦愤怒的穿着工裤、披着蓑衣的工人、农民的脸；我看到忧郁彷徨的戴着四角帽、穿着短裙的青年、少女的脸……这些脸，都是我白天在街头巷尾不断看到的，这时都汇合了起来，从我楼前嘎达嘎达地走过。

“苦难中的朋友！在这黑黝黝的长夜，希望在哪里？你们这样嘎达嘎达地往哪里走呢？”在失眠的辗转反侧之中，我总是这样痛苦地想。

事情过去十多年了，但是我还常常想起那日那时日本横滨码头旁边水上的那只木屐。对于我，它象征着日本劳动人民，也使我回忆起那几年居留日本的一段生活，引起我许多复杂的情感。

从那日那时离开日本后，我又去过两次。这时候，日本人民不但是我的苦难中的朋友，也是我的斗争中的朋友了。但是，当同去的人们，珍重地带回了些与富士山或樱花有关的纪念品的时候，我却收集一些小小的、引人眷恋的玩具木屐<sup>[10]</sup>.....

冰心曾于1946年东渡日本，旅居该国约四年。《一只木屐》是她回国十多年后写的一篇短文，追忆当年离别日本时凄婉动人的情景。一只木屐勾起作者一腔离愁别绪。离别木屐就是离别作者战后在日本所结交的苦难中的朋友。他们是老百姓，不是那些引人憎恨的旧军官、官员、绅士。此文英译时略有删节。

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[1] “懒洋洋地停在这一块长方形的海水上”译为was lingering sluggishly in the harbor, 其中lingering sluggishly作“懒洋洋地逗留”、“不想动”等解，也可译为tarrying indolently, 因欠通俗，未予采用。又，“长方形的海水上”应指“海湾”、“港口”，可干脆译为the harbor, 不宜直译为the rectangular seawater。

[2] “已经紧紧地关起了”译为were securely shut, 意同were tightly shut, 但有“牢固”、“可靠”等含义，似更确切。

[3] “仿佛要努力地摇到外面大海上去似的”译为as if it were laboring out of the harbor toward the vast sea, 意同as if it were trying hard to move toward the vast sea, 其中laboring作“费力地前进”解。

[4] “你怎么知道我要悄悄地离开？”译为How did you know I was leaving on the quiet?, 其中on the quiet是成语，作“秘密地”解，意同secretly或without telling anyone。作者当年举家离日回国，为新中国效劳，事先秘而不宣，是为防止国民党特务的破坏。

[5] “瓦檐上的雨声”译为the raindrops pattering on the tiled roof, 其中pattering是拟声词，增加了所在句的修辞效果，可比较drops of rain falling on the

tiled roof或the rain beating against the tiled roof等。

[6] “嘎达嘎达的木屐声音”译为wooden clogs clattering, 其中clattering也是拟声词。

[7] “日本军官的军靴声”译为 the ... thudding of Japanese officers' military boots, 其中thudding也是拟声词。

[8] “日本官员、绅士的皮鞋声”译为the clip-clop of leather shoes on the feet of Japanese officials and VIPs, 其中clip-clop (或clickety-clack) 也是拟声词。

[9] “风里雨里”意同“风里来，雨里去”，在有关译句中可用rain or shine表达，是状语短语。

[10] “我却收集一些小小的、引人眷恋的玩具木屐”译为I came home with a collection of small, nostalgic toy clogs, 其中nostalgic的意思是“引起怀旧的”或“引人眷恋的”等。



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# A Wooden Clog

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© *Bing Xin*

The light gold setting sun, like our steamer, was lingering sluggishly in the harbor. The grey gates of the warehouses on either side of the harbor were securely shut. The afternoon hubbub of voices had died down and fitful gusts of evening wind would rise to send the messy piles of straw ropes and dust whirling from the wharves.

Silently leaning on the ship railing, I found myself surrounded by an endless dull void. Time was ticking away minute by minute and darkness was gathering around me.

Raising my head abruptly, I saw a wooden clog floating on the water not far from my ship. It had turned a dark brown after being soaked in water and kept moving slowly with the rolling waves as if it were laboring out of the harbor toward the vast sea.

O my friend in distress! How did you know that I was leaving on the quiet? How did you know that I was reluctant to part with my friends — friends that had once worn you on their feet? O now you had leaped into the water to escort me through the long voyage?

For several years previously, on those dull, black long nights, as I lay awake with a gloomy feeling of emptiness, the only thing that would keep me company had been the raindrops pattering on the tiled roof and the moonlight outside the paper windows. I would hear on every sleepless night wooden clogs clattering past the cobbled road before my building, sounding clear and firm. It was unlike the hateful thudding of Japanese officers' military boots I had once heard on the Dongdan drill ground in Peking. It was also unlike the clip-clop of leather shoes on the feet of Japanese officials and VIPs in the lobby of Peking Hotel. It was the clear and firm sound of wooden clogs worn by the working people of Japan, rain or shine.

Resting my head on my clasped hands, I visualized, in the midst of the clatters, all those in wooden clogs: sad and haggard elderly men and women wearing short garments under white overalls; aggrieved workers in overalls and peasants in straw rain capes; young men in college

caps and young women in short skirts, all looking dejected and perplexed ... I had often come across them here and there in town in the daytime. Now they seemed to merge together clattering past my building.

“My friends in distress! Where is your hope in this dark long night? Where are you bound for in your clattering clogs?” That was the thought in my gloomy mind as I lay wide awake, tossing and turning restlessly.

All that happened over a decade ago, but I always think of the wooden clog floating on water near the Yokohama wharf. To me, it symbolizes the working people of Japan. It also reminds me of my several years' sojourn in Japan and arouses a host of complicated feelings in me.

I have since twice re-visited Japan. I realized on both occasions that the Japanese people are not only my friends in distress, but also my comrades-in-arms. While my co-travelers brought back treasured souvenirs of Mount Fuji or cherry blossoms, I came home with a collection of small, nostalgic toy clogs ...

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# 中学时代生活的回忆

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◎ 庐隐

只要一回忆到学生时代的生活，心头便不禁有一种顽皮的跳动<sup>[1]</sup>，过去的童年，也似乎复活了。

我正是十三岁的那一年秋天，考进了女子师范的一年级，在全级同学的年龄中，我是倒数第一，身材呢，偏偏也是又矮又小，当我拖着两条小辫发，跑进课堂时，同学们都惊奇地望着我，在她们的揣测中，这仅仅是个小学四五年级的孩子，怎么会参加她们的集团呢<sup>[2]</sup>，而我就在她们的猜疑中，安然地坐在第一排的位子上。

一个中年妇女，据说是学监曹先生，迈着那小脚放大的特有的八字步，神乎其神的走进教室，登上讲台，我们恭敬的起立，鞠躬，坐下，学监发给我们一份油印的学校规则，上面罗列着森严可怖的校规，最使我刺心的<sup>[3]</sup>，是学生必须全体住堂，除星期六例假外，不许外出，即使例假外出时，也必有家长盖章的证明书才行，星期日下午五点以前一定要回学校，如果迟误，下星期就不准回家，其次<sup>[4]</sup>就是不许穿制服以外的任何衣服<sup>[5]</sup>，——而制服偏偏又是那样难看，夏季的是灰色布衫，灰色山东绸的裙子，新的时候还好，洗过几次之后，颜色灰黯，活像一窝老鼠精。至于冬季的呢，那又不如夏季的了<sup>[6]</sup>，青蛙色的爱国布裙衫，洗得黄不黄绿不绿，谁说不能象征癞蛤蟆的色彩呢？同时头上再梳个日本式高搭凉棚式的头，真是呜呼嘻噫，不像鼠精，也像蛙怪了。这虽然似乎是一件小事，而对于我这个还拖着两条辫发的孩子，简直等于是一种滑稽的刑罚呢<sup>[7]</sup>！

自从学监曹先生颁布校规以后，一些天真活泼的女孩，霎时间都变成了日本婆娘，——那时间日本的教育及其他，都正在中国走着极时的红运，所有的教育当局，也大半是日本留学生，所以为了贯彻他们的取法乎日本的主张，便连装饰也必使其逼似<sup>[8]</sup>。试想那样庞大笨重的凉棚头，顶在一些尚未全成人形的孩子们身上，究竟类乎不类呢？尤其在全级比较最小的我更是个要命的勾当，每逢走过整容镜前，由不得掩面急趋<sup>[9]</sup>，这一副头大身小，畸形发展的尊容<sup>[10]</sup>，便连自己，也无勇气看。所以仅仅是一个大棚头，和一身蛙色或鼠色的布裙衫，简直像一副全份的刑具，压迫得我无精打采，先天所有的爱美情感，

都被摧毁了，因此我每个星期六回家时，必作一次欺骗的行为，那就是从学监处领得回家的通知书后，走到门房，放下包裹，先把那大棚头摧毁，仍旧拖两条发辫，这才雇车回家<sup>[11]</sup>。第二天回学校时，也是偷偷摸摸乘学监看不见的时候，逃到栲沐室，恢复了大棚头，再去交通知书。

在这个中学时期中，本来是我的黄金时代，谁知我的活泼快乐的童年，竟销灭于这如牢狱似的学校生活中，至今想来，对于当时那种专门以压迫手段的学校教育<sup>[12]</sup>，犹觉不寒而栗了。

对于学校训育法，给我的印象太坏了，至于功课呢，也是不能使人满意，一味的注入<sup>[13]</sup>，不管你能吸收消化与否，他们只管照着老调唱，因此我对于读书，竟视为畏途，在讲堂里总是想法消遣，不是作打油诗，俏皮先生<sup>[14]</sup>，便是和同学传递纸条，以为玩笑，只要听见下课铃一响，但没命的逃了。

在这枯燥阴暗的学校生活中，我有时仍然要自寻光明，那就是偷看小说——那时候的学生，除了教科书以外，什么都不许看，小说尤其在严禁之列，如被发觉，轻则学监叫去当面训斥一顿，把小说没收，重则挂牌记大过一次，可是这也禁不断我们，仍然不断的偷看书，有时我竟躲在讲堂最后一排的椅子上，把小说藏在国文讲义下面，趁先生讲的唾沫乱溅的时候，我已一页一页的偷看下去，有时看到小说中情节太滑稽的部分，我竟忘其所以的噗哧一笑，这就惹下了大祸，先生瞪起铜铃般的眼睛，恶狠狠地叫我到前排来，我连忙把小说往屉子里一塞，垂头丧气的坐到前排位子上，但是心里更急切要想晓得那故事的下文，于是我的精神贯注于那小说的想象中，虽是木然静坐，心早不知飞越到第几世界去了。

有一次，我从一个同学那里，借到林译小说的全部，这使我发狂的想看，于是就想了个绝妙的方法，跑到学监处，皱紧眉头假称肚子疼，学监叫我到寝室去睡，——平时寝室的门是锁了的，除非生病不到打睡觉铃时，不准到寝室去，——我这时暗暗地高兴，拿着锁打开寝室的门，放下帐子，拿上两三本小说，睡在床上，大看而特看，到吃饭的时候，学监只派校役，送一些稀饭和咸菜给我，这使我有苦说不出，无可奈何，只好把这稀饭咸菜姑且疗饥吧。我这样装病过三四次，是后一次这个秘密被学监发觉了，以欺骗和违法的罪名，记了我一大过。

.....

一年复一年的我们这样生活着，混过四年毕业书骗到手，我的中学生活也就告了结



束。

《中学时代生活的回忆》的作者庐隐（1898—1934）原名黄淑仪，又名黄英，福建闽侯人，是“五四”时期著名女作家，早期与冰心齐名。本文在英译时有所删节。

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[1] “一种顽皮的跳动”可按“一种激烈的跳动”译为will throb hard。

[2] “怎么会参加他们的集团呢”译为how ... could have become one of their clique, 其中以clique代替group, 是为了表达“排除异己”的内涵。

[3] “最使我刺心的”意即“最使我厌恶的”，译为the most detestable。

[4] “其次”可按“还有”、“除……之外”之意译为on top of ...和in addition to ...等。

[5] “任何衣服”应指“任何外衣”，故译为outer garment, 未译为clothes。

[6] “至于冬季的呢，那又不如夏季的了”可按“冬季的制服比夏季的制服更糟糕”之意译为The winter uniform ... was even lousier, 其中lousy作“蹩脚”、“劣等”解。

[7] “简直等于是一种滑稽的刑罚呢”译为it was as good as a ludicrous form of punishment, 其中as good as是成语，作“等于”解。

[8] “连装饰也必使其逼似”译为Hence the slavish copying of even the Japanese style of ornamentation, 其中slavish copying作“依样画葫芦地模仿”、“盲目抄袭”等解。

[9] “掩面急趋”可按“匆匆掩着脸躲开”译为quickly shied away from... with my face buried in my hands。

[10] “一副头大身小，畸形发展的尊容”译为my top-heavy bizarre appearance, 其中top-heavy作“头大身小”或“头重脚轻”解。

[11] “仍旧拖两条发辫，这才雇车回家”可按“然后拖着两条发辫回家”译为Then I would be on my way home sporting my short braids, 其中sporting的意思是“夸示”。

[12] “当时那种专门以压迫手段的学校教育”译为the erstwhile coercion-oriented school education, 其中erstwhile作“以前的”、“昔日的”解, 现指原文的“当时”; coercion-oriented作“以强迫为主的”解, 指原文的“以压迫手段的……” (即“以压迫手段为主的……”)。

[13] “至于功课呢, 也是不能使人满意, 一味的注入”译为I was also fed-up with its spoon-fed intellectual education, 其中用intellectual education (智育) 表达“功课” (和前面的“训育”对比); 用spoon-fed表达“一味的注入” (也即“注入式”、“填鸭式灌输”); 用fed-up with (厌恶) 表达“不满意”。

[14] “作打油诗, 俏皮先生”意即“写打油诗, 和先生开玩笑”或“写打油诗挖苦先生”, 译为writing lines of doggerel at the expense of the teachers, 其中at the expense of是成语, 作“取笑某人”解。

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# Recollections of My High School Days

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© Lu Yin

Whenever I look back upon my school days, my heart will throb hard and my childhood will seem to come back to life.

In the autumn of the year when I was thirteen, I got enrolled by examination to a women's normal school as a first-year student. Being the youngest of the class, I was short and small. As I entered the classroom wearing my hair in two braids, my classmates all stared at me with amazement, wondering how a primary school kid of the 4th or 5th grade could have become one of their clique. Nevertheless, in the midst of their guesses, I took a seat in the first row with composure.

A middle-aged woman, known as Miss Cao the proctor, walked into the classroom and mounted the platform with self-important airs. Having been once a woman with bound-feet, she was splayfooted. We all stood up, bowed and sat down with great deference. The proctor then gave us each a mimeographed sheet with a horrible list of strict regulations, of which the most detestable was that all students must be boarders forbidden to go out of the campus except during weekends with a certificate sealed by parents and that they must return to the campus before 5 o'clock on Sunday afternoons and otherwise they would not be allowed to go home next weekend. On top of that, we were allowed to wear no other outer garment than the school uniform, which was so ugly. The summer uniform consisted of a gray cotton shirt and a gray silk skirt, which would discolor with each washing until they looked as pale as gray rats. The winter uniform with frog-colored jacket and skirt, was even lousier. They would, after several washings, turn neither yellow nor green, taking on the color of brown-skinned toads. Meanwhile, we had to wear our hair after the Japanese style, with a hairpiece shaped like a huge canopy. O my, we were thus all transformed into rat spirits and frog monsters! Though it was a trivial matter, yet to a little girl like me with two treasured short braids, it was as good as a ludicrous form of punishment!

Upon the announcement of the school regulations by Miss Cao the proctor, the innocent

school girls immediately started to behave like Japanese women. In those days, things Japanese, including the educational system, were at the height of their popularity in China. And most of the Chinese officials in charge of education then were returned students from Japan. Hence the slavish copying of even the Japanese style of ornamentation. Imagine how absurd it was to fix a huge cumbersome canopy-like hairpiece on the head of an under-age little girl! Being the smallest girl of the class, I was worst hit by it. I would quickly shy away from the full-length mirror at school with my face buried in my hands, not daring to look at my own top-heavy bizarre appearance in it. The canopy-like hairpiece and the ugly cotton uniform, like a complete set of instruments of torture, depressed me and deprived me of my inborn love for being well groomed. So I started playing a trick every Saturday before I went home for the weekend. After getting the certificate for leave, I would enter the janitor's room where I put down my knapsack and took off my canopy-like hairpiece. Then I would be on my way home sporting my short braids. The next day when I returned to school, I would, before handing in the certificate for leave, sneak into the women's bathroom without the knowledge of the proctor and furtively put on the unwieldy hairpiece again.

My high school days would have been my golden age had it not been for the prison-like school life. Today, I still cannot help shuddering at the thought of the erstwhile coercion-oriented school education.

While I loathed the moral education conducted by the school, I was also fed-up with its spoon-fed intellectual education. The teachers then would harp on the same old platitudes regardless of whether the students could comprehend or not. As a result, I became bored with studies. While in class, I would try to divert myself by writing lines of doggerel at the expense of the teachers, or surreptitiously exchanging scribbled notes with my classmates for fun. And at the sound of the class-dismissing bell, we would all scatter in a rush.

Confronted with the boredom of school life, I often tried to find a way out by reading novels on the sly. In those days, students were allowed to read no other books, especially novels, than textbooks. Acts of disobedience would incur a stern reprimand by the proctor plus confiscation of the novels, or, what was even worse, having a major demerit put on record. But all that proved of little avail. Sometimes, while the teacher was lecturing, I would, seating myself in the last row of the classroom, be absorbed in reading a novel hidden under a copy of lecture notes on Chinese. Sometimes, I would be carried away by something funny in the novel and chuckle

involuntarily. That brought great trouble on me. The teacher glared at me with eyes wide open like two brass bells and fiercely ordered me to take a front-row seat instead. Thereupon, I quickly thrust the novel into my drawer and took the new seat, looking crestfallen. But, inwardly, I was concerned about the denouement of the novel. I just couldn't take my mind off what the ensuing chapters would be like. So, sitting still and quietly in the classroom, I would have my thoughts wandering immeasurably far away.

Once, having borrowed from a classmate a collection of Western fiction translated into Chinese by Lin Shu<sup>[1]</sup>, I was all eagerness to finish reading all of it. So I thought up a good idea. I went to the proctor with knitted eyebrows, pretending that I was suffering from a stomach-ache. She told me to go and get a sleep at the student dorm, which was ordinarily locked and no one could enter unless when in illness or before the lightsout bell rang. I felt secretly pleased. And with the key I got from her, I opened the dorm door and then lay in bed reading avidly Lin's translations with the mosquito net hung round me. At meal time, the proctor would send me by a school worker nothing but watery rice gruel and pickles. I felt unutterably miserable and had no alternative but to eat the simple fare to appease my hunger. Altogether I malingered three or four times until it was discovered by the proctor. Consequently I got a serious demerit put on my record on the charge of cheating and disobedience.

...

That was how I managed to muddle through year after year until I got the diploma at the end of four years, thus concluding my high school life.

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<sup>[1]</sup>Lin Shu (1852—1924), also known as Lin Qinnan, a native of Fuzhou, Fujian Province, was a renowned modern Chinese scholar, writer and translator. He translated into Chinese about 170 Western works of fiction, many of them classics.

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# 骆驼

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◎ 梁实秋

台北没有什么好去处。我从前常喜欢到动物园走动走动，其中两个地方对我有诱惑。一个是一家茶馆，有高屋建瓴之势，凭窗远眺，一片油绿的田畴，小川蜿蜒其间，颇可使人目旷神怡。另一值得看的便是那一双骆驼了。<sup>[1]</sup>

有人喜欢看猴子<sup>[2]</sup>，看那些乖巧伶俐的动物，略具人形，而生活究竟简陋，于是令人不由的生出优越之感，掏一把花生米掷进去。有人喜欢看狮子跳火圈，狗作算术<sup>[3]</sup>，老虎翻筋斗，觉得有趣。我之看骆驼则是另外一种心情，骆驼扮演的是悲剧的角色。它的槛外是冷清清的，没有游人围绕，所谓槛也只是一根杉木横着拦在门口。地上是烂糟糟的泥。它卧在那里，老远一看，真像是大块的毛姜。逼近一看，可真吓人！一块块的毛都在脱落，斑驳的皮肤上隐隐的露着血迹。嘴张着，下巴垂着，有上气无下气的在喘。水汪汪的两只大眼睛好像是眼泪扑簌的盼望着能见亲族一面似的。腰间的肋骨历历可数，颈子又细又长，尾巴像是一条破扫帚。驼峰只剩下了干皮，像是一只麻袋搭在背上。骆驼为什么落到这悲惨地步呢？难道“沙漠之舟”的雄姿即不过如是么？

我心目中的骆驼不是这样的。儿时在家乡，一听见大铜铃叮叮铛铛就知道送煤的骆驼队来了，往往夺门出视。一根细绳穿系着好几只骆驼，有时是十只八只的，一顺的立在路边。满脸煤污的煤商一声吆喝，骆驼便乖乖的跪下来给人卸货，嘴角往往流着白沫，嘴里不住地嚼——反刍<sup>[4]</sup>。有时还跟着一只小骆驼，几乎用跑步在后面追随着。面对着这样庞大而温驯的驮兽，我们不能不惊异的欣赏。

是亚热带的气候不适于骆驼居住。非洲北部的国家有骆驼兵团，在沙漠中驰骋，以骁勇善战著名，不过那骆驼是单峰骆驼，不是我们所说的双峰骆驼。动物园的那一双骆驼不久就不见了，标本室也没有空间容纳它们。我从此也不大常去动物园了。我常想：公文书里罢黜一个人的时候常用“人地不宜”四字，总算是一个比较体面的下台的借口。<sup>[5]</sup>这骆驼之黯然消逝，也许就是类似“人地不宜”之故罢？生长在北方大地之上的巨兽，如何能局促在这样的小小圈子里，如何能耐得住这炎热的郁蒸？它们当然要憔悴，要悒悒，要委顿以死。我想它们看着身上的毛一块块脱落，真的要变成为“有板无毛”的状态，心里多么凄

凉！真不知是什么人恶作剧，把它们运到此间，使得它们尝受这一段酸辛，使得我们也感叹！

其实，骆驼不仅是在这炎蒸之地难以生存，就是在北方大陆其命运也是在日趋于衰微。在运输事业机械化的时代，谁还肯牵着一串串的骆驼招摇过市？沙漠地带该是骆驼的用武之地了，但现在沙漠里听说也有了现代的交通工具。骆驼是驯兽，自己不复能在野外繁殖谋生。等到为人类服务的机会完全消灭的时候，我不知道它将如何繁衍下去。最悲惨的是，大家都讥笑它是兽类中最蠢的当中的一个；因为它只会消极的忍耐。给它背上驮五磅的重载，它会跪下来承受。它肯食用大多数哺乳动物所拒绝食用的荆棘苦草，它肯饮用带盐味的脏水。它奔走三天三夜可以不喝水，并不是因为它的肚子里储藏着重水，是因为它在体内由于脂肪氧化而制造出水。它的驼峰据说是美味，我虽未尝过，可是想想熊掌的味道，大概也不过尔尔。像这样的动物若是从地面上消逝，可能不至于引起多少人惋惜。尤其是在如今这个世界，大家所最欢喜豢养的<sup>[6]</sup>乃是善伺人意的<sup>[7]</sup>哈巴狗，像骆驼这样的“任重而道远”的家伙，恐怕只好由它一声不响的从这世界舞台上退下去罢！<sup>[8]</sup>

梁实秋（1902—1987），北京人，原籍浙江杭县（今余杭），著名现代散文家、翻译家、教育家。《骆驼》一文是他的后期散文，写于台北，文章托物遣怀，流露出久居台湾的老一代人叹老感时、怀乡思国的情怀。

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<sup>[1]</sup>原文第一段共三句，本可照译为：Few places in Taipei are worth seeing. I used to visit the zoo with its two attractions for me. First, the teahouse which commanded a pleasant distant view from the window of the surrounding farmlands with lush green vegetation and meandering streams. Next, the two camels. 现译为一句，一气呵成，较顺畅紧凑：Few places in Taipei are of much appeal to me except the zoo which I used to frequent for its two attractions, namely, the teahouse commanding a pleasant distant view from the window over the surrounding farmlands with fresh green vegetation and meandering streams, and the two camels.

“台北没有什么好去处”可按“台北没有什么吸引人的地方”或“台北没有什么可看的地方”分别译为Few places in Taipei are of much appeal to me和Few places in Taipei are worth seeing。又，译文中的namely也可省略，其前后逗号改为一个冒号即可。

[2] “有人喜欢看猴子……”译为Some people like to amuse themselves by watching ..., 比Some people like to watch ... 更确切, 因to amuse themselves by ...有“以自娱”、“以自我消遣”之意, 更切合原文。

[3] “狗作算术”译为dogs doing easy sums, 其中doing sums作“做算术”解, easy是译文中的增添词, 原文虽无其词而有其意。

[4] “反刍”译为chewing the cud, 其中cud作“反刍的食物”解。

[5] “我常想: 公文书里罢黜一个人的时候常用‘人地不宜’四字, 总算是一个比较体面的下台的借口”译为I understand “failed acclimatization” is a face-saving excuse commonly used in officialese to refer to someone's removal from a position, 其中用failed acclimatization (或inability to acclimatize) 表达“人地不宜”(意为“不适应环境”、“水土不服”等), failed是形容词, 作“不能”解。“体面的下台的借口”译为a face-saving excuse ... to refer to someone's removal from a position (或dismissal from office), 其中用face-saving (保全面子的) 表达“体面的”, 铢两悉称。“公文书”即“公文用语”, 故译为officialese。

[6] “大家所最喜欢豢养的”可按“最常见的宠物”译为a pet with all。

[7] “善伺人意的”译为are good at playing up to man, 其中to play up to是成语, 作“奉承”、“讨好”等解。

[8] “像骆驼这样的‘任重而道远’的家伙, 恐怕只好由它一声不响的从这世界舞台上退下去罢!”译时不妨作为一个不能实现的愿望予以表达: O if only we could do something to prevent this useful animal from its silent withdrawal from the world stage! 其中“任重道远”不宜逐字死译, 现参照上下文把它译为useful。





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# The Camel

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Few places in Taipei are of much appeal to me except the zoo which I used to frequent for its two attractions, namely, the teahouse commanding a pleasant distant view from the window over the surrounding farmlands with fresh green vegetation and meandering streams, and the two camels.

Some people like to amuse themselves by watching the playfulness of clever monkeys which, though slightly manlike, are after all simpleminded animals. That's why people cannot help feeling a sense of superiority and throwing them handfuls of peanuts. Some people enjoy seeing lions jumping through a fiery hoop, dogs doing easy sums, or tigers turning a somersault. But it was with a different state of mind for me to watch the camels playing a tragic role. They had few onlookers and were separated by a fir log across the entrance instead of a fence. Lying on the muddy ground, they resembled huge pieces of ginger when looked at from afar. And it gave me quite a shock to take a closer look. Their hair was falling off in patches, faintly revealing blood-stains on the skin. They were gasping for breath, with mouth wide open, chin drooping and watery big eyes seemingly brimming with tears of longing for their beloved ones. They were so skinny that their ribs showed through distinctly, their necks thin and long, and their tails like a worn-out broom. Nothing remained of their humps but the dried up skin resting on their backs like a gunnysack. O how did they get into such a pitiful plight? O where was the majestic appearance of the "ships of the desert"?

That, however, is not what a camel looks like in my mind's eye. In my childhood, the jingling of big bronze camel bells in my home town would always send me rushing outdoors to see a caravan arriving with a load of coal. The camels, sometimes numbering about ten, would stand roped up in a line, one after another, by the road. At the loud call of the coal trader, whose face was smeared all over with coal dust, the camels would submissively kneel down, ready to be unloaded. Foaming at the mouth, they kept chewing the cud. Sometimes, close at their heels was a calf trying ever so hard to catch up at a quickened pace. These heavily-built, docile pack

animals were just amazing and adorable.

Camels do not adapt to the climate of subtropical zones. Northern African countries are known for their brave military camel corps in the deserts, but the camels involved are one-humped dromedaries, not the two-humped Bactrian camels as we are familiar with. The two camels soon disappeared from the zoo, and the specimen room did not have room enough to exhibit them. So, from then on, I seldom visited the zoo. I understand "failed acclimatization" is a face-saving excuse commonly used in officialese to refer to someone's removal from a position. Now the dismal fadeaway of the two camels must be for some similar reasons. How could the two big animals born and brought up in the vast northern plains of China long survive confinement in a small place like the zoo? How could they endure the sweltering heat? Of course, consequently they pined away with weariness and spent their days moping around until they died. How sad they must have been over their thinning hair! Who is to blame for having mischievously brought them to Taipei to undergo untold sufferings? They certainly deserve our deep sympathies!

In fact, camels find it difficult to subsist not only in this hot region, but also in the northern plains of China. Nowadays, with the introduction of mechanized transportation, nobody will ever drive a drove of camels, all strung together, through the open street. Camels used to play a useful role as "ships of the desert", but now, I hear, they have been largely replaced by modern means of transport. As tame animals, they are unable to live all by themselves in a wild state. I wonder if they can still manage to live and breed once they cease to be at man's service. Sad to say, people all sneeringly call them one of the most stupid categories of animals because all they can do is submit and endure passively. They kneel down obediently to be loaded with heavy weights. They exist on low-grade diets, such as tape grass, thistles and thorns, which most mammals refuse to eat. They drink saltish filthy water. They trek for three days and nights without drinking any water, not because they have water stored in their stomachs, but because the fat inside their bodies produce water through oxidation. The hump is considered a delicacy. I have never eaten it, but, I think, it must taste no better than a bear's paw. While probably few people now bemoan the possible extinction of camels, Pekingese, which are good at playing up to man, have become a pet with all. O if only we could do something to prevent this useful animal from its silent withdrawal from the world stage!



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# 养成好习惯

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◎ 梁实秋

人的天性大致是差不多的，但是在习惯方面却各有不同，习惯是慢慢养成的，在幼小的时候最容易养成，一旦养成之后，要想改变过来却还不很容易。

例如说：清晨早起是一个好习惯，这也要从小时候养成，很多人从小就贪睡懒觉<sup>[1]</sup>，一遇假日便要睡到日上三竿还高卧不起<sup>[2]</sup>，平时也是不肯早起，往往蓬首垢面<sup>[3]</sup>的就往学校跑，结果还是迟到，这样的人长大了之后也常是不知振作<sup>[4]</sup>，多半不能有什么成就。祖逖闻鸡起舞，那才是志士<sup>[5]</sup>奋励的榜样。

我们中国人最重礼，因为礼是行为的规范。礼要从家庭里做起，姑举一例：为子弟者“出必告，反必面”<sup>[6]</sup>，这一点对长辈的起码的礼<sup>[7]</sup>，我们是否已经每日做到了呢？我看见有些个孩子们早晨起来对父母视若无睹，晚上回到家来如入无人之境，遇到长辈常常横眉冷目，不屑搭讪。这样的跋扈乖戾之气如果不早早地纠正过来，将来长大到社会服务，必将处处引起摩擦不受欢迎<sup>[8]</sup>。我们不仅对长辈要恭敬有礼，对任何人都应该维持相当的礼貌。

大声讲话，扰及他人的宁静，是一种不好的习惯。<sup>[9]</sup>我们试自检讨一番，在别人读书工作的时候是否有过喧哗的行为？我们要随时随地为别人着想，维持公共的秩序，顾虑他人的利益，不可放纵自己，在公共场所人多的地方，要知道依次排队，不可争先恐后地去乱挤。

时间即是生命。我们的生命是一分一秒地在消耗着，我们平常不大觉得，细想起来实在值得警惕。我们每天有许多的零碎时间于不知不觉中浪费掉了，我们若能养成一种利用闲暇的习惯，一遇空闲，无论其为多么短暂，都利用其做一点有益身心之事，则积少成多终必有成。常听人讲起“消遣”二字<sup>[10]</sup>，最是要不得，好像是时间太多无法打发的样子，其实人生短促极了，哪里会有多余的时间待人“消遣”？陆放翁有句云：“待饭未来还读书<sup>[11]</sup>。”我知道有人就经常利用这“待饭未来”的时间读了不少的大书。古人所谓“三上之

功”，枕上、马上、厕上，虽不足为训<sup>[12]</sup>，其用意是在劝人不要浪费光阴。

吃苦耐劳是我们这个民族的标志。古圣先贤总是教训我们要能过得俭朴的生活，一个有志的人应能耐得清寒<sup>[13]</sup>。恶衣恶食，不足为耻，丰衣足食，不足为荣，这在个人之修养上是应有的认识。罗马帝国盛时的一位皇帝，Marcus Aurelius，他从小就摒绝一切享受，从来不参观那当时风靡全国的赛车比武之类的娱乐，终其身成为一位严肃的苦修的哲学家，而且也建立了不朽的事功。这是很值得令人钦佩的。我们中国是一个穷的国家，所以我们更应该体念艰难<sup>[14]</sup>，弃绝一切奢侈，尤其是从外国来的奢侈。从小就养成俭朴的习惯，更要知道物力维艰，竹头木屑，皆宜爱惜。

以上数端不过是偶然拈来，好的习惯千头万绪，“勿以善小而不为”。习惯养成之后，便毫无勉强，临事心平气和，顺理成章。充满良好习惯的生活，才是合于“自然”的生活。

梁实秋（1902—1987）所著散文《养成好习惯》的内容归根结底是向国人宣讲为人之道，是青少年值得一读的品德修养篇。

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[1] “很多人从小就贪睡懒觉”译为Many people, however, have been in the habit of sleeping late ever since they were kids, 其中sleeping late的意思是“（早上）起床晚”，不是“（晚上）上床晚”，是英语习惯用法。

[2] “一遇假日便要睡到日上三竿还要高卧不起”不宜照字面死译为They won't get up till the sun is three poles high on holidays, 译为They won't get up till late morning on holidays即可。

[3] “蓬首垢面”不必逐字直译，现按“不洗脸”或“不盥洗”译为without washing up或without washing their faces。

[4] “也常是不知振作”译为will often lack drive, 其中drive作“发奋”、“干劲”解。此句也可译为will often lack enterprising spirit。

[5] “志士”即“意志坚强者”，可译为men of resolve或men of strong will, men of determination等。

[6] “为子弟者‘出必告，反必面’”可按“孩子出门或回家必须向家长说一声”直截了当译为children should keep their parents informed of their whereabouts, 其

中whereabouts作“行踪”解。

[7] “起码的礼”译为the ABC of good manners, 其中ABC作“基础知识”解, 意同basics, fundamentals等。

[8] “将来长大到社会服务, 必将处处引起摩擦不受欢迎”可按“将来在社会上不能与别人和睦相处”译为they will never get along well with other people some day as members of society, 其中get along well with是成语, 作“与……和睦相处”解。

[9] “大声讲话, 扰及他人的宁静, 是一种不好的习惯”译为It is a bad habit to talk loudly to the disturbance of others, 其中介词to作“致使”解, 表示引起某种后果。此译法比It is a bad habit to talk loudly to disturb others更确切。

[10] “讲起‘消遣’二字”译为talk ... about “seeking relaxation”, 其中relaxation本作“休息”、“娱乐”等解, 现用来表达原文的“消遣”。

[11] “待饭未来还读书”意即“饭前片刻时间也用来读书”, 故译Spend even the pre-meal odd moment in reading。

[12] “虽不足为训”本作“虽不足效法”解, 现按“虽实行不了”之意译为though impracticable。

[13] “一个有志的人应能耐得清寒”译为A man of strong will should be able to endure spartan living conditions, 其中spartan或Spartan一词源自古希腊城邦Sparta, 作“刻苦朴素的”解。

[14] “我们更应该体念艰难”意即“我们更须看到面临的艰难”, 故译it is even more necessary for us to see the tough conditions facing us, 其中tough作“艰难”解。

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# Cultivating Good Habits

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Men are about the same in human nature, but differ in habit. Habit is formed little by little, and most easily in one's childhood. Once it is formed, it is difficult to break.

For example, the good habit of early rising also starts from one's early life. Many people, however, have been in the habit of sleeping late ever since they were kids. They won't get up till late morning on holidays and even oversleep on work days. Children are often late for school though they make a rush even without washing up. Such children, when they grow up, will often lack drive and most probably get nowhere. The story of Zu Ti<sup>[1]</sup> rising at cockcrow to practise swordplay should be a good example for all men of resolve to learn from.

We Chinese set great store by propriety because it is the accepted rules of social behavior. Propriety begins from the family. For example, children should keep their parents informed of their whereabouts. That is the ABC of good manners on the part of children. Yet some children just ignore their parents when get up in the morning or come back from school. They often pull a long face and refuse to converse when they meet their elders. If they continue to be so cocky and willful without correcting themselves as soon as possible, they will never get along well with other people some day as members of society. We should be polite not only to our elders, but also to all people.

It is a bad habit to talk loudly to the disturbance of others. Ask yourself if you ever made a lot of noise while others were at their studies or at work. We should be considerate of others at all times and places, caring for public order and interests and abstaining from self-indulgence. In crowded public places, you should line up and never push through to get ahead of others.

Time is life. Our life is ticking away unnoticed minute by minute and second by second. It is certainly alarming when we come to think of it. Every day we are unconsciously wasting many odd moments. We should acquire the habit of utilizing leisure time, and snatch every odd moment to do whatever is beneficial to our body and mind. That will enable us to achieve good



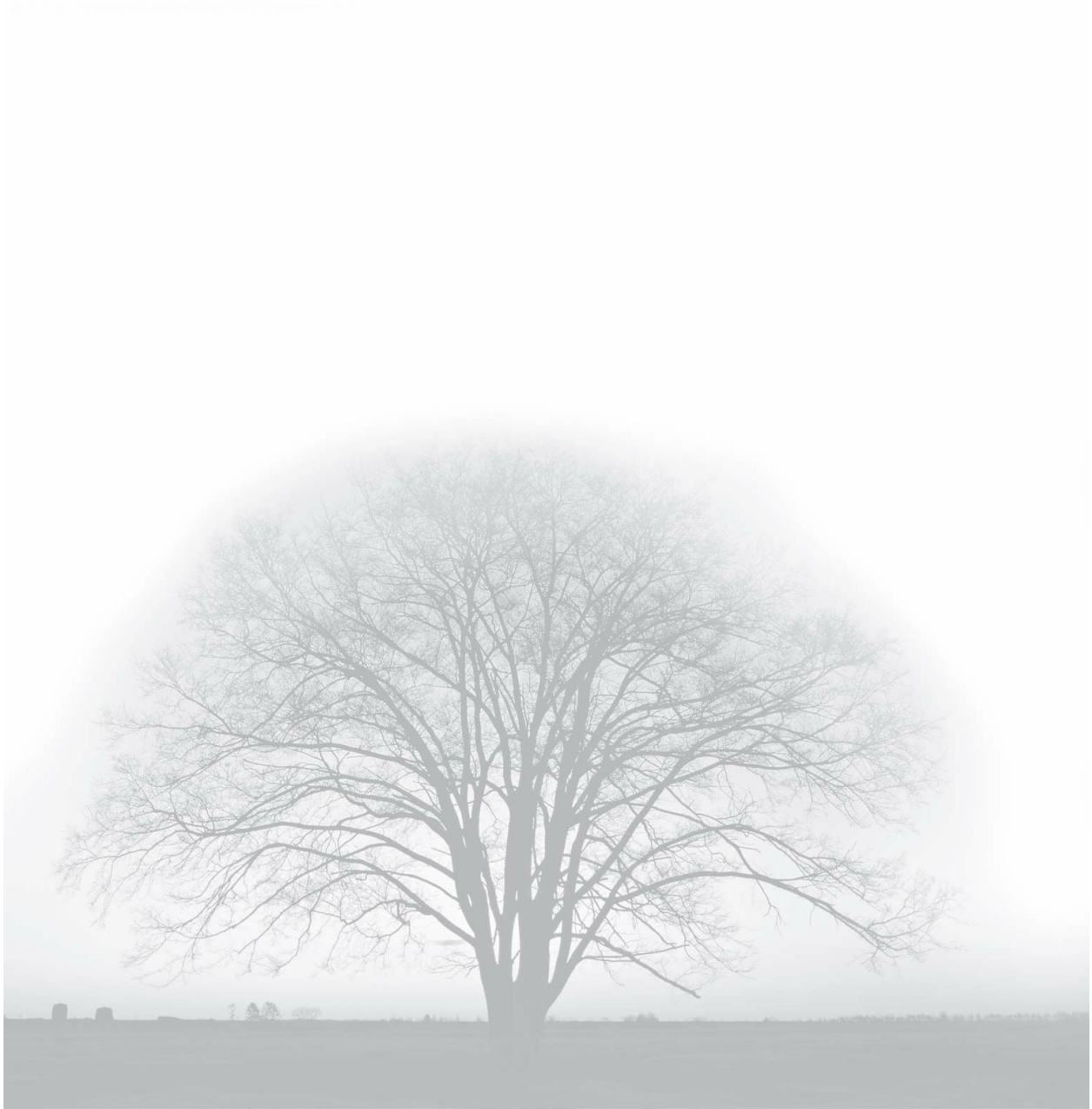
results little by little. People often talk most improperly about “seeking relaxation” as if they had more than enough time for them to while away. Life is, in fact, extremely short. How can you find so much surplus time for you to fool away? Lu Fangweng says in one of his poems, “Spend even the pre-meal odd moment in reading.” As far as I know, many people did snatch the odd moment before a meal to do a lot of reading. Our ancients recommended “three *on*'s”, that is, doing reading even while you are *on* a pillow, *on* a horse or *on* a nightstool. All that, though impracticable, serves the purpose of advising people not to waste time.

Ours is a nation known for industry and self-denial. Frugality has always been the teaching of our ancient sages and wise men. A man of strong will should be able to endure spartan living conditions. It should not be regarded as a disgrace to live a simple life. Nor should it be regarded as a glory to live a luxurious life. That should be the correct understanding one needs for self-cultivation. Marcus Aurelius, emperor of the Roman Empire in its heyday, refused to enjoy all comforts of life from childhood and always kept away from amusements like the chariot race then in vogue and other fighting-skill competitions. He remained a life-long staunch Stoic philosopher and meanwhile distinguished himself by numerous exploits. Ours is a poor country, so it is even more necessary for us to see the tough conditions facing us and renounce all luxuries, especially those coming from abroad. We should build up the habit of leading a thrifty life. We should bear in mind that all material resources are hard to come by and should be treasured, even including their odds and ends.

The above points have been picked by me at random. Good habits are too numerous to be dealt with one by one, but none, however, are too small to keep. Habit, once formed, will become your natural and spontaneous behaviour. A life full of good habits will be a life conforming with the law of nature.

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[1]Zu Ti, a patriotic general of the Jin Dynasty (317—420 A. D.) . He was good friends with Liu Kun, another general. When they were young, being petty officials but highly motivated, they often encouraged each other and both rose at cockcrow to practise swordplay.



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# 略谈英文文法<sup>[1]</sup>

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◎ 梁实秋

三百多年前，英国没有讲英文文法的书<sup>[2]</sup>。英文没有文法么？英国人说话不根据文法么？不。话不是这样说<sup>[3]</sup>。任何文字当然有它一套组成的法则。大家说话，当然要根据一套公认的法则，否则大家随便乱讲，彼此无从互相了解了。不过，我们要知道，所谓文法也者，不是任谁武断订定的，乃是由公认的语言习惯中归纳出来的一个系统。先有语言，后有文字，然后再有文法书。三百多年前的时候，英国有一些学者开始感觉到有撰写文法书的需要，于是以拉丁文的文法为蓝本，利用拉丁文法上的各种专门术语，编写英文文法书。莎士比亚的时代，英国人尚没有研读英文文法的。如果他们研读文法，研读的是拉丁文法。那时候英国的中学叫做“文法学校”，那文法是拉丁文法，不是英文文法，那时候尚无英文文法这样一个名词。大体讲来，英文本是一种北方的语言，硬用拉丁文法去分析英文，其结果当然不免要有一些牵强，更随时要遇到例外。

语言是活的，随时在变，字义以及句法等等都在变。我们现代所认为不合文法的词句，往往正是二三百年来大家通用的英文。不用说两三百年来，三五十年间就可能有显著的变化。所以“标准的英文”是很难讲的。每一时代有其不同的标准，拿五十年前甚至一百年前的文法书来衡量现代的英文，实在是自寻烦恼的事<sup>[4]</sup>。

国人学习英文，喜欢从文法下手，以为一旦文法通晓，英文即可豁然贯通。这当然不是没有理由。不过这是一个旧法子，较新的法子是不从死板的抽象的文法理论下手，而去直接的去学习那活的语言方式。我们儿时学语，何尝理会什么文法，一年半载的工夫我们就会说话了。学习外国语，当然比较难得多，但是道理还是一样<sup>[5]</sup>。合理的学习语言的方法，那是自然的学习方法。

这一点粗浅的道理，谁都晓得。所以我们的课程标准明白规定不许学校单独讲授文法<sup>[6]</sup>。可是事实上，我知道许多学校依然是在讲解文法，学生们依然是在钻研文法。其所以如此，是因为大家都不免有一点惰性，不易接纳新的观点，同时也是因为平时我们没有把英文教好学好，急来抱佛脚，以为研读文法是学习英文的捷径。

文法不是不可以讲<sup>[1]</sup>。句子的构造法最关重要。例如说，“我有一本书”，这在中文英文没有什么分别，用不着特别致力的去学习。“你住在哪里？”这句话中英文就不一样了。这就需要反复练习，以养成语言习惯。中文语法和英文语法究竟有多少不同处，需要彻底研究，以这研究的结果来做英语教学的准则，是最合理的学习英文的方法。死记文法规则，“形容词分几种”，“子句有几种”……是事倍而功半的。

梁实秋所著《略谈英文文法》一文，言简意赅，老马识途，指出死抠语法书是国人英语学习的一大通病，具参考价值。

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[1] “略谈英文文法”译为A Little Chat about English Grammar, A Brief Chat on English Grammar或A Few Words about English Grammar皆可。

[2] “讲英文文法的书”即“英语语法书”，译为English grammars，其中grammars作“语法书”（books describing grammar rules或grammar books）解，为可数名词。

[3] “不。话不是这样说”不宜按字面直译，现按“不，情况不是这样”译为No, that was not the case。

[4] “实在是自寻烦恼的事”可按“实在是无事自扰”、“实在是瞎忙”之意译为It will really be much ado about nothing或It will really be much fuss over nothing等。

[5] “但是道理还是一样”译为But the same reason holds good，其中holds good或holds true是成语，作“仍然适用”解。

[6] “明白规定不许学校单独讲授文法”可按“明确禁止把语法作为一门在堂上单独讲授的科目”译为has explicitly ruled out the teaching of grammar in the classroom as an independent subject。

[7] “文法不是不可以讲”应理解为“但我们还是应注意文理”而作如下处理：Nevertheless, we still have to mind our grammar，其中grammar作“文理通顺与否”解；mind作“注意”解。

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# A Little Chat about English Grammar

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© *Liang Shiqiu*

Over 300 years ago, there were no English grammars in England. Was it because at that time the English language had no grammar or Englishmen spoke without following any grammatical rules? No, that was not the case. Any language of course has rules to go by. All people speak a language according to a set of generally accepted rules, for otherwise their speech would be all topsy-turvy and unintelligible. We ought to know, however, that grammar, rather than something arbitrarily created, is a system drawn from common linguistic usage. Speech comes first, then the written language, and then the grammar book. Over 300 years ago, some scholars in England, realizing the necessity for an English grammar, began to work on it on the model of Latin grammar, borrowing heavily from its terminology. In Shakespeare's time, nobody in England studied English grammar. What they studied was Latin grammar. Middle schools then were known as "grammar schools", the word "grammar" referring to "Latin grammar" instead of "English grammar", a term then non-existent. As English was largely a northern language, the forced application of Latin grammar to its analysis ended inevitably in inadequacies and frequent exceptions to rules.

A living language changes all the time. Its word meanings, sentence structures, etc. all keep changing. Phrases and sentences which we today think ungrammatical were often in common use 2–3 centuries ago. It might take only 3–5 decades rather than 2–3 centuries for a marked linguistic change to occur. Therefore, it is very difficult to speak "standard English." Each historical period has a different standard of its own. It will be much ado about nothing to judge of modern English by its grammar of 50 or even 100 years ago.

People of our country tend to overstress the importance of grammar when they begin to study English, thinking that once they have acquired a good knowledge of grammar, they will have thoroughly mastered the language. The method they pursue is outdated though not a hundred percent wrong. The new method is by learning directly from the living speech instead of by starting with the rigid and abstract theory of grammar. When people learn to speak in

childhood, they never study any grammar. And yet they learn to speak in but a year or so. Of course it is much more difficult with the study of a foreign language. But the same reason holds good. The proper method is by learning naturally.

The above-mentioned shallow view is common knowledge. Therefore our school syllabus has explicitly ruled out the teaching of grammar in the classroom as an independent subject. But, fact is, as far as I know, many schools are still teaching a grammar book and students are still buried in its study — partly because people are generally inert and reluctant to accept new ideas, and partly because, having failed to teach or learn successfully, they hastily seek help from grammar at the last moment, regarding it as a shortcut to mastering English.

Nevertheless, we still have to mind our grammar. Sentence structure is of great importance. For instance, the English sentence *I have a book* and its Chinese equivalent *Wo you yi ben shu* (我有一本书) are practically the same in structure, and hence can be learned without too much difficulty. On the other hand, the English sentence *Where do you live?* is different in structure from its Chinese equivalent *Ni zhu zai na li?* (你住在哪里?), and hence needs repeated drilling till you get used to it. It requires a thorough study to find out where the two languages differ grammatically so as to facilitate the teaching and learning of English. The mechanical memorizing of such grammatical details as “classification of adjectives”, “classification of clauses”, etc. will achieve little result despite great effort.



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## 杂感集（节录）

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◎ 黄药眠

拂晓前的灯光，尽管明亮，但怎能同刚出来的磅礴的晨曦争胜呢<sup>[1]</sup>？

金刚石虽然能发出闪烁的亮光，可是没有热。

爱夸耀过去成绩的人<sup>[2]</sup>，大概对于未来已没有多大的兴趣了吧！

燃烧着的木柴是决不懊悔它自己之成为灰烬的。

更多的事前考虑，就可以有更少的事后追悔。

让偏见守着心灵，那么真理的声音就难于流进他的耳朵里了。

谦虚的工作者常易取得热情的支持，浮夸的工作者则常受到冷淡的对待。

陀螺尽管转得勤，但就是没有前进！

你出生入死得来的荣誉，也许会在衣香鬓影的欢乐的华筵中欢笑掉<sup>[3]</sup>。

欢笑掉的东西，难道能用眼泪哭得回来么？

宁可预告少而贡献多，切勿先作许多诺言，而最后只能拿出半杯凉水。

你单纯，因为你除了为无产阶级和劳动人民而奋斗终身以外，便没有任何别的要求和欲望<sup>[4]</sup>。你复杂，因为你对于敌人的阴谋诡计、威胁恫吓、利诱和美人计，都能一一予以识破，加以反击，获得胜利。

逃跑必然会引起追击，让子弹从背后射进去是可耻的。

嫉妒别人的才能，也许正好说明自己的无能。

面盆里泛起一些涟漪，我们觉得不值一提，但在蚂蚁看来，那简直像是汪洋大海轩然



大波了。

时间到哪里去了呢？有些人的时间是遗失在拈花弄草的游戏<sup>[5]</sup>中，有些人是遗失在消散的闲谈和香烟的迷雾中。这些人不知道浪费时间，就等于浪费生命。有些人，我认识他很久，但始终陌生<sup>[6]</sup>；有些人，我同他很熟，但始终没有成为朋友；有些人，我同他做了很久的朋友，但后来才发现彼此还没有真正的认识。

不过有些人，我同他才第一次见面，一下子就认出他是同志<sup>[7]</sup>。

蜈蚣蛇蝎是毒虫，但用得其当不也能以毒攻毒地治病么？

钉子如果没有锤子在后面不断督促<sup>[8]</sup>，钉子就钉不进墙里去。

不成熟的东西也有值得称赞的地方，因为它虽幼稚，但包含有未来。在交响乐队里工作的人们，绝不会因为轮到别人在弹奏而感到自己受到冷遇<sup>[9]</sup>。

因为交响乐团是一个整体。

无私的人，总希望从自己手里能给人们散布出更多的幸福。

老头儿不要靠过去的老本<sup>[10]</sup>，青年人也不要预支未来的幸福。

你老去计较从人民那里获得了多少东西，你为什么不计算一下，你欠了人民多少东西？

我不愿做清浅平静的湖水，自我欣赏其清洁。我宁愿跟着洪流，夹着泥沙、石块，滚滚东流，而归于海。

不要光看到挺拔遒劲的松树的枝杈，更重要的是要看到它插入泥土深处的根系啊！拉着牛尾巴不能使它向后退，揪着牛耳朵也不能使它向前进。

牵牛就得牵在牛鼻子上。

黄药眠（1903—1987），作家、教授、文艺评论家，原名黄访、黄恍，广东梅县人。解放前从事教师、编辑、记者等工作，出版有小说、诗歌、散文等专集。解放后任中国文学艺术联合会副秘书长、民盟中央委员、北京师范大学中文系教授等职，著有多种散文集。他写的《杂感集》是一组格言式的杂文，三言两语，寓意深刻，发人深思。

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[1] “但怎能同刚出来的磅礴的晨曦争胜呢”是反问句，又称修辞性问句

(rhetorical question), 其作用是加强语气, 英译时可改用肯定句表达: ... can never outshine the majestic rising sun, 其中“争胜”也可用outdo, compare with等表达, 但均不如outshine可取, 因它除了表示“胜过”, 还同时表示“比……更亮”。

[2] “爱夸耀过去成绩的人”译为He who is given to bragging about his past achievements, 其中is given to的意思是“爱好……”、“有……习惯的”。

[3] “也许会在衣香鬓影的欢乐的华筵中欢笑掉”译为may be lost amidst gay laughter at a joyous grand banquet graced by gorgeously dressed women, 其中to grace作“使……增色”(to make ... more attractive)解, 是译文中的增益成分。“衣香鬓影”可按“衣着艳丽的女人”译为gorgeously dressed women或richly attired women。

[4] “没有任何别的要求和欲望”译为have no wants, 其中wants是名词, 作“渴望”、“需求”等解, 比按字面直译为demands and desires干净利落。

[5] “拈花弄草的游戏”可按“沉湎于女色”或“玩弄女性”之意译为playing a game of womanizing或indulging in womanizing。

[6] “但始终陌生”可按“但仍然陌生”译为are strangers yet, 其中yet作“仍然”、“还是”等解。

[7] “一下子就认出他是同志”译为are immediately found to be real comrades, 其中real是译者的增添词, 原文虽无其词而有其意。

[8] “锤子在后面不断督促”可不必逐字直译, 现译为repeated hammering from behind, 其中hammering兼有“锤子”和“督促”之意。

[9] “感到自己受到冷遇”可译为feel left out in the cold, feel cold shouldered, feel they are given a cold reception等, 意思大致相同。

[10] “老头儿不要靠过去的老本”可译为Old people should not rest on their laurels或Old people should not live off their past achievements等。

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# Random Thoughts (Excerpt)

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© *Huang Yaomian*

Predawn lamplight, bright as it is, can never outshine the majestic rising sun.

Diamond glitters but gives off no heat.

He who is given to bragging about his past achievements must have lost interest in his own future.

Firewood, while burning, never regrets having itself reduced to ashes.

More thinking beforehand, less after-the-event remorse.

A prejudiced mind keeps the voice of truth from entering the ear.

Modesty will win warm support; boastfulness will be cold shouldered.

A top makes no headway no matter how hard it spins. The honor you have gained by going through fire and water may be lost amidst gay laughter at a joyous grand banquet graced by gorgeously dressed women.

Can that which is lost in the midst of the gay laughter be regained by tears of regret?

Few promises and more contributions, rather than more promises and few contributions.

You are simple because you have no wants apart from dedicating your life to the welfare of the proletariat and the working people. You are complicated because you can defeat your enemy by seeing through one by one his plots, threats, lures and sex-traps.

Running away will inevitably result in the pursuit and attack of the enemy; it is disgraceful to be hit in the back by a bullet.

Showing jealousy of other people's abilities is clear proof of your own incompetence.

Ripples on a basin of water mean nothing at all to man, but are like wild waves over a boundless sea to ants.

Where is time gone? Some fool away their time in playing a game of womanizing; some trifle away their time in chit-chat amidst cigarette smoke. They don't know that wasting time means wasting life. Some whom I have known for a long time are strangers yet. Some with whom I am well acquainted have never become friends with me. Some have been friends of mine for a long time, but we still don't really know each other.

Some, nevertheless, are immediately found to be real comrades though we meet for the first time.

Centipedes, snakes and scorpions are venomous, but, when properly used, they cure disease by combating poison with poison, don't they?

A nail will never be driven into a wall without repeated hammering from behind.

Things immature also have aspects worthy of our praise, because, though puerile, they embody the future. Members of a symphony orchestra never feel left out in the cold when it is others' turn to play their musical instruments.

It is because a symphony orchestra is a whole.

A selfless man always thinks of handing out more happiness to others.

Old people should not rest on their laurels, nor should young people enjoy in advance their future happiness.

You often bother about how much you are getting from the people. Why not figure out how much you owe them?

I hate to be a calm lake which is limpid and shallow and indulge in admiring myself for being so clean. I would rather follow the mighty torrent and surge eastward along with mud, sand and rocks until I reach the sea.

Behold not only the straight and sturdy branches of a pine tree, but, more importantly, its roots deep in the soil. You cannot make a cow move backward by pulling it by the tail, nor can you make it move forward by dragging it by the ear.

A cow is to be led by the nose.

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# 美国的男女

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◎ 施蛰存

近来，各种报纸上都有读者来信，一部分是反映社会情况，更多的是生活上有疑难问题，写信给报社，要求解答。我很喜欢看这些通信，从这里可以了解各色市民<sup>[1]</sup>的生活和思想情况。

外国报纸也有这种通信，有些报纸还特辟专栏，由专人负责答复。美国有一位署名安澜德（Ann Landers）的女记者，为八百多种报刊答复读者来信<sup>[2]</sup>，就称为“安澜德专栏”。这个专栏极受读者欢迎，每天至少有三千万人拿到报纸就看这个专栏。

安澜德通信已出了好几个单行本，都畅销一时<sup>[3]</sup>。前几年，老友钱歌川从美国寄给我两本《人间信箱》，这是他选译的安澜德通信，供中国人学习英语用的。因为这些通信所用的英语，都是流行的成语俗字，有许多字还没有编入字典，可以说是最新最活的英语。

两本《人间信箱》，选译了二百封来信和答复。几乎有百分之八十是青年男女写给安澜德的信，要求她解答各种婚姻问题、恋爱问题或处世问题。他们的问题，跟中国青年的问题完全不同，有许多是我们想象不到的。现在举两件突出的事例<sup>[4]</sup>给读者，以广见闻，以资谈助，或者还可以资警惕。

一个三十岁的女人，在二十岁的时候，看见女朋友都结婚了，她怕做老小姐<sup>[5]</sup>，急急忙忙嫁了一个认识才两个月的男人。十一个月之后，他们有了孩子，于是开始了吵架<sup>[6]</sup>。丈夫建议和另外一对夫妇交换行乐，她同意了。于是两夫妻加入了一个俱乐部，和别的几对夫妇交换睡觉。最后，丈夫建议要她和另一个男人的妻子对调，可是她不喜欢那个男子，于是写信给安澜德，问她该怎么办。

一个女人，和一个没有钱的男子结婚，她做工赚钱来供给丈夫读大学<sup>[7]</sup>。现在，结婚已十八年，有了三个孩子。丈夫有钱了，她为了主持家务，不出去工作了。可是她出去理发一次，丈夫就三天不和她说话，理由是：她没有工作，所以没有任何权利。她写信给安澜德，问：“作为一个没有工作的妻子和母亲，我有什么权利呢？”

以上是摘录了两件关于男女关系的读者来信，安澜德都作了答复，指导他们应如何处理。不过有时安澜德无法从正面回答，只好说几句俏皮话、幽默话，却又引起读者更多的来信。

美国青年对于恋爱与结婚的态度，极不严肃<sup>[8]</sup>。有一封读者来信报道的一个信息：有一个五年级的小学生，作语文练习，老师命题的要求是解释什么叫“单调”。小学生写道：“在美国，一个男人只能有一个妻子<sup>[9]</sup>，这就叫单调。”

施蛰存（1905—2003），中国现代著名作家、文学翻译家、学者，生于杭州，长于苏州，辛亥革命后随家迁居江苏松江（现属上海市），1922年考进杭州之江大学，次年入上海大学，开始文学活动和创作，晚年执教于华东师范大学中文系。《美国的男女》是他写于1987年的一篇杂文。

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[1] “各色市民”可按“各类人”译为people of all descriptions或people of every description, people of all kinds, people of every sort and kind等等。

[2] “答复读者来信”本可译为was once put in charge of answering letters from readers, 现译为was once put in charge of such correspondence, 取其简练，其中correspondence作“互通信件”解。

[3] “畅销一时”按“销售得很快”译为selling like hot cakes, 为成语，意同selling well。

[4] “突出的事例”本可译为salient examples, 现按“引人注目的事例”译为striking examples或striking cases。

[5] “老小姐”可译为old maid或spinster。

[6] “开始了吵架”译为began to lead a cat-and-dog life, 其中a cat-and-dog life是成语，作“经常争吵”解，常用来指夫妻不和谐。此句也可译为began to live like cat and dog或became on bad terms with each other。

[7] “她做工赚钱供给丈夫读大学”译为… managed to see him through college with money she earned by manual work, 其中to see someone through…是成语，作“帮助某人完成（或渡过）……”解。

[8] “美国青年对于恋爱与婚姻的态度，极不严肃”译为American young people often show a devil-may-care attitude towards problems of love and marriage, 其中devil-may-care是成语，作“漫不经心的”、“轻率的”解。此句也可译为American young people often show an attitude of utter indifference towards problems of love and marriage。

[9] “一个男人只能有一个妻子”应按“一个男人应该只有一个妻子”译为every man is supposed to have only one wife。

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# American Men and Women

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© Shi Zhecun

Various newspapers of late carry letters from readers reflecting social conditions or more often requesting solutions to knotty problems in life. I am fond of reading them because they mirror the life and thought of people of all descriptions.

The same is true of foreign newspapers. Some of them have set up special columns with special columnists in charge of answering questions. An American woman journalist named Ann Landers was once put in charge of such correspondence for over 800 newspapers respectively. Known as “Ann Landers' Column”, it became extremely popular with readers. Every day, the first thing that attracted the attention of readers, totalling at least 30 million, would be this special column.

Landers' letters, later appearing in several collections, have been selling like hot cakes. Several years ago, my old friend Qian Gechuan sent me from the US two collections of Landers' letters that he had selected and translated for the benefit of Chinese learners of English. The letters were originally written in present-day English with up-to-date idioms and colloquialisms, many of which have not yet been compiled into dictionaries.

There were in the two collections altogether 200 letters to and from Landers, of which about 80% were sent by American young men and women asking for her advice on problems of marriage, love, ways of society, etc. The problems confronting them were entirely different from those of Chinese young people. Many were quite unimaginable to us. Now let me cite two striking examples for the information and chit-chat of my readers. Meanwhile, they may also serve to put our youth on the alert.

Here is the story of a 30-year-old American woman. At the age of 20, seeing all her girl friends already married, she worried about herself some day becoming an old maid and therefore quickly married a man whom she had known for barely two months. Eleven months later, they had a baby and began to lead a cat-and-dog life. And when the husband suggested swapping



wives with another man for pleasure, she agreed. And they joined a club where male members could have sex with each other's wife. Then it happened that she refused to go to bed with a man chosen by her husband because he was not to her liking. She then wrote to Landers for advice.

An American girl married a poor man and managed to see him through college with money she earned by manual work. After 18 years of married life, they had three kids. Now the husband has become better off and she, instead of going out to work, stays home to keep house. Every time, however, when she goes out to have her hair done at a hairdresser's, the man will be glum and silent for three days. The reason is, she is jobless and therefore has no right for a hairdo at his expense. So she wrote to Landers with this question, "What right have I as a jobless wife and mother?"

Landers wrote back to each of the two women, telling them how to best deal with the situations. But sometimes, unable to give a direct answer in her reply, she would instead resort to some witty or humorous remarks, thus generating even more letters from readers.

American young people often show a devil-may-care attitude towards problems of love and marriage. A reader wrote to tell the following little story. A fifth-grade pupil wrote in a composition on "monotony", a subject assigned by the teacher, "In America every man is supposed to have only one wife. That's what we mean by monotony."

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# 寓言三则

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◎ 施蛰存

## 稻草人和饿了的刺猬

瓜、豆和茄子种满着的园里<sup>[1]</sup>，矗立着一个人。

第一夜，小心的刺猬们都从它们的土穴里探出来找寻食物。四面窥望，瓜、豆和茄子，是丰盛的筵席。但是，在茄子畦边，站着一个人。被人的威严慑伏了，恍惚耳朵里听见了叱骂声，它们忍耐着饥饿退缩进它低窄而潮湿的地下室去。

第二夜，腹中雷鸣着的刺猬们再偷偷地出来。瓜、豆和茄子，越发丰肥得可口了，它们都流着涎。肚子里越响了。但是守夜人还在着。它们互相推挽着，想悄悄地走向距离最近的那个瓜棚。忽然吹起了一阵风，那个守夜人，在手里挥动着蒲扇向前走来。各自身上打了一个寒噤，它们全都逃避了回去。

第三夜，全体的刺猬都瘦了。饥饿使它们在地下室里开会。

甲说：与其饿，不如死。<sup>[2]</sup>

乙说：与其饿，不如死。

丙说：与其饿，不如死。

这个会就是这样地决议了。它们全体出发，怀了必死的心。在朦胧的月光下，守夜人还装着威严矗立着手里挥动着扇子，这依旧使它们退缩在土穴的门口。

“与其饿，不如死。”一个奇怪的声音在它们每个刚毛的耳朵里突然响亮着。

“去呀！”

在每个刺猬的胃里装满了瓜、豆和茄子的时候<sup>[3]</sup>，稻草的守夜人是显得更无用了。

在地下室里，刺猬们开着庆祝会。

甲说：不要怕无用的威权。

乙说：胜利是属于饿夫的。

丙说：饿夫是不会死的。不啊！永远存在的。

于是，全体欢呼了。

## 寒暑计

壁上挂着寒暑计。天冷了，里面的水银下降；暖了，它上升。没有差错。

人说它是一个好的寒暑计。

一天，它怀疑了它的生活：“我为什么要随着气候行动呢。我愿意向上，就向上；我愿意向下，就向下。甚至我愿意休息，休息就得了。我似乎应当尊重自己的趣味。<sup>[4]</sup>”

它决定了这样的自己尊重，不再留意着外面的空气了。

它在壁上自由行动。<sup>[5]</sup>

于是人说它是一个废物，把它摔在地上了。

## 风·火·煤·山

山脚下，住着一个铁匠。他天天生旺了铁炉工作着。

有一天早晨，小学生张和赵上学去，走过铁匠的家。他正在用风箱扇旺炉里的火。炽红的火焰都从煤块底下<sup>[6]</sup>猛力地透上来。

张的小脑袋里忽然想起了一个问题：

“为什么要拉这个风箱？”他问。

赵说：“你笨，不扇风，火怎么会旺？”

于是他们争执着一个问题：风和火谁的能为大？没有风，火不会旺，没有火，风便吹了个空。

他们解决不了，要铁匠下一个判断。

“要是炉子里的煤不燃着火，风也没用，火也没用。所以这是煤的能为大。可是那边的山如果不几百年几千年的把那些树干兽骨重重地压在地下，我们也一辈子不会有这炉子里的煤。所以，你们去想，谁的能为大。”

这两个孩子就是这样学会了这个故事。他们微笑着上路，望着那个蠢笨的山。

“你的能为大。你再压出几千吨煤块来，让我们燃烧，让我们用风吹。”张说。

“让我们看再美丽的火花。”赵说。

《寓言三则》是施蛰存先生写于1928年的一篇短文。

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[1] “瓜、豆和茄子种满着的园里”译为In a vegetable garden thickly planted with melons, beans and eggplants, 其中用 thickly planted with 或 densely planted with表达“种满着”，不宜改用overgrown with, 因它有“生长过度”、“植被蔓生”等含义。

[2] “与其饿，不如死”意同“宁死毋饿”，可译为Rather die than go hungry或Better die than go hungry.

[3] “在每个刺猬的胃里装满了瓜、豆和茄子的时候”可按“在每个刺猬都吃饱了瓜、豆和茄子的时候”译为When each hedgehog had eaten his fill of the melons, beans and eggplants, 其中成语to eat one's fill of的意思是“吃饱”、“充分享用”等。

[4] “我似乎应当尊重自己的趣味”可按“看来我应当尊重自己的趣味”译为It seems (或Maybe) I should follow my own inclination.

[5] “它在壁上自由行动”译为It became a maverick on he wall, 其中maverick在口语中作“独行其是者”、“不守成规者”解。

[6] “从煤块底下”译为from under the coals, 其中coals指“煤块”, 尤其是“燃烧着的煤块”。而coal则泛指“煤炭”。

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# Three Fables

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© Shi Zhecun

## (1)

### **The Scarecrow and the Hungry Hedgehogs**

In a vegetable garden thickly planted with melons, beans and eggplants, stood a tall, upright man.

On the first night, the timid hedgehogs popped their heads out of the holes in the ground to see if there was any food available. They looked around and found they could enjoy a big dinner with the vegetables growing in the garden. But the trouble was there was a night watchman standing beside the eggplant patch. And they seemed to hear him bawling out a string of curses at them. So all they could do was shrink back to their narrow, damp cellar on an empty stomach.

On the second night, the hedgehogs came out stealthily again, their stomachs rumbling with hunger. They started drooling at the sight of the ripening melons, beans and eggplants. The tempting vegetables made their stomachs rumble even more loudly. But the watchman was still there. They pushed and shoved one another, trying furtively to get to the melon awning — a place nearest to them. Then, at a sudden gust of wind, the watchman stirred waving the fan in his hand. Shivering with fear, the hedgehogs all scurried back to their cellar.

On the third night, all the hedgehogs looked emaciated. Starvation impelled them to hold a meeting in the cellar.

Hedgehog A cried out, "Rather die than go hungry."

Hedgehog B cried out, "Rather die than go hungry."

Hedgehog C cried out, "Rather die than go hungry."

A resolution was adopted. They all set out, ready to risk death. In the dim moonlight, however, the watchman stood waving his fan with feigned impressiveness. So the hedgehogs cowered and stuck closely to their holes.

“Rather die than go hungry,” a strange voice suddenly began to ring in their little ears.

“Let's go!”

When each hedgehog had eaten his fill of the melons, beans and eggplants, the watchman seemed all the more helpless.

Down in the cellar, the hedgehogs held a meeting to celebrate their victory.

Hedgehog A exclaimed, “Never fear worthless bigwigs!”

Hedgehog B exclaimed, “Victory to the starvelings!”

Hedgehog C exclaimed, “Starvelings will never die. No, never. They live forever.”

Thereupon, the crowd broke into an ovation.

( 2 )

## **The Thermometer**

There was a thermometer hanging on the wall. The mercury dropped when it got cold, and rose when it got warm. It was operating with unerring accuracy.

People called it a good thermometer.

One day, however, it became skeptical of its own lifestyle. “Why should I act by always keeping pace with weather?” it thought aloud. “I'll rise or drop as I please. I'll take a rest whenever I want to. It seems I should follow my own inclination.”

So it decided on acting on its own, and no longer paid attention to weather.

It became a maverick on the wall.

Consequently, people called it trash and threw it away to the ground.

(3)

## **Wind · Fire · Coal · Mountain**

There lived a blacksmith at the foot of a mountain. Every day he would stand working beside his blazing furnace.

One morning, when primary school pupils Zhang and Zhao were walking past the smithy on their way to school, they saw the blacksmith pumping a bellows to urge the fire in his furnace and blazing flames shooting up vigorously from under the coals.

A question popped into Zhang's little brain.

“Why is he using the bellows?”he asked.

Zhao asked in reply,“You silly, how could he make the fire burn better without using the bellows?”

Then they started quarrelling over this question: Which was more capable, wind or fire? Without wind, fire could not burn nicely. Without fire, wind would be blowing for nothing.

Unable to settle the quarrel, they asked the blacksmith to draw a conclusion.

“Neither wind nor fire would be any good if coals in the furnace didn't burn,”said the blacksmith.“So coal has greater capability. But we would never have coal had it not been for the tree trunks and animal skeletons buried deep under mountains for hundreds or thousands of years. Now think it over and see which has greater capability.”

Having heard out the story, the two kids walked away smilingly and gazed at the yonder bulky mountain.

“You're more capable,”Zhang addressed the mountain.“Give us more coal from your deposits so that we can burn it with the help of wind.”

“Let's enjoy seeing still more brilliant sparks flying out of the furnace,”said Zhao.



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# 我的书斋生活<sup>[1]</sup>（节录）

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◎ 邵洵美

你们简直可以说，洵美是生活在书斋里的<sup>[2]</sup>：会客室里是书，卧房里是书，楼梯边上也是书，连三层楼上的洗澡间里也是书。所以一定要我指出哪一间是书斋，那可不容易。也许在我卧房隔壁的一间最像，中间有只书桌，可是书桌上又堆满了书，没有地方摆稿纸，也没有地方摆砚台，我又不会用钢笔写文章<sup>[3]</sup>。用钢笔写，我总嫌太滑，太快；它几乎不容你思想。我喜欢毛笔，它总伴着你，有时也许比你快一步，可是你总追得到。这个小房间里还有两只安乐椅；一个书架，里面是我最心爱的书籍，不肯借人的。墙上只有一张水仙画，浅淡的笔姿给你一种清高的空气；偶然在看书的时候想到自己不久要穷得不像个样子，它就会显示你一个最伟大的希望，所以有几个晚上，我简直就呆对着这张画。

这个小房间，长不满十五尺，宽不满十尺，关于现代诗的书籍，我都放在里面：书架里放不下，便放在桌子上；桌子上放不下，便堆在椅子上；椅子上放不下，便叠在地上。理由是我从不整理我的书籍，买到了新书就随便放，看过了又随便丢<sup>[4]</sup>；假使为了写一篇文章，需要参考时，每每费半个一个钟头去寻觅。

通常一个人有了这许多放书的房间，他便总会为它们取许多雅致的名字：什么室，什么斋，什么楼之类。一半当然为了借这个机会可以写些大字，叫一做匾的人刻好了挂起来；一半也是为自己或是家人找书的时候容易辨别<sup>[5]</sup>。我却懒得花这种心思<sup>[6]</sup>，所以像上面所说的那个房间，我们便叫作“楼上书房”。楼下的叫作“楼下书房”；三层楼的叫作“三层楼书房”。

我平时读书写文章，都在夜间，所以坐在“楼上书房”的机会多，因为它最近我的卧室，倦了，跨几步便到床上。但是当我准备要全夜写文章的时候，便只能待在“楼下书房”了。那时候两个大房间里只有我一个人，咳嗽，刮洋火，便不会闹醒人家；天亮了，自己炖杯牛奶，或是走到对面弄堂里买些油豆腐，谁都不会觉得讨厌。白天总是不在家的時候多，一回家便得寻了书读；书拿到手，电话又来了。朋友又喜欢要我写文章，因为我最明白编辑的痛苦，要二三千字我总肯为他赶写<sup>[7]</sup>。

我是无论如何脱离不了我的书斋的了。但是除非在我读书或是写文章到了出神的时候，我总会感觉到这几间书斋没有一间是舒服的。我理想的书斋是一个极大的房间，里面要能容下二十个书架，冬天有热书汀；夏天有冷气。我希望有一只最大的书桌，上面可以尽我把书籍纸张乱堆，中间还可以留一些地方安置笔砚稿纸之类。这个当然是我的奢望：我既没有财力去得到那样大的书斋，我也没有才力去写出什么大文章来，不过希望也是一种安慰，同时还是一种鼓励。

但是，无论如何，我白天是写不出文章的。“楼上书房”的光线太大，多呆了会头痛，用了太厚的窗帏又会闷气。“楼下书房”事实上又是会客间<sup>[8]</sup>，我的客人又多，文章写到一半，来了几个朋友，反而大家不舒服。我写文章还有一个坏习惯，和吃饭一样不能停，一停了就吃不下。有一次写一篇关于现代诗的文章，中间来了一个朋友，到现在还没有把它续完。所以假使有什么副刊编辑要我写那种分期登载的长篇小说<sup>[9]</sup>，他一定会受累。但是夜里写文章，一忽便会天亮；一天不睡，三天都不能使精神恢复，我于是时常头痛。去找医生，他们总是皱紧了眉头叹口气。“三层楼书房”现在已放了一个床，我的表弟睡在里面，所以我除了寻书便不常去了。

事实上，我已不应当对我的书斋发什么牢骚，虽然不大，可是究竟容得下我。况且它们也不算对不起我<sup>[10]</sup>，自从去年秋天搬到此地，真名假名的文章，将近十五万字了。

邵洵美（1906—1968），浙江余姚人，20世纪30年代上海文化界名人，为人热情豪爽，是中国现代文学史上卓有影响的诗人、作家、评论家、翻译家、出版家。1968年，他在“文化大革命”中不幸去世，后虽彻底平反，其名字和作品当今仍知者寥寥。所著《我的书斋生活》一文原载1935年6月20日《时代图书半月刊》第8卷第1期，现欣然将其译成英语（略有删节），以志缅怀。译者1945年住在上海，大学刚毕业，由同学介绍而认识邵先生，结为忘年之交，1946年夏出国前，曾多次随许国璋等两三位同龄人到淮海中路邵府作客，应是邵府丰富藏书的见证人。

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[1] 题目“我的书斋生活”可译为My Study或My Private Library，后者除“我的书斋”外，也可指“我的藏书”。

[2] “你们简直可以说，洵美是生活在书斋里的”可按“你们不妨把我称之为书呆子”译为You may as well call me a bookworm，其中may as well是成语，作“不妨”、“还不如”等解。又“生活在书斋里的”可用a bookworm表达，因英语bookworm也指：“在书斋埋头学习的人”。

[3] “我又不会用钢笔写文章”应按“砚台是我必需的，因我写文章只用毛笔，不会用钢笔”之意译为The inkstone is indispensable to me because I always use a writing brush instead of a pen in doing my writing。

[4] “买到了新书就随便放，看过了又随便丢”译为I lay aside casually new acquisitions as well as books I've just finished reading, 其中把“随便放”、“随便丢”都译为lay aside casually, 其中lay aside是成语，作“把……放在一边”解。“买到了新书”译为new acquisitions, 本作“新获得物”解，在此指“新添置的书”或“新买的书”。

[5] “一半当然为了借这个机会可以写些大字，叫一做匾的人刻好了挂起来；一半也是为自己或是家人找书的时候容易辨别”未逐字直译，而采用意译法，以求简洁明了：partly for show and partly for convenience（一半为了装饰，一半为了方便）。

[6] “我却懒得花这种心思”可按“我却无心这样做”之意译为I have never been in a mood for doing the same。

[7] “因为我最明白编辑的痛苦，要二三千字我总肯为他赶写”译为They know that I, out of compassion for editors, will never decline to dash off an article of two to three thousand words, 其中dash off是成语，作“匆忙完成”、“草草写下”解。

[8] “‘楼下书房’事实上又是会客间”可按“‘楼下书房’实际上是会客间兼书房”译为The “Downstairs Study” is in fact a drawing room-cum-study, 其中cum是介词（一般用以构成复合词），作“兼作”解。因此，a drawing room-cum-study也可称之为“一个会客藏书的两用房间”。

[9] “分期登载的长篇小说”可译为a serialized novel或a novel to appear in instalments, a novel to be published in serial form等。

[10] “虽然不大，可是究竟容得下我。况且它们也不算对不起我……”可用意译法处理，把后两句合二为一，按“还过得去”、“尚好的”之意英译为Small as they are, they are tolerable或Though small, they serve my purpose fairly well。

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# My Private Library (Excerpt)

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© *Shao Xunmei*

You may as well call me a bookworm. I have books everywhere in my home — in the drawing room and the bedroom, on either side of the staircase, and even in the bathroom on the third floor. So it's next to impossible for me to point out exactly where my study is. Maybe it's the room next to my bedroom. In the middle of it stands nothing but a desk piled high with lots of books so that there is practically no room for me to place my writing paper and the inkstone. The inkstone is indispensable to me because I always use a writing brush instead of a pen in doing my writing. I find the pen too slippery and moving a bit too fast, thus leaving little time for me to do more thinking. I prefer the writing brush because I can always keep pace with it. Though it sometimes may also move along a bit too fast, yet I can always catch up. There are only two armchairs in the room plus a bookcase holding my most favorite books, which are not to be borrowed by anybody. Hanging on the wall is a painting of narcissi done with light touches of ink imparting an air of moral superiority. Occasionally, while I am reading, I suddenly realize I'll soon face penury. Then the painting will cheer me up with bright hopes. On several nights, I just sat in this room staring at it blankly.

The little room is about 5 meters in length and 3 meters in width. I keep all books on modern poetry there. When the bookcase is full, I put them on the desk. When the desk is full, I pile them up on the chairs. When the chairs are full, I pile them up on the floor. I never sort them out. I lay aside casually new acquisitions as well as books I've just finished reading. Consequently, it often takes me couple of hours to hunt down a book for reference when I am writing.

Generally speaking, with so many rooms for storing books, one will assign to each an elegant name, to be inscribed on a horizontal board hung above the door, partly for show and partly for convenience. I, nevertheless, have never been in a mood for doing the same. I just call the abovementioned room "Upstairs Study", the room downstairs "Downstairs Study" and the bathroom on the third floor "Third-floor Study".

Since I usually read and write at night, you'll often find me sitting in the "Upstairs Study" because it is close to my bedroom. When I feel drowsy, I can easily reach my bed only a few steps away. But you'll find me in the spacious "Downstairs Study" instead when I'm to spend the whole night writing. There I can cough or strike a match without disturbing my folks in their sleep. At daybreak, I will heat up milk for myself or walk to an alley on the opposite side of the street to buy some fried bean curd for breakfast — all done without making a nuisance of myself. I'm seldom at home in the daytime. But, I'll start reading soon after I come back. Then I'll be suddenly interrupted by phone calls from editor-friends asking for my contributions. They know that I, out of compassion for editors, will never decline to dash off an article of two to three thousand words.

At any rate, I'm inseparable from my library. But none of my three studies makes me feel comfortable except when I'm completely absorbed in reading or writing. My ideal study should be roomy enough for holding twenty bookcases and have air-conditioning. And there should be a large desk there with enough space for books and writing paper to be jumbled up in piles on either side and for writing brush, inkstone, writing paper and so on to be placed in the middle. This is of course nothing but my wishful thinking. I have neither money to own such a roomy study, nor talent for creating masterpieces. Nevertheless, the extravagant hope brings me consolation all the same. It's sort of encouragement too.

But, anyway I can't work efficiently in the daytime. The "Upstairs Study" is too much lit up by the sun, so that I get a headache after staying there a bit too long. And a thick window curtain would only make the room stuffy. The "Downstairs Study" is in fact a drawing room-cum-study. I have frequent visitors. When they call, I have to break off writing to the discomfort of both parties. I'm in the bad habit of finishing my article at one go like when I eat a meal. Once interrupted, I just can't resume eating. Once, while writing an article on modern poetry, I was interrupted by a friend visiting. As a result, the article remains unfinished even today. Therefore, a newspaper editor would inevitably end up in trouble if he should entrust me with the job of writing a serialized novel for his supplement. But, when I write at night, the day seems to break sooner than I think. And one sleepless night will make me feel tired for three days on end and often suffer from a headache. When I go to see a doctor, he will just sigh with a frown. As to the "Third-floor Study", a bed has now been placed there for my younger male cousin. So I seldom go there unless when I need a book.

In fact, I shouldn't have complaints about my studies. Small as they are, they are tolerable. Since I moved to the present lodgings in the autumn of last year, I've produced writings, under my real name or a pseudonym, totaling about 150,000 words.

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# 说起香港

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◎ 萧乾

除非是研究近代史的，很少人会知道中俄战争后，从本世纪初英国即与日本结为同盟。这一特殊关系一直延续到一九四一年的“珍珠港事变”。这期间，英国老百姓自然始终坚定地站在中国一边。我先是在“七七事变”头一年就有所察觉。当时上海还有租界，而大公报馆无论在津、沪、港，都始终位于洋人管辖的地方。事变前的一年——一九三六年，《大公报》就由于我发表的陈白尘一个剧本中多处提到“×洋人”（“×”是编者打的）而三次被英、日控制的工部局<sup>[1]</sup>传到法院，最终还是由于事先打了叉叉而没坐牢。

三八年至三九年间，我在香港《大公报》编文艺副刊时，因所登的稿件而与英国新闻审查官起冲突的事，更是屡见不鲜。说是“冲突”，其实，他是主子<sup>[2]</sup>。在送审的校样上他随便打个红叉，我就只好抽掉。可临时补稿不方便<sup>[3]</sup>，我就索性让版面“开天窗”，空白着。如果翻阅那一时期的香港《大公报》，天窗是不少的。有一回审查官甚至把半个版面全给枪毙了<sup>[4]</sup>。

为什么？因为中日虽在开战，英、日仍在结盟。香港殖民当局不许在它管辖的地方对日军的在华暴行进行抗议。统治者说了算，没什么道理可讲！<sup>[5]</sup>

三九年秋，我应伦敦大学东方学院之邀，赴英教书。坐的是法国轮船。行至西贡，轮船被征调。其他国家的客人均可自觅旅馆，惟独几十名中国旅客，被押往集中营。幸而我在途中托人给当地总领事（我的燕京同学）送去一名片，才又改为软禁。

经过多方周折，我于十月最终来到英国港口福克斯通办理登陆手续时，官员发给我的竟是一纸“敌性外侨”的入境证。我向主管人质问，回答得简单：中、日在交战，而英、日是同盟国，因此，只能那样定性<sup>[6]</sup>。

这黑锅我一直背到一九四一年“珍珠港事变”。一天之内，我又成为“伟大盟友”了。英、日缔结的盟约，随着太平洋上的烽火自然也就烟消云散了。

对香港本身，我当然有许多美好的记忆。我在那岛上恋爱过，在浅水滩柔软的沙滩上

翻滚过，我曾多次登山看夜景，尤其八六年至八七年我还以访问学人身份在沙田中文大学（世界上最美丽的大学）有过一段难忘的勾留。也正因为如此，我对香港的回归祖国，倍感欣悦。

萧乾（1910—1999），北京人，著名老报人、作家、翻译家，1935年毕业于燕京大学新闻系，先后主编过天津、上海、香港等地《大公报》文艺副刊。所著《说起香港》乃一篇香港回归祖国感言，历数作者在英、日长期结盟的年代身受英国政府种种刁难与歧视。

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[1] “工部局”即the Municipal Council of the International Settlement, “被英、日控制的工部局”应译为the Shanghai Municipal Council under British and Japanese control。

[2] “其实，他是主子”译为or rather with my masters, 其中or rather (或rather) 作“更确切地说”解。

[3] “可临时补稿不方便”意即“因临时更换稿子有困难”，可译为being hard pressed to find a replacement, 其中to be hard pressed to ... (或for ...) 作“缺少”、“找不到”解。

[4] “有一回审查官甚至把半个版面全给枪毙了”译为Once the British censor even had half a page killed, 其中用to kill表达“删除”、“不予刊用”等，是国外新闻出版界常用口语，现与原文中的“枪毙”不谋而合。

[5] “没什么道理可讲！”译为There was no reasoning with them!, 意同No use reasoning with them!或It was impossible to reason with them!

[6] “因此，只能那样定性”可按“因此，就是这样，没有什么可多讲的”译为So, that's that或So, that's it。



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# About Hong Kong

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Most people, apart from those familiar with modern history, are unaware that as early as the turn of the century (after the Sino-Russian War), Britain entered into alliance with Japan. The special relationship lasted until the outbreak of the Pearl Harbor Incident in 1941. Meanwhile, however, the British people remained firm in siding with China. It was in the year when the July 7 Incident<sup>[1]</sup> broke out that I first became aware of the said alliance between Britain and Japan. In those days, there were foreign settlements in Shanghai. And *The Dagong Bao*<sup>[2]</sup> had its office successively located in the foreign-controlled districts of Tianjin, Shanghai and Hong Kong. In 1936, one year before the July 7 Incident, because I had one of Chen Baichen's<sup>[3]</sup> plays published, in which there appeared several times the expression "X foreigner" (the cross X had been added by the editor), I was summoned to court by the Shanghai Municipal Council under British and Japanese control. Finally, thanks to the cross put into the manuscript, I was exempted from imprisonment.

From 1938 to 1939, when I was in charge of editing the Art and Literature Supplement of *The Dagong Bao*, I often got into disputes with British censors (or rather with my masters) over manuscripts. When a British censor put in a red cross at will, all I could do was withdraw the entire manuscript. Sometimes, being hard pressed to find a replacement for it, I had to leave a blank on the page to show that something had been suppressed by censorship. Take a look at *The Dagong Bao* published in Hong Kong in those days, and you'll find lots of blanks. Once the British censor even had half a page killed.

Why? Because China and Japan were at war, and Britain and Japan were allies. The Hong Kong colonial authorities prohibited any protest staged in a region under their jurisdiction against the atrocities of the Japanese troops in China. Their word was law. There was no reasoning with them!

In the autumn of 1939, I went to England to teach at the invitation of the College of Oriental

Studies of the University of London. I sailed on a French steamer. When the ship arrived at Saigon, it was requisitioned and all passengers were to look for hotels for themselves except the several scores of Chinese who were escorted to concentration camps. Luckily, I was instead put under house arrest after I asked somebody to pass on my visiting card to the local Chinese consul general, who happened to be a former schoolmate of mine at Yenching University, Beijing.

After going through a lot of trouble, I finally arrived at the port of Folkestone, England. But, while going through entry formalities, the entry certificate issued to me by the British officials turned out to be one for an “enemy national residing abroad.” When I asked the official in charge for the reason why, the answer he gave was very simple, “China and Japan are at war while Britain and Japan are allies. So, that's that!”

I remained a scapegoat until 1941 when I became a “great ally” overnight at the outbreak of the Pearl Harbor Incident. The alliance between Britain and Japan then vanished into the air with the flames of war raging over the Pacific.

As to Hong Kong, I of course cherish many beautiful memories. I had my love affair on that island, I played on the fine sands of its beaches, I many times climbed up its mountains to watch the night scenes. From 1986 to 1987, in particular, I spent a period of unforgettable days as a visiting scholar at the Chinese University of Hong Kong, Shatin, New Territories, which had the most picturesque campus in the world. All that accounted for my redoubled joy over the return of Hong Kong to our motherland.

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[1] The July 7 Incident (also known as the Lugouqiao Incident) of 1937 was an incident staged at Lugouqiao, Beijing on July 7, 1937, by the Japanese imperialists, which marked the beginning of an all-out war of aggression against China by Japan.

[2] The Dagong Bao (formerly known as L'impartial), a Chinese newspaper first published on June 17, 1902 in Tianjin, later in Beijing on October 1, 1956 and now in Hong Kong known as The Tak Kung Pao.

[3] Chen Baichen (1908—1994), born in Huaiyin, Jiangsu Province, was a well known playwright and novelist. In the 1960s, he was vice editor-in-chief of the magazine People's Literature.

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# 从《老黑奴》说起<sup>[1]</sup>

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◎ 萧乾

1985年5月，我去武汉参加“黄鹤楼笔会”那次，东道主湖北省文联曾邀请来自各地的作家们乘豪华的长江客轮，畅游三峡。我曾在秋天去过三峡。春日的三峡风光明媚，更加清丽可人。<sup>[2]</sup>同船的还有个外国旅游团，是由抗战时在滇缅前线同我们并肩作战过的美国名将史迪威的女儿南西率领的。船航到神女峰脚下时，我们正在甲板上举行着一次联欢会<sup>[3]</sup>。他们鼓掌一定要我们也出个节目。为了表示友好，我们几个就凑在一起（记得有宗璞、艾芜、邹荻帆、绿原和黄裳）用英语唱了一首《老黑奴》。唱得当然十分蹩脚<sup>[4]</sup>：声音既不洪亮，肯定还常走调。这是一支十分凄凉的歌曲，黑人厌倦了尘世，听到已死去的亲人的呼唤，渴望奔向另一世界<sup>[5]</sup>。所以在叠句歌里就反复唱着：我来啦，我来啦。

这样充满悲哀情调的歌，与当时甲板上的欢乐气氛，实在很不谐调。可是唱完之后，居然博得了美国旅伴们一阵热烈的掌声。我们这些平素伏案爬格子的<sup>[6]</sup>对自己这一番反串，倒也颇有些飘飘然。我们得意的不一定是因为那掌声，而是对自己感到既愉快又吃惊：这么多年，竟然还没把它忘掉！

这首歌的歌词和曲调都同出自19世纪中叶美国作曲家斯蒂芬·福斯特之手。他出生于1826年，一共只活了短短的38年。南北战争<sup>[7]</sup>打响两年后（1864），他就去世了。可惜我没读过他的传记，他肯定十分同情黑人并为他们抱不平的<sup>[8]</sup>。我熟悉好几首他编的描述黑人生活的歌曲，像《双亲在家园》（1851）。我还有幸在伦敦的一次音乐会上，听过著名黑人歌手保罗·罗伯逊唱过《老人河》。那次，他还唱了咱们的《游击队之歌》。

很奇怪，河的形象时常在黑人的歌曲中出现。像“远远地在斯旺尼河上”。也许他们在美国南方那一望无际的旱地上干活，受着白人的虐待，心里渴望有一片水。

天堂也经常在黑人的歌曲中出现。处于绝境的人们就是靠这种幻想来解脱一些痛苦。

福斯特也有些歌写得轻快。像他的《苏珊娜》（1848）就描绘出一个歪戴宽沿草帽<sup>[9]</sup>，无忧无虑的牛仔在追求着他心爱的姑娘。他在歌中除了抒发黑人在奴役中的痛苦之

外，也亲切地描绘了他们的生活。像《我的肯塔基故乡》就富于泥土气息，真切生动地唱出了美国南方黑人的生活情景：“玉米穗成熟。牧场遍地花怒放；小鸟终日歌唱好悠扬，娃娃滚戏小农舍地板上。”不过歌曲仍是在忧伤中结束的：

莫再哭泣，姑娘，今天莫再哀伤，  
我们唱一支歌，为肯塔基故乡，  
为那遥远的肯塔基故乡。

当然，有些流传到中国的美国歌曲描绘的不一定都是黑人的生活。我记得有一支曲子是写铁路建筑工人的。这里也可以看到19世纪美国向西部开发时的艰苦。

同样流行于30年代的一首外国歌曲是《伏尔加船夫曲》。像咱们的四川号子一样，这里描绘的是在伏尔加河上拉纤的俄罗斯河工的苦状。他们背着纤绳，弯着腰，哎哟嗨，哎哟嗨地吆喝着，呻吟着。一把又一把地捋着，吃力地向前踏步<sup>[10]</sup>。

这些外国歌曲那时在中国那么风行，当然是因为它们歌词朴素，曲调又琅琅上口，但我认为这还不是主要的。这里既包含着中国人民对于美国黑奴以及伏尔加河纤工的深切同情，同时，也抒发了我们自己在生活中的怨艾。当时的中国，也是喘息在列强的重压之下。北京东交民巷的围墙上还有对着市民的黑洞洞的炮眼<sup>[11]</sup>，上海马路还有红头阿三<sup>[12]</sup>在巡逻。正因为如此，在中国戏剧史上最早上演的外国话剧是《黑奴吁天录》（如今改译为《汤姆叔叔的小木屋》）。

歌曲的流行，往往是由于引起共鸣。

萧乾（1910—1999）原名萧炳乾，著名老报人、作家、翻译家。所著《从〈老黑奴〉说起》一文原载1992年4月6日《羊城晚报》。

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[1] 题目《从〈老黑奴〉说起》，斟酌文章内容，译为Old Black Joe and Other Songs，简明利落，比直译A Chat Beginning with Old Black Joe可取。

[2] “我曾在秋天去过三峡。春日的三峡风光明媚，更加清丽可人”，两句内容紧密连贯，最好合并起来译为一句：Having previously visited the autumn scene of the Three Gorges, I now found it even more picturesque and enchanting in spring, 其中Having previously visited the autumn scene of the Three Gorges是Having previously visited the Three Gorges in autumn的变通。

[3] “我们正在甲板上举行着一次联欢会”译为we were in the midst of a get-together on deck, 其中in the midst of意同in the middle of, 两者都是成语, 作“正忙于”解。又, get-together意同small social gathering, party, meeting等。

[4] “唱得当然十分蹩脚”可译为Our vocal performance, as expected, turned out lousy, 其中lousy是俗语, 意同poor。又, “当然”意即“意料之中”, 故译为as expected, 比of course确切。此句也可译为We sang very poorly as expected。

[5] “另一世界”可译为the other world, a better world, a better land等。

[6] “我们这些平素爬格子的”意即“我们这些耍笔杆子的”、“我们这些作家们”, 故译为Writers by profession, As writers等。

[7] “南北战争”指“美国内战”(1861—1865), 应译为the American Civil War。

[8] “他肯定十分同情黑人并为之抱不平的”译为He must have had every sympathy with Black Americans and championed justice to them, 其中every sympathy意同deep sympathy; 又, championed justice to them的意思是“捍卫黑人的正义”。

[9] “歪戴宽沿草帽”可译为tilting his broad-brimmed straw hat sideways or wearing his wide-brimmed straw hat askew。

[10] “一把又一把地擰着, 吃力地向前踏步”译为They inch forward laboriously, pulling the line hand over hand, 其中hand over hand是成语, 作“双手交互使用地”解。

[11] “对着市民的黑洞洞的炮眼”译为dark portholes trained on Chinese residents, 其中trained on作“对准”、“瞄准”解。

[12] “红头阿三”为沪语, 指“戴头巾的印度巡捕”, 故译为turbaned Indian police。当时, 上海英租界雇用的印度警察大都是头戴各色头巾的印度锡克人。

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# Old Black Joe and Other Songs

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In May 1985, I went to Wuhan to attend the Huanghelou Writers' Forum. The Hubei Federation of Literary and Art Circles, acting as host for the event, invited us, writers from all over the country, to go on a delightful trip to the Three Gorges of the Yangtze River by luxury liner. Having previously visited the autumn scene of the Three Gorges, I now found it even more picturesque and enchanting in spring. On the same ship was an American tourist group headed by Nancy, daughter of famous US general Joseph Warren Stilwell, who served in China during World War II, fighting side by side with Chinese soldiers against Japan on the Yunnan-Burma front. When the ship arrived at the foot of Mount Goddess, we were in the midst of a get-together on deck. The American friends, clapping their hands, persistently called on us for a performance. So, to be friendly, we, including Zong Pu, Ai Wu, Zou Difan, Lu Yuan and Huang Chang, if I remember correctly, grouped together to sing in English the American folk song *Old Black Joe*. Our vocal performance, as expected, turned out lousy. We sang in a low and unclear voice, and evidently out of tune again and again. It was a very sad and plaintive song. The said Black Joe, being sick and tired of the mortal world, longs to go to a better world on hearing the gentle voice of his departed folks calling, "Old Black Joe!" Hence the refrain, "I'm coming, I'm coming!"

The song, full of pathos, was completely out of harmony with the joyous atmosphere of the moment on deck. Nevertheless, we won the warm applause of our American fellow travelers. Writers by profession, we felt quite self-satisfied after acting a role other than our own. But we felt pleased with ourselves not because of the warm applause, but because we were surprised to find ourselves still remembering the words of the song after so many years.

Both the words and tune of the song were written by Stephen C. Foster, famous American composer of the 19th century. Born in 1826, he died in 1864, two years after the outbreak of the American Civil War, ending a short life of only 38. Much to my regret, I haven't read any of his biographies yet. He must have had every sympathy with Black Americans and championed justice to them. I'm familiar with quite a few songs of his composition describing the sad plight

of Blacks, such as *Old Folks at Home* (1851). I was happy to listen to famous Black singer Paul Robeson sing *Old Man River* at a concert in London. He then also sang our *Song of Guerrillas*.

Strangely, Black people often sing of rivers in their songs, as witness “Way down upon the Swanee River, far, far away” in *Old Folks at Home*. It is perhaps because they were dying for water while toiling under White tyranny on the boundless stretch of arid land in the southern states.

Likewise, heaven often appears in their songs. It is because people in a hopeless situation often indulge in fantasies to free themselves from innermost sufferings.

Some of Foster's songs are nevertheless very lively. Take *Oh! Susanna* (1848) for example. It describes how a care-free cowboy, tilting his broadbrimmed straw hat sideways, is paying court to a girl he loves. It depicts not only the misery of the enslaved Blacks, but also their way of life. *My Old Kentucky Home*, for example, is a song full of local color. See the following genuine and vivid picture it gives of the life of the Blacks in the southern states: “The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom. While the birds make music all the day, the young folks roll on the little cabin floor.” But the song still ends up with grief:

Weep no more, my lady, oh! Weep no more today!  
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky Home,  
For the old Kentucky Home, far away.

Of course, not all American songs prevalent in China are about the life of Black people. One of them, I remember, is about American railway workers, showing the great hardship they suffered during the 19th-century westward development of the country.

Another foreign song popular in China during the thirties was *The Song of the Volga Boatmen*. Like the Sichuan labor chant, it describes the misery of Russian boat-trackers along the Volga River. They bend their shoulders to the tow-line, chanting in a loud voice, “Yo heave oh! Yo heave oh!” They inch forward laboriously, pulling the line hand over hand.

The erstwhile popularity of these songs in China was no doubt due to their simple and readable words. But, I think, that is not the main cause. In fact, it had much to do with the deep sympathy of the Chinese people for Black Americans and Volga boat-trackers. Meanwhile, it

also reflect our own feeling of resentment against foreign aggressors. In those days, dark portholes trained on Chinese residents were still lurking on top of the walls surrounding the Legation Quarter in Beijing<sup>[1]</sup>. And turbaned Indian policemen<sup>[2]</sup> were patrolling the streets of Shanghai. That also accounts for why *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was the first foreign play ever staged in China.

Songs often owe their popularity to the sympathetic response of the public.

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<sup>[1]</sup>The district in Beijing where legations of big powers were located between 1861 and 1959.

<sup>[2]</sup>Referring to turbaned Sikhs hired by the Municipal Council of the then International Settlement in Shanghai to police the streets.





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# 斯诺精神

## ——纪念斯诺逝世二十周年

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◎ 萧乾

我一生有过几次幸运和巧遇<sup>[1]</sup>，其中之一是三十年代当上了斯诺的学生。当时他的本职是任英美两家报纸驻北平的记者。一九三三至一九三五年间，他应聘在燕京大学新闻系兼了课。斯诺仅仅在燕大教了这两年书，而我恰好就在那两年由辅仁大学的英文系转到了燕京大学的新闻系。我毕业后，他也辞去这个兼差，去了延安并写出他的杰作《红星照耀中国》——即《西行漫记》。

当时燕大教授多属学院派<sup>[2]</sup>，不管教什么，都先引经据典，在定义上下功夫。而且，大都是先生讲，学生听。课堂上轻易听不见什么讨论。斯诺则不然。他着重讲实践，鼓励讨论。更重要的是，他是通过和同学们交朋友的方式来进行教学。除了课堂，对我们更具吸引力的，是他在海淀住宅的那座客厅。他和海伦都极好客，他们时常举行茶会或便餐，平时大门也总是敞着的<sup>[3]</sup>。一九三五年春天，正是在他那客厅里，我第一次见到了史沫特莱。当时，由于怕国民党特务找她的麻烦，她故意隐瞒了自己的真实姓名。斯诺约我去吃晚饭时，就介绍她作“布朗太太”。那阵子我正在读她的《大地的女儿》。因此，席间我不断谈到那本书给予我的感受。其实我并不知道坐在我旁边的就是那本书的作者。及至史沫特莱离平返沪后，斯诺才告诉我，那晚我可把史沫特莱窘坏了。她以为我把她认了出来。

在读新闻系时，我有个思想问题：我并不喜欢新闻系，特别是广告学那样的课，简直听不进去。我只是为了取得个记者资格才转系的<sup>[4]</sup>。我的心仍在文学系——因此，常旷了新闻系的课去英文系旁听<sup>[5]</sup>。斯诺帮我解决了这个矛盾。他说，文学同新闻并不相悖，而是相辅相成的。他认为一个新闻记者写的是现实生活，但他必须有文学修养——包括古典文学修养。我毕业那天，他和海伦送了我满满一皮箱的世界文学名著，由亚里士多德至狄更斯。他去世后，我从露易丝·斯诺的书中知道，他临终时，枕边还放着萧伯纳的著作。斯诺教导我，当的是记者，但写通讯特写时，一定要尽量有点文学味道。

一九三六年当他晓得我给《大公报》所写的冯玉祥访问记被国民党检查官砍得面目皆

非——冯将军的抗日主张全部被砍掉了，他立即要我介绍他去访问这位将军——不出几天，我就在报上看到日本政府向南京抗议说，身居军事委员会副委员长的冯玉祥，竟然向美国记者斯诺发表了不友好的谈话。

一九四四年，我们又在刚刚解放的巴黎见了面。当时他是苏联特许的六名采访东线的记者之一。在酒吧间里他对我说，他在中国的岁月是他一生最难忘，也是最重要的一段日子。他自幸能在上海结识了鲁迅先生和宋庆龄女士。他是在他们的指引下认识中国的。

三十年代上半叶，在西方人中间，斯诺最早判断抗日战争迟早必然爆发，而且胜利最后必然属于中国。一九四八年，他又在《星期六评论》上接连写了三篇文章，断言中国战后绝不会当苏联的仆从，必然会走自己的路。他这种胆识，这种预见性，是难能可贵的。

斯诺认为一个记者绝不可光追逐热门新闻，他还必须把人类的正义事业记在心头。不能人云亦云，随波逐流，必须有自己独立的见解观点，必须有良知和正义感。

斯诺的骨灰一部分已留在中国了。我希望他的这种抱负和精神，也能在中国生根。

萧乾所著《斯诺精神》一文原载1992年7月3日《人民日报》。

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[1] “我一生有过几次幸运和巧遇”译为I owe several happy events in my life to a lucky chance, 其中把“幸运”和“巧遇”合并起来译为a lucky chance;又happy events (快事) 是译文中的添加词, 原文虽无其词而有其意, 也可用delightful happenings表达此意。

[2] “当时燕大教授多属学院派”译为In those days, professors at Yenching University were mostly an academic type. 原文“多属学院派”含意应为“大都是学究式人物”, 可译为were mostly an academic type或were mostly academically-inclined.

[3] “平时大门也总是敞着的”不宜按字面直译为 They would usually leave the door wide open, 现译为They would usually keep open house for us, 其中to keep open house是成语, 作“随时欢迎来客”解。

[4] “我只是为了取得个记者资格才转系的”译为 Frankly, I had transferred myself to the journalism department of Yenching for the sole purpose of obtaining qualifications for a reporter, 其中Frankly (坦白说) 是译文中的添加

词。

[5] “我的心仍在文学系——因此，常旷了新闻系的课去英文系旁听”译为 Now, with my heart in literature, I often cut journalism classes so as to sit in on English literature classes, 其中to cut作“旷(课)”解, to sit in on是成语, 作“旁听”解。

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# Spirit of Edgar Snow

## — Marking the 20th Anniversary of Snow's Death

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I owe several happy events in my life to a lucky chance. One of them was when I became a student of Edgar Snow's in the 1930s. He was then a reporter for two foreign newspapers in Peiping, owned respectively by Britons and Americans. From 1933 to 1935, he was concurrently a teacher at the Journalism Department of Yenching University. During the two years when he was with this University, I happened to be a student there, having been previously transferred from the English Department of Catholic University in Peiping. Upon my graduation, he resigned the concurrent job and went to Yan'an where he wrote his masterpiece *Red Star Over China*.

In those days, professors at Yenching University were mostly an academic type. Whatever they taught, they would, first of all, give copious references to the classics and spend very much time on definitions. More often than not, they did all the talking while the students did nothing but listen. There was practically no classroom discussion at all. Snow, however, did otherwise. He gave priority to practice and encouraged discussion. And more importantly, he did teaching by way of making friends with his students. We found the reception room in his Haidian residence more appealing than the classroom. He and his wife Helen were very hospitable and often entertained us with tea or potluck. They would usually keep open house for us. In the spring of 1935, it was in that reception room that I met Agnes Smedley<sup>[1]</sup> for the first time. At that time, in order to steer clear of harassment by KMT agents, she had changed her name to conceal her true identity. So, the evening when I had dinner at Snow's residence, he introduced her to me as "Mrs. Brown." As it happened that I was then reading her novel *Daughter of Earth*, I kept talking at table about my impressions of it, not knowing that the very lady sitting next to me was its author. It was not until Smedley had left Peiping for Shanghai that Snow told me how apprehensive she had been that evening when I chatted about the novel, suspecting that I already knew her true identity.

While at Yenching University, I had a problem weighing on my mind: I found the study of journalism not to my liking and the advertising course particularly boring. Frankly, I had transferred myself to the journalism department of Yenching for the sole purpose of obtaining qualifications for a reporter. Now, with my heart in literature, I often cut journalism classes so as to sit in on English literature classes. Snow helped me solve this problem. He told me that instead of being contradictory to each other, literature and journalism were mutually complementary and that in order to write stories of real life, a newsman must be cultured in literature, including classical literature. On my commencement day, he and Helen gave me a suitcaseful of world literary classics, ranging from Aristotle to Dickens. Later I learned that when he was on his deathbed, a copy of Bernard Shaw's work had been found lying by his pillow. I am greatly indebted to Snow for his teachings that literary taste is a must for a reporter's news dispatches and feature articles.

In 1936, when Snow found in *The Dagong Bao* that the KMT had heavily censored my article *Interview with Feng Yu-xiang*<sup>[2]</sup>, with Feng's anti-Japanese views completely cut out, he wanted me immediately to introduce him to Feng for a visit. A few days later, I found in the newspapers that the Japanese government had protested to the KMT government about the unfriendly remarks from Military Commission Vice-Chairman Feng Yu-xiang in an interview with the American reporter Snow.

In 1944, Snow and I met again, this time in Paris shortly after its liberation. He was then one of the six reporters specially permitted by the Soviet Union to cover the east front. He told me in a barroom that the days he had spent in China were his most unforgettable experience and also the most important part of his life. He thought that he was most fortunate in having got acquainted with Lu Xun and Madame Soong Ching Ling in Shanghai and that it was through their guidance that he had come to understand China.

In the early 1930s, Snow was the first Westerner to predict that the War of Resistance Against Japanese Aggression would break out sooner or later and that the final victory would certainly belong to China. In 1948, he wrote three articles at a stretch for *The Saturday Review*, in which he stated with certainty that the post-war China would follow its own course and never become a Soviet flunkey. His courageous foresight was highly commendable.

He believed that a journalist should bear in mind the just cause of humanity instead of going after sensational reporting and that he should have independent views, good conscience and

sense of justice instead of parroting other people's opinions and following them blindly.

Part of Snow's ashes now rest in China. I hope his aspirations and spirit will also take root in this country.

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[1] Agnes Smedley (1892—1950), an American woman journalist and writer known for her sympathetic chronicling of the Chinese revolution. During the 1930s, she traveled with the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies on China's battlefields.

[2] Feng Yu-xiang (1882—1948), renowned Chinese general and patriot.

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# 忆滇缅路

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◎ 萧乾

在二次大战的众多深刻教训中，最主要也是最痛心的一条是：国与国之间平时客客气气<sup>[1]</sup>，谁有点小灾小祸<sup>[2]</sup>，还会略表支援；然而一个国家一旦自身遇到麻烦，需要出卖朋友来摆脱困境时，则什么背信弃义的勾当都干得出<sup>[3]</sup>。一九四〇年七月，正当我国抗战面临紧要关头，丘吉尔就为了讨好日本帝国主义<sup>[4]</sup>以保全英帝国在远东的殖民地<sup>[5]</sup>，竟然在当时仍是英属缅甸边界，把抗战中国的这条生命线封锁。当时，除了横越喜马拉雅山的空运<sup>[6]</sup>外，我国所有进口的军火、汽油、药品、器械以及为换取这些而出口的钨砂、猪鬃、水银和桐油，都要经由这条公路运输。汽车行驶高峰每日达七千余辆，进出口物资达数百万吨。英国悍然封锁该公路扼住我们的咽喉，无疑是对我国一巨大打击。

一九三九年春间，我曾踏访了这条公路并曾为香港《大公报》写过几篇报道。其中，在《血肉筑成的滇缅路》一文中，我扼要地介绍了这条公路工程之艰巨：

九百七十三公里的汽车路，三百七十座桥梁，一百四十万立方尺的石砌工程，近两千万立方公尺的土方，不曾沾过一架机器的光，不曾动用巨款，只凭二千五百万名民工的抢筑：铺土、铺石，也铺血肉。下关至畹町那一段一九三七年一月动工，三月分段试车，五月就全面通车了。

路是沿着古老的通往印度和缅甸的马帮驿道修成的。为了修那条公路三千多人捐了躯。不能忘记的还有陈嘉庚组织的“南洋机工队”三千二百人，其中有一千多人在公路上为国殉难，除了工程的艰险之外，还有那怕人的瘴气——恶性疟疾<sup>[7]</sup>。同行的一位头天晚上还有说有笑<sup>[8]</sup>，第二天一摸，全身凉了。我们当时是席地睡在一座马厩里，他就睡在我身旁。

一九三九年九月，我去了英国，正赶上二次欧战的爆发。没想到次年七月，我亲眼看到修筑的滇缅路被丘吉尔主持的英战时政府悍然封锁了，而且是在日本侵略者指使下这么干的，当时英国民间组织援华委员会就在全英掀起反封锁的运动。由于我是刚从抗战中国来到英国的记者，又曾采访过滇缅路，所以就应邀赴英国各大城市及乡村去演讲<sup>[9]</sup>。有些

城市的英国群众还上街游行。在伦敦，援华会就曾组织人们到丘吉尔所在的唐宁街首相府门口摇旗呐喊，反对英国助桀为虐，帮助日本侵略者扼杀抗战的中国。

十月，英政府被迫解除了对滇缅路的封锁。一九四一年十月，中英签订了“共同防御滇缅路协定”。“珍珠港事变”后，中国军队就同盟军并肩作战于朱红色的滇缅土地上了。

滇缅路如今只是全国千百条公路中的一条了。可是当时中华民族的命运曾系在它身上。

《忆滇缅路》是萧乾于1995年根据五十多年前旧作《血肉筑成的滇缅路》写的一段二战史事，追忆当年中国劳工奋勇抢建我国生命线——滇缅路——的英雄事迹，并谴责英国战时政府在日本指使下一度悍然封锁该公路，助纣为虐，为虎作伥。

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[1] “平时客客气气”意即“也许表面上彬彬有礼”，可译为may be formally polite。

[2] “小灾小祸”可译为a minor mishap或mishap，其中mishap原指“不太严重的灾难”。

[3] “什么背信弃义的勾当都干得出”译为it may stop at nothing to act perfidiously，其中to stop at nothing是成语，作“不顾一切地”、“不择手段地”解。

[4] “讨好日本帝国主义”意即“巴结日本侵略者”，可译为fawning on (或pleasing) the Japanese aggressors。

[5] “保全英帝国在远东的殖民地”译为to hold on to the British colonies in the Far East，其中to hold on to是成语，作“紧抓不放”、“不肯放弃”等解。

[6] “横越喜马拉雅山的空运”译为the airlift over the Himalayas，其中airlift作“(紧急情况下的)空运”或“空中补给线”解，意同(emergency) transport by air。

[7] “除了工程的艰险之外，还有那怕人的瘴气——恶性疟疾”可按“可怕的恶性疟疾是工人面临的诸多险情之一”译为The horrible disease of pernicious malaria was one of the great perils facing the laborers，其中“瘴气”就指“恶性疟疾”，可



避而不译。

[8] “有说有笑”译为chatted and laughed merrily, 其中merrily是译文中的添加词, 原文虽无其词而有其意。

[9] “由于我是从抗战中国来到英国的记者, 又曾采访过滇缅路, 所以就应邀赴英国各大城市及乡村去演讲”译为As I was a Chinese correspondent just arrived in England from covering the Yunnan-Burmese Road, I was invited to deliver speeches in big cities and villages of the country, 其中arrived是arrive的过去分词, 作形容词用; covering作“采访”、“报导”解。

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# Recalling the Construction of the Yunnan–Burmese Road

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Of all the numerous profound lessons we have learned from World War II, the following is the most distressing. A country may be formally polite to another and show willingness to offer it a little help in case of a minor mishap befalling the latter. But it may stop at nothing to act perfidiously when it seeks to extricate itself from its own predicament at the expense of its friend. In July 1940, at the critical juncture of China's Anti-Japanese War, British Prime Minister Winston Churchill, endeavoring to hold on to the British colonies in the Far East by fawning on the Japanese imperialists, ordered a blockade of our lifeline on the Burmese side of the border with China, Burma then being a British colony. At that time, in addition to the airlift over the Himalayas, it was through the land transport by the Yunnan-Burmese Road that China imported munitions, gasoline, medicines and appliances in exchange for such exports as tungsten ore, hog bristles, mercury and tung oil. The Road daily witnessed a traffic of over 7,000 motor vehicles during the peak hours and the transport of several million tons of import and export goods. Britain's brazen act of blockading the Road meant, as it were, grabbing our throat. It was undoubtedly a serious blow to China.

In the spring of 1939, I wrote several reports for the Hong Kong *Dagong Bao* after making an on-the-spot investigation of the Road. In one of them, entitled *The Yunnan-Burmese Road — Paved with Flesh and Blood*, I gave as follows a brief account of the formidable Road building project:

*A 973-kilometer motorway, with 370 bridges, 1,400,000 cubic meters of stone work, and approximately 20,000,000 cubic meters of earth work. With neither machines nor adequate funds, 25 million laborers were engaged in a rush job of road construction. They paved the road with flesh and blood as well as with earth and stone. Work on the Xiaguan-Wanding section of the road started in January 1937 and was entirely opened to traffic in May after a section-by-section trial run in March.*

The Road was built on the ancient post road leading to India and Burma, on which caravans used to travel. More than 3,000 men laid down their lives for building the Road. Of the 3,200 members of the “Nanyang Mechanics Team” organized by Tan Kah-kee<sup>[1]</sup>, over 1,000 died on the job. The horrible disease of pernicious malaria was one of the great perils facing the laborers. One of my fellow travelers who chatted and laughed merrily one evening and then slept next to me on the ground of a stable was found stiff and cold the next day.

In September 1939, World War II broke out on my arrival in England. Unexpectedly, the wartime British government under Churchill, on the instigation of the Japanese aggressors, outrageously blockaded in July 1940 the Yunnan-Burmese Road, whose construction I had just seen with my own eyes. Britain's non-governmental Aid-China Committee then launched a nationwide anti-blockade campaign. As I was a Chinese correspondent just arrived in England from covering the Yunnan-Burmese Road, I was invited to deliver speeches in various big cities and villages of the country. In some cities, people even demonstrated in the streets. In London, the Aid-China Committee organized people to demonstrate in front of Churchill's official residence on Downing Street, waving flags and shouting slogans decrying the British government aiding Japanese aggression against China.

In October of the same year, the British government was compelled to lift its blockade of the Road. In October 1941, China and Britain signed the “Agreement on the Joint Defence of the Yunnan-Burmese Road.” After the Pearl Harbor Incident of December 7, 1941, Chinese troops began to fight shoulder to shoulder with the Allied troops on the red earth field surrounding the Road.

Now the Road is but one of the thousands of highways in China. But back in those days, it had a close bearing on the destiny of the Chinese nation.

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[1] Tan Kah-kee (1874—1961), a well-known patriotic leader of overseas Chinese in Singapore dedicated to national salvation, entrepreneurship, philanthropy, social reform and education.



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# 倘若我是一个日本人

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◎ 萧乾

倘若我是个日本人，一到这战争纪念日，我会难过<sup>[1]</sup>，羞愧，在亚洲人民面前抬不起头来。倒不是由于五十年前打败了，而是五十年后对自家为千千万万的人们所带来的祸害，采取抵赖、死不认帐的态度<sup>[2]</sup>。在亚洲人面前（或是心目中），是个赖帐的。明明六十多年前是自家的关东军制造事端抢了邻人的东北大片土地，五十多年前又从卢沟桥掀起东亚大战。太阳旗所到之处，烧杀掠夺，生灵涂炭<sup>[3]</sup>。接着，又把战火推向东南亚以至大洋洲。皇军闯到哪儿，祸水就冲到哪儿。遍地留下了万人坑。可如今，连“侵略”两个字都不承认，说是“进入”！还把造成的地狱硬说成是“乐土”。

凡事都怕一比<sup>[4]</sup>。当年欧洲那些纳粹哥儿们<sup>[5]</sup>所造成的祸害也不小啊！光死在那些集中营的焚尸炉、毒气室，人体实验上的，就有几百万。可是人家打败了仗，好汉做事好汉当。首先从上层就低头认罪，绝不抵赖。该作揖的作揖，该下跪的就下跪。欠下的帐，一五一十，分文不赖<sup>[6]</sup>。如今，在国际社会中，人家又挺起腰板，成为可以信赖、受到尊重的一员了<sup>[7]</sup>。多年来曾经首先受害的法国一直愉快地谈着法德友谊。可我当个日本人，只由于一提那场战争，上头就刁钻古怪，闪烁其辞<sup>[8]</sup>，死不认帐。而且大官儿们还去给当年干尽坏事的头儿们的阴魂烧香磕头，等于感谢他们杀得好，杀得痛快、漂亮。不但对世界、对亚洲人耍赖，在教科书里，对儿孙们也撒谎、抵赖。站在二十一世纪的门坎，当个日本人，我忧心忡忡，而且抬不起头来。

然而我不是个日本人。

我是一个八十六岁饱经沧桑的中国老头儿。我周围的后生一提起日本对战争罪行死不认帐，就摩拳擦掌，怒火中烧，我这世故老汉儿倒是处之泰然。凡事都有两个方面。我认为今天日本不认罪也就是思想上还没放下屠刀，东条还在阴魂不散，谁敢担保在下个世纪他不会借尸还魂！它的徘徊等于时刻在提醒我们——以及亚洲弟兄们，不要以为今后就天下太平可以高枕无忧了。

我不晓得靖国神社里敲不敲钟。倘若敲的话，对军国主义的崇拜者们，那是为了悼念

当年侵略者的“英”灵，对我们——中国人和亚洲人，那钟声正好提醒我们，告诫我们千万不可睡大觉。世界眼下风平浪静，可是只要霸人之心不死，防霸之心就不可无<sup>[9]</sup>。一个输了而不认输的赌徒是随时可能卷土重来的。

萧乾所著《倘若我是一个日本人》一文原载1995年9月30日《新民晚报》。

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[1] “难过”意同“歉疚”、“后悔”，故译to feel very bad。

[2] “倒不是……，而是……”意同“不是（因为）……，而是（因为）……，”可译为Not that …, but that …, 或Not because …, but because …。

[3] “烧杀掠夺，生灵涂炭”译为burning, killing and looting would follow and people would be plunged into the abyss of untold suffering。“生灵涂炭”意同“老百姓遭殃”，故译and people would be plunged into the abyss of untold suffering（或extreme misery）。

[4] “凡事都怕一比”可按“只有通过比较才能判别是非”译为Only by comparison can we distinguish between right and wrong。

[5] “纳粹哥儿们”译为Japan's Nazi buddies，其中buddies作“伙伴”、“搭档”解。

[6] “欠下的账，一五一十，分文不赖”可用意译法灵活处理：They owned up to everything they had said or done，其中to own up to是成语，作“坦白地承认”解。

[7] “如今，在国际社会中，人家又挺起腰板，成为可以信赖、受到尊重的一员了”译为Consequently, standing erect and with chin up, they have won the trust and respect of the world community of nations，其中“挺起腰板”译为standing erect and chin up，比按字面直译成straightening their backs（或with their backs straightened）更为传神达意。

[8] “一提那场战争，上头就刁钻古怪，闪烁其辞”译为my higher-ups' tricky hems and haws on the subject of the last war，其中hems and haws的意思是“说话吞吞吐吐”、“搪塞不表态”等。

[9] “只要霸人之心不死，防霸之心就不可无”译为vigilance is indispensably

necessary before the potential hegemonist is completely disillusioned。 “只要霸人之心不死”可按“只要潜在的霸权者仍抱幻想”译为before the potential hegemonist is completely disillusioned。

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# If I Were a Japanese

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© *Xiao Qian*

If I were a Japanese, I would, on this war commemoration day, feel very bad and ashamed, and keep my head bowed before the people of Asia. Not that Japan was defeated 50 years ago, but that it today persists in denying the disaster it brought upon millions upon millions of common people. In the eyes of all Asians, Japan remains absolutely unrepentant. As is known to all, over 60 years ago, the Japanese Guandong Army occupied by making a pretext the vast expanse of land in Northeast China<sup>[1]</sup>, and over 50 years ago Japan started the War of East Asia by staging the Lugou Bridge Incident<sup>[2]</sup>. Wherever the flag of the Rising Sun fluttered, burning, killing and looting would follow and people would be plunged into the abyss of untold suffering. And then Japan spread the flames of war to Southeast Asia and even Oceania. The Japanese Imperial Army left behind great destruction and mass graves everywhere. And yet they now describe their acts of aggression euphemistically as “making an entry” and insist on calling the hell of their doing by the good name of “land of happiness”!

Only by comparison can we distinguish between right and wrong. Japan's Nazi buddies during WWII brought equally frightful calamity to Europe, killing, for instance, at least a total of several million people in the concentration camps by means of crematories, gas chambers and vivisection. Nevertheless, after Germany was defeated, the Germans had the courage to accept the consequences of their own actions. They, from top to bottom, hung their heads to admit their guilt rather than deny facts. They bowed with hands clasped or went down on their knees. They owned up to everything they had said or done. Consequently, standing erect and with chin up, they have won the trust and respect of the world community of nations. France, the first European country victimized by Nazi invasion, has now been happy for years about Franco-German friendship. As a Japanese, I would be disgusted with my higher-ups' tricky hems and haws on the subject of the last war and their flat refusal to acknowledge Japan's crimes. Our bigwigs continue to burn incense and kowtow before the memorial tablets of the notorious war criminals — an act tantamount to expressing gratitude to slaughterers for massacring common people. They are telling lies not only to the Asians and the world at large, but also in school



textbooks to mislead their own younger generations. As a Japanese at the turn of the century I would be heavy-hearted and unable to raise my head.

But I'm not a Japanese.

I'm an old man of 86 from China having experienced many vicissitudes of life. While the young folks around me will burn with rage at the mention of Japan's stubborn refusal to own up, I, being a worldwise old man, will stay calm and collected. Everything, however, has two aspects. I think Japan's refusal to admit its crimes is due to its failure to be mentally prepared to drop the butcher's knife. So long as the ghost of Tojo lingers on, none can assure you that militarism will never revive in a new guise in the next century. The lingering shadow serves to warn us and our Asian brothers against the fantasy that the world will be at peace in the days to come and we can sit back and relax.

I wonder if the bell still strikes at Yasukuni Shrine in Tokyo. If it does, it serves as a warning to the people of China and Asia not to drop guard while the adherents to militarism are mourning over their late war criminals. Although the world is tranquil for the time being, vigilance is indispensably necessary before the potential hegemonist is completely disillusioned. An adventurist that refuses to be reconciled to defeat may stage a comeback at any time.

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[1] On the night of September 18, 1931, the Japanese Guandong Army seized Shenyang (formerly known as Mukden) of Liaoning Province by making a pretext, prior to their imminent occupation of the entire Northeast China (formerly known as Manchuria) .

[2] Also known in the West as Marco Polo Bridge Incident. On July 1, 1937, the Japanese invaders raided the Chinese garrison at the Lugou Bridge to the southwest of present-day Beijing, and the Chinese army rose in a counterattack, thus unveiling the War of Resistance Against Japan.



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# 我和北大图书馆

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◎ 季羨林

我对北大图书馆有一种特殊的感情，这种感情潜伏在我的内心深处，从来没有明确地意识到过。最近图书馆的领导同志要我写一篇讲图书馆的文章，我连考虑都没有，立即一口答应。但我立刻感到有点吃惊。我现在事情还是非常多的，抽点时间，并非易事。<sup>[1]</sup>为什么竟立即答应下来了呢？如果不是心中早就蕴藏着这样一种感情的话，能出现这种情况吗？<sup>[2]</sup>

山有根，水有源，我这种感情的根源由来已久了。

1946年，我从欧洲回国。去国将近11年，在落叶满长安（长安街也）的深秋季节，又回到了北平。在北大工作，内心感情的波动是难以形容的，既兴奋，又寂寞；既愉快，又惆怅。<sup>[3]</sup>然而我立刻就到了一个可以安身立命的地方<sup>[4]</sup>，这就是北大图书馆。当时我单身住在红楼，我的办公室（东语系办公室）是在灰楼。图书馆就介乎其中。承当时图书馆的领导特别垂青<sup>[5]</sup>，在图书馆里给了我一间研究室，在楼下左侧。窗外是到灰楼去的必由之路。经常有人走过，不能说是很清静。但是在图书馆这一面，却是清静异常。我的研究室左右，也都是教授研究室，当然室各有主，但是颇少见人来。所以走廊里静如古寺，真是念书写作的好地方。我能在奔波数万里扰攘十几年，有时梦想得到一张一尺见方的书桌而渺不可得<sup>[6]</sup>的情况下，居然有了一间窗明几净的研究室，简直如坐天堂，如享天福了<sup>[7]</sup>。

研究室的真正要害<sup>[8]</sup>还不在于窗明几净——当然，这也是必要的，而在有没有足够的书。在这一点上，我也得到了意外的满足。图书馆的领导允许我从书库里提一部分必要的书，放在我的研究室里，供随时查用<sup>[9]</sup>。我当时是东语系的主任，虽然系非常小，没有多少学生<sup>[10]</sup>，但是，仍然有一些会要开，一些公要办，所以也并不太闲。可是我一有机会，就遁入我的研究室去，“躲进小楼成一统”，这地方是我的天下。<sup>[11]</sup>我一进屋，就能进入角色，潜心默读，坐拥书城<sup>[12]</sup>，其乐实在是不足为外人道也。我回国以后，由于资料缺乏，在国外时的研究工作，无法进行，只能有多大碗，吃多少饭，找一些可以发挥自己的长处而又有利于国计民生的题目，来进行研究。北大图书馆藏书甲全国大学，我需要

的资料基本上能找得到，因此还能够写出一些东西来。如果换一个地方，我必如车辙中的鲋鱼那样<sup>[13]</sup>，什么书也看不到，什么文章也写不出。

作为全国最高学府的北京大学，我们有悠久的爱国主义的革命历史传统，有实事求是的学术传统，这些都是难能可贵的，但是，我认为，一个第一流的大学，必须有第一流的设备、第一流的图书、第一流的教师、第一流的学者和第一流的管理。五个第一流，缺一不可。我们北大可以说具备这五个第一流的。因此，我们有充分的基础，可以来弘扬祖国的优秀文化，为我国四化建设培养德才兼备的人才，对外为祖国争光，对内为人民立功。在这五个第一流中，第一流的图书更显得特别突出。北大图书馆是全国大学图书馆的翘楚。这是世人之公言，非我一个之私言。我们为此应该感到骄傲，感到幸福。

但是，我们全校师生员工却不能躺在这个骄傲上、这个幸福上睡大觉。我们必须努力学习，努力工作，像爱护自己的眼球一样，爱护北大，爱护北大的一草一木、一山一石，爱护我们的图书馆。我们图书馆的藏书盈架充栋，然而我们应该知道，一部一册来之不易，一页一张得之维艰。我们全体北大人必须十分珍惜爱护。这样，我们的图书馆才能有长久的生命，我们的骄傲与幸福才有坚实的基础。愿与全校同仁共勉之。

《我和北大图书馆》是我国著名教授、学者、散文家、翻译家季羨林（1911—2009）写于1991年的一篇散文。酷爱书籍，乃文人学者本色，作者私人书斋藏书几万册，1946年入北大工作，视藏书甲全国大学的北大图书馆为安身立命的地方，“书城”使他“忘记了尘世的一切不愉快的事情，怡然自得”，得以毕生潜心搞学问，笔耕不辍。他的散文文思畅快，平实自然，言简意赅，真切动人。

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[1] “但我立刻感到有点吃惊。我现在事情还是非常多的，抽点时间，并非易事”可按“我立刻对自己的轻率允诺感到吃惊，因为我有许多事要办，很难抽出时间”译为  
Nevertheless, immediately afterwards, I felt a bit surprised at the rash promise I had made, for, with already too many irons in the fire, I could hardly have time to spare, 其中rash作“仓促作出的”、“轻率的”解，是译文中的添加词，原文虽无其词而有其意。又，too many irons in the fire是常用英语成语，作“同时有许多事要做”解。又，I could hardly have time to spare作“我几乎抽不出时间”解，意同“抽点时间，并非易事”。

[2] “如果不是心中早就蕴藏着这样一种感情的话，能出现这种情况吗？”译为Could I have done that had it not been for my deep-seated affection for the

University library?, 其中had it not been for为虚拟条件从句if it had not been for的倒装(省略if), 也可改用but for表达。原文从句也可译为without my deep-seated affection for the University library。

[3] “在北大工作, 内心感情的波动是难以形容的, 既兴奋, 又寂寞; 既愉快, 又惆怅”可按“初到北大, 内心感情……”译为My first days at Peking University found myself experiencing an indescribable mixed feeling of both elation and loneliness, and both joy and gloom。

[4] “然而我立刻就到了一个可以安身立命的地方……”译为Fortunately, I soon found a place where I could settle down to a tranquil life and get on with my work ..., 其中Fortunately是译文中的添加词, 原文虽无其词而有其意, 在文中也起到承上启下的作用。

[5] “承当时图书馆的领导特别垂青……”可按“承图书馆馆长(管理人员)的照顾……”译为Thanks to the thoughtfulness of the curator ...。

[6] “有时梦想得到一张一尺见方的书桌而渺不可得”译为sometimes with the vain dream of getting a small desk of my own, 其中把“有时梦想……而渺不可得”(意即“有时妄想得到”)译为sometimes with the vain dream of getting ...。又“一尺见方的”意即“小型的”, 故译为small。

[7] “简直如坐天堂, 如享天福了”不宜直译, 可按“我多么喜出望外啊!”译为Imagine how overwhelmed with joy I was ...。

[8] “真正要害”可按“真正重要”译为What really mattered (或counted)。

[9] “供随时查用”意即“以便查用”故译为for easy reference。

[10] “系非常小, 没有多少学生”可译为the said Department was relatively small with not too many students, 但不如the said Department had a relatively small enrollment简洁。

[11] “可是我一有机会, 就遁入我的研究室, ‘躲进小楼成一统’, 这地方是我的天下。”译为In spite of that, I would withdraw at the first opportunity to my research room to enjoy the privacy of a place all to myself, a place where I was my own master, 其中at the first (或earliest) opportunity是成语, 意同as

soon as possible, 用来表达“一有机会”。

[12] “我一进入屋，就能进入角色，潜心默读，坐拥书城”译为As soon as I entered the room, I began to live my part as an avid reader sitting among a roomful of books, 其中把“进入角色”译为to live my part, 此乃英语成语，其意思是：淋漓尽致地扮演一种角色。

[13] “如车辙中的鲋鱼那样”来自典故“涸辙之鲋”，可译为like a fish stranded in a dry rut。

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# Peking University Library and I

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© *Ji Xianlin*

I cherish a particular affection for Peking University Library — an affection that has hidden deep in my heart without my knowledge. Therefore, recently when the curator asked me to write an article on the library, I readily agreed without any hesitation. Nevertheless, immediately afterwards, I felt a bit surprised at the rash promise I had made, for, with already too many irons in the fire, I could hardly have time to spare. What had made me give the promise? Could I have done that had it not been for my deep-seated affection for the University library?

Every tree has its roots and every river its source. My deep affection for the University library has an origin of long standing.

In 1946, I returned to China after staying in Europe for about eleven years. When I arrived in Peiping, it was late autumn, with Chang'an Street strewn with fallen leaves. My first days at Peking University found myself experiencing an indescribable mixed feeling of both elation and loneliness, and both joy and gloom. Fortunately, I soon found a place where I could settle down to a tranquil life and get on with my work, that is, Peking University Library. At that time, I lived alone at the Red Building and my office, the office of the Oriental Languages Department, was in the Gray Building. And the University library was situated in-between. Thanks to the thoughtfulness of the curator, I was allotted a research room in the library, on the left side of its ground floor. It was a bit noisy out of the window due to a passage alongside the building, which was the only way leading to the Gray Building. But it was very quiet in the library itself though. Around me were also research rooms belonging to other professors, but I seldom saw them. So it was all quiet in the corridor, like in an ancient temple. It was an ideal place for doing studies and writing indeed. Imagine how overwhelmed with joy I was to have a bright research room complete with a desk after spending more than a decade rushing about from place to place sometimes with the vain dream of getting a mere small desk of my own!

To me, however, what really mattered in a research room were not bright windows and clean desks, which were of course also indispensable, but sufficient books. Now I had my wish

unexpectedly gratified. I was given permission from the curator to equip my research room with necessary books for easy reference taken direct from the stack rooms. As head of the Department of Oriental Languages, I was busy with meetings and official duties although the said Department had a relatively small enrollment. In spite of that, I would withdraw at the first opportunity to my research room to enjoy the privacy of having a place all to myself, a place where I am my own master. As soon as I entered the room, I began to live my part as an avid reader sitting among a roomful of books. The great pleasure I enjoyed at the moment was beyond description. Upon my return to China, I had to discontinue, for lack of reference materials, the research I had been doing abroad. I had to adapt to the new circumstances by working only on themes most familiar to me and having direct bearing on national economy and the people's livelihood. As Peking University Library boasted the largest collection of books of all university libraries in the country, I was able to write with materials available to me. Otherwise, with no access to books I needed, I would have accomplished nothing at all, like a fish stranded in a dry rut.

As one of the highest institutes of learning in the country, Peking University has a long history of revolutionary patriotism as well as an academic tradition of seeking truth from facts. All that is praiseworthy. However, in my opinion, a first-rate university should have facilities, teaching staff, scholars and administration of the best quality. Peking University certainly meets the requirement in the five respects. We of this University are, therefore, fully qualified for the job of carrying forward the splendid cultural heritage of our nation and training people of ability and virtue for our country's modernization drive, thereby winning honor for our country and rendering meritorious service to our people. Our library, in particular, is playing an important role. We are proud and happy that it has been generally acknowledged as the best university library in the country.

Nevertheless, we teachers, students and all employees should not be satisfied with the success we have already won. We should study and work hard, and cherish, as we do our eyes, our university and everything in it, including its library. We should treasure its rich collection and take good care of each and every copy of the books therein, so that it can long survive intact and forever remain as something for us to be proud of and happy about. Let us encourage each other in our common endeavors.



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# 就像人每天必须吃饭一样<sup>[1]</sup>

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◎ 季羨林

我们念书人都一样，嗜书如命。我小学的时候，当时学校还没有图书馆。打念中学开始，一直到出国深造，我几乎一天也没离开过图书馆。如离开图书馆，将一事无成，这不是我一个人的意见，大凡搞学问的都有这种体会。

我大学是在清华念的。清华图书馆，大家都知道，是相当不错的<sup>[2]</sup>，我与它打了四年交道。后来，我出国到德国哥廷根大学留学，在欧洲待了十年多。哥廷根虽然是个小城，但图书馆的藏书却极其丰富。我研究的是古代印度语言，应该说这是一门偏僻的学问<sup>[3]</sup>。在那十年中，我写了不少文章，需要用大量资料，可哥廷根大学图书馆几乎都能满足我，借不到书的时候非常少。若借不到，他们会到别的地方去帮你借。

1946年，在落叶铺满长安街的深秋季节，我回到了北京，到北大工作。北大图书馆藏书甲全国大学。当时图书馆领导对我格外开恩，在图书馆里给了我一间研究室<sup>[4]</sup>，并允许我从书库中提一部分必要的书，拿回我的研究室，供我随时查用和研读。我一有空闲，便潜入我的研究室，“躲进小楼成一统”<sup>[5]</sup>，潜心默读，坐拥书城<sup>[6]</sup>。在那个动荡的岁月，能觅到一处可以安身立命的清静世界且有书读，简直是太令人兴奋了。

我与北京图书馆有很深的历史渊源。我回国时，当时的北图馆长是袁同礼。那时，我受袁同礼的聘请，任务是把北图有关梵文的藏书检查一下，看看全不全，这个工作我做了。

解放后，王重民先生代北图馆长。郑振铎是文化部文物局局长。郑先生是我的老师，在清华我曾听过他的课。郑先生很有魄力，我当时曾向他建议，若要在中国建立东方学，仅靠当时图书馆的一点点藏书是远远不够的，解决的办法是“腰缠千万贯，骑鹤下欧洲”。据说，日本明治维新后，很重视文化事业，特意派人到欧洲、美国等地，专找旧书店，不管什么书，也不管当时有没有用，文理工工等什么都买，就这样，日本搜罗了大量的典籍。单就东方学来讲，日本图书馆的藏书比我们强多了。郑先生虽有雄才大略，但囿于当时客观条件，最终也没干成。当然，现在北图的藏书，有些方面还是相当不错的，像善本

就堪称世界第一。但专从东方学而言，北图的藏书还不如我多。

图书馆是人类知识的宝库，是普及科学文化知识、传播信息的重要基地。不仅搞科研的人离不开它，一般的老百姓也离不开。随着社会的发展，人们对图书馆的需求会越来越大。我一生直到今天，可以说是极少离开过图书馆，就如人每天必须吃饭一样，经常而必须。第62届国际图联大会能够在中国开是件好事，我们应抓住这一契机，大力发展图书馆事业。北图的藏书量是世界第五、亚洲第一，若以我国的国际地位及北图的地位而论，大会也许早就该在中国开了。

近两年，受商潮的冲击，不少人忽视了自己形而上的精神世界的滋养与丰富，而一味地钻进了孔方兄的网络里难以抽身<sup>[1]</sup>。这种现象在学术界也有。如果说我国学术界后继乏人，那是太绝对了，但确实走了好多人，北大也有。不过，仍有一部分人，不为外面的高工资所动，孜孜以求，皓首穷经，进出于图书馆，他们才是我国未来的希望与脊梁。只是，这类人并不多，这是颇令人担忧的。

《就像人每天必须吃饭一样》是我国著名教授、学者、散文家、翻译家季羨林（1911—2009）写于1996年的一篇散文。

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[1] 题目“就像人每天必须吃饭一样”可译为Libraries Are Indispensable Like Food或Libraries Are Essential Like Our Daily Meals。也可考虑译之为Libraries Are to the Mind What Food Is to the Body，只是用字过多，有些偏离原文。

[2] “……大家都知道，是相当不错的”仅用prestigious（有声望的）一词表达，意思基本一致，取其简洁。

[3] “一门偏僻的学问”意即“一个冷门”，故译a little-known branch of learning。

[4] “图书馆领导对我格外开恩，在图书馆里给了我一间研究室”可按“图书馆馆长对我特别照顾，在图书馆里给了我一间研究室”译为The curator was thoughtful enough to assign me a research room in the library building，其中把“图书馆领导”按“图书馆馆长”译为curator或the chief librarian；“对我格外开恩”意即“对我照顾有加”，可用thoughtful一词表达。

[5] “躲进小楼成一统”可按“享受幽然独处小屋的乐趣”译为to enjoy the

privacy of the small place.

[6] “潜心默读，坐拥书城”可按“坐在书籍满目的小屋里专心读书”译为and sit among my roomful of books reading avidly.

[7] “钻进了孔方兄的网络里难以抽身”意即“只为赚钱”、“一心为财富”等，故译have gone in for money-making, 其中to go in for作“追求”解。

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# Libraries Are Indispensable Like Food

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All intellectuals love books. The primary school where I studied didn't have a library. But, all the way from middle school to university abroad, I never let a day pass without consulting a library. I believe I would have achieved nothing without the help of libraries. I am not the one and only one holding such a view. Generally speaking, all men of learning would agree with me on this point.

I obtained higher education at Tsinghua University, Beijing, where I had four-year dealings with its prestigious library. Later, I went abroad to study at Gottingen University, Germany, and stayed in Europe for altogether eleven years. Gottingen is a small town, but Gottingen University Library boasts a rich collection of books. I specialized in the ancient language of India, obviously a little-known branch of learning. During the eleven years, I wrote many articles thanks to the University Library providing me with whatever materials I needed. Seldom did they fail to supply my wants. Otherwise they would help me out by borrowing from other sources.

In the late autumn of 1946, when Chang'an Street in Beijing was strewn with fallen leaves, I returned to China to work at Peking University. Of all university libraries in China, Peking University Library has the largest collection of books. The curator was thoughtful enough to assign me a research room in the library building and allow me to equip it with necessary books for ready reference taken direct from the stack rooms. So I would withdraw at the first opportunity to my research room to enjoy the privacy of the small place and sit among my roomful of books reading avidly. How happy I was to have, in time of turmoil, this quiet haven plus books so that I could settle down and get on with my pursuit of learning!

I've long been connected with Beijing Public Library. At the time when I returned from Europe, Mr. Yuan Tongli, then its curator, engaged me to check up its collection of books on Sanskrit and see if it was incomplete. I fulfilled the job accordingly.

On the founding of the People's Republic of China, Mr. Wang Chongmin became deputy curator of Beijing Public Library. And, Mr. Zheng Zhenduo, one of my former teachers at Tsinghua University, was Director of the State Bureau for the Preservation of Cultural and Historical Relics. He was a man with great drive, so I offered him the following suggestion: "Our libraries have too few books on orientalism to initiate its study in China. The only way out is to buy books from Europe. They say the Japanese paid great attention to cultural undertakings after the Meiji Restoration. They sent people to Europe and America to visit exclusively second-hand bookstores to buy books on any subjects, useful or not, ranging from liberal arts, science, law to engineering. Consequently, they collected a huge number of ancient books and records. In the matter of orientalism, Japan has now a far greater library collection than China." But, talented and far-sighted as he was, Mr. Zheng was nevertheless incapable of bringing the matter to fruition due to the constraint of objective conditions. Of course, Beijing Public Library has merits of its own too. For instance, it is world-famous for its unique collection of rare books. But, as far as orientalism is concerned, its collection is even smaller than mine.

Libraries are the treasure-house of knowledge, the important base for popularizing science and culture and transmitting information. They are indispensable to all common people as well as scientific researchers. Alongside the social development, people's need for the library is getting bigger and bigger. I personally have seldom been separated from the library all my life. It is as essential to me as my regular daily meals. It's good that the 62nd World Conference on Library Science will be held in China. We should seize the good opportunity to develop with great strides our library undertakings. The richness of collection in the Beijing Public Library ranks 5th in the world and 1st in Asia. Considering its good standing as well as the international prestige of this country, China should have been a venue for the said Conference earlier.

In recent years, due to the impact of commercialism, many have gone in for money-making and ignore the development and enrichment of their spiritual world. The same is true of the academic circles, including Peking University, where many have dropped their occupation to go in for business. But, some, however, rather than succumb to the temptation of high pay in business, stick to their academic work. They study hard and frequent libraries though they are getting on in years. They are the hope and backbone of our nation. But, to our great disturbance, they are in the minority!

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# 在德国——自己的花是让别人看的

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◎ 季羨林

爱美大概也算是人的天性吧。宇宙间美的东西很多，花在其中占重要的地位。爱花的民族也很多<sup>[1]</sup>，德国在其中占重要的地位<sup>[2]</sup>。

四五十年以前我在德国留学的时候，我曾多次对德国人爱花之真切感到吃惊<sup>[3]</sup>。家家户户都在养花。他们的花不像在中国那样，养在屋子里<sup>[4]</sup>，他们是把花都栽种在临街窗户的外面。花朵都朝外开，在屋子里只能看到花的脊梁。我曾问过我的女房东：你这样养花是给别人看的吧！她莞尔一笑说道：“正是这样！”<sup>[5]</sup>

正是这样，也确实不错。走过任何一条街，抬头向上看，家家的窗子前都是花团锦簇，姹紫嫣红<sup>[6]</sup>。许多窗子连接在一起，汇成了一个花的海洋，让我们看的人如入山阴道上，应接不暇<sup>[7]</sup>。每一家都是这样，在屋子里的时候，自己的花是让别人看的。走在街上的时候，自己又看别人的花。人人为我，我为人人。我觉得这一种境界是颇耐人寻味的<sup>[8]</sup>。

今天我又到了德国，刚一下火车，迎接我们的主人问我：“你离开德国这样久，有什么变化没有？”我说：“变化是有的，但是美丽并没有改变。”我说“美丽”指的东西很多，其中也包含着美丽的花。我走在街上，抬头一看，又是家家户户的窗口上都堵满了鲜花。多么奇丽的景色！多么奇特的民族！我仿佛又回到四五十年前去，我做了一个花的梦，做了一个思乡的梦。

《在德国——自己的花是让别人看的》是我国著名教育家、印度学家、散文家季羨林1985年8月写于德国斯图加特邮政旅馆的一篇小品。

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<sup>[1]</sup> “爱花的民族也很多”译为many peoples ... love flowers, 其中peoples (复数)作“许多民族”解。

<sup>[2]</sup> The Germans作“德国民族”解。

[3] “多次对……感到吃惊”可按“……经常给我留下深刻的印象”译为I was often deeply impressed by …。

[4] “他们的花不像在中国那样，养在屋子里”译为Unlike people in China who kept pot flowers indoors, 其中pot flowers是按上下文译的，指“盆花”。

[5] “正是这样！”译为Exactly! 此字常见于口语，意同Completely correct!

[6] “家家的窗子前都是花团锦簇，姹紫嫣红”译为all dwellers' windows ablaze with flowers, 其中ablaze with的意思是bright and full of color。

[7] “让我们看的人如入山阴道上，应接不暇”中的“山阴道上”指“江南美景”，全句可译为 So visitors seemed to find themselves in a land of so many lovely scenes that they were kept busy feasting their eyes all the time, 其中feasting their eyes作“尽情欣赏”解。

[8] “我觉得这一种境界是颇耐人寻味的”译为Their noble qualities, I think, provide much food for thought, 其中qualities作“气质”解，意同“境界”，noble是译文中的添加词。

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# Growing Flowers for the Benefit of All

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© Ji Xianlin

It is perhaps human nature to love things beautiful. The universe abounds in things of beauty, flowers being the most prominent among them. Many peoples, especially the Germans, love flowers.

Upwards of 40 years ago, when I was a student studying in Germany, I was often deeply impressed by the genuine love shown by Germans for flowers. All German families raised flowers. Unlike people in China who kept pot flowers indoors, Germans had their flowers planted outside their windows fronting the street. With the opening flowers exposing their front to the street, residents could only see their back. Once I said to my landlady, "You must be growing your flowers for all to enjoy!" "Exactly!" she replied with a sweet smile.

Yes, exactly. Wherever I went in town, I would raise my head only to see all residents' windows ablaze with flowers. And all windows joined together one after another to form a sea of flowers. So visitors seemed to find themselves in a land of so many lovely scenes that they were kept busy feasting their eyes all the time. As was the case with every family in the country, Germans, while at home, were happy to find their flowers pleasing the public eyes, but when they were out in the street, they enjoyed the sight of other people's flowers. All for one and one for all. Their noble qualities, I think, provide much food for thought.

Now, I am in Germany again. The German host welcoming me at the railway station asked, "It's a long time since you were here last. Do you see any changes?" "Yes, I do," said I. "But beauty remains unchanged." I explained that beauty, as I had mentioned, referred to many things, including beautiful flowers. Out on the street, I would look up and see the windows of all homes blocked up with flowers. What a scene of enchanting beauty! What an unusual nation! I seemed to have returned to the days of more than 40 years before. I had dreamed a dream of flowers, a nostalgic dream!



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# 上海菜市场

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◎ 季羨林

上海尽有看不够数不清的高楼大厦<sup>[1]</sup>，跑不完走不尽的大街小巷，满目琳琅的玻璃橱窗，车水马龙的繁华闹市；但是，我们的许多外国朋友却偏要去看一看早晨的菜市场。这是完全可以理解的。我们刚到上海的时候不是也想到菜市上去看一看吗？

那还是几年前的一个早晨，在太阳刚刚升起来的时候，踏着熹微的晨光<sup>[2]</sup>，到一个离开旅馆不远的菜市场去。

到了邻近菜市场的地方，市场的气氛就逐渐浓了起来。熙熙攘攘的人群，摩肩擦背，来来往往。许多老大娘的菜篮子里装满了蔬菜海味鸡鸭鱼肉。有的篮子里活鱼在摇摆着尾巴，肥鸡在咯咯地叫着。老大娘带着一脸笑意，满怀愉快，走回家去。

一走进菜市场，仿佛走进了另一个世界。这里面五光十色<sup>[3]</sup>，令人眼花缭乱。但是，仔细一看，所有的东西却又都摆得整整齐齐，有条不紊。菜摊子、肉摊子、鱼虾摊子、水果摊子，还有其他的许许多多的摊子，分门别类，秩序井然，又各有特点，互相辉映。你就看那蔬菜摊子吧。这里有各种不同的颜色：紫色的茄子、白色的萝卜、红色的西红柿、绿色的小白菜，纷然杂陈，交光互影。这里又有各种不同的线条：大冬瓜又圆又粗，豆荚又细又长，白菜的叶子又扁又宽。就这样，不同的颜色、不同的线条，紧密地摆在一起，于纷杂中见统一。我的眼一花，我觉得，眼前不是什么菜摊子，而是一幅出自名家手笔的彩色绚丽、线条鲜明的油画或水彩画。

不只菜摊子是这样，其他的摊子也莫不如此。卖鱼的摊子上，活鱼在水里游泳，十几斤重的<sup>[4]</sup>大鲤鱼躺在案板上。卖鸡鸭的摊子上，鸡鸭在笼子里互相召唤。卖肉的摊子上，整片的猪肉、牛肉和羊肉挂在那里。还为穆斯林设了卖牛、羊肉的专柜。在其他的摊子上，鸡蛋和鸭蛋堆得像小山，一个个闪着耀眼的白光。咸肉和板鸭成排挂在架子上，肥得仿佛就要滴下油来<sup>[5]</sup>。水果摊子更是琳琅满目。肥大的水蜜桃、大个儿西瓜、又黄又圆的香瓜、白嫩的鲜藕，摆在一起，竞妍斗艳<sup>[6]</sup>。我眼前仿佛看到葳蕤的果子园、十里荷香的池塘、翠叶离离的瓜地。难道这不是一幅美妙无比的图画吗？

说是图画，这只是一时的幻象。说真的，任何图画也比不上这一些摊子。图画里面的东西是死的、不能动的。这里的東西却随时在流动。原来摆在架子上的东西，一转眼已经到了老大娘的菜篮子里。她们站在摊子前面，眯细了眼睛，左挑右拣，直到选中了自己想买的东西为止。至于价钱，她们是不发愁的，因为东西都不贵<sup>[1]</sup>。结果是皆大欢喜，在一片闹闹嚷嚷的声中，大家都买到了中意的东西。她们原来的空篮子不久就满了起来。当她们转回家去的时候，她们手中的篮子也像是一幅美丽的图画了。

我们的外国朋友是住在旅馆里的，什么东西都不缺少。但是他们看到这些美丽诱人的东西，一方面啧啧称赞，一方面又跃跃欲试，也都想买点什么。有人买了几个大香瓜<sup>[8]</sup>，有人买了几斤西红柿，还有人买了一些豆腐干。这样就会使本来已经很丰富的餐桌更加丰富多彩。我们的外国朋友也皆大欢喜了。

《上海菜市场》是季羨林先生写于1963年9月的一篇随笔。作者60年代从北京南下走访上海，当地丰富多彩的菜市场曾使他惊叹不已。所作描述淋漓酣畅，富于艺术想象。

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[1] “看不够数不清的高楼大厦”可按“无数引人注目的高楼大厦”译为countless eye-catching skyscrapers。也可译为numerous spectacular highrises。

[2] “踏着熹微的晨光”可译为I went at the first light或I went at dawn (daybreak)。

[3] “五光十色”可译为the rich assortment of hues and colors或the mixture of various colors。

[4] “十几斤重的”译为more than five kilos。“斤”通常译为catty，现改用kilo（公斤）表达，以便与国际重量单位接轨。

[5] “肥得仿佛就要滴下油来”译为seemingly dripping with fat，其中seemingly作“仿佛”、“貌似”等解。

[6] “竞妍斗艳”译为vying with each other to be the most beautiful。此语也可译为vying with each other for eminence（或distinction等），其中eminence和distinction作“出众”、“卓越地位”等解。

[7] “至于价钱，她们是不发愁的，因为东西都不贵”中的“价钱”未译为prices，是为了避免句中词的重复，现改用the purse（钱包），作“钱”、“钞票”解。又，

reasonable prices是常用语，作“售价公道”、“不贵”解。

[8] “几个大香瓜”译为a couple of muskmelons，其中短语a couple of作“几个”、“三两个”解。

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# The Shanghai Food Market

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© *Ji Xianlin*

Shanghai has countless eye-catching skyscrapers and innumerable streets and lanes, with beautiful shop windows and busy market quarters. Nevertheless, many foreign friends of mine would rather pay a morning visit to the food markets there. That is understandable. Didn't we ourselves choose to go and see a food market there on our first visit to the city?

It was on an early morning of several years ago, when the sun was just coming up, that I went at the first light to see a food market near the hotel where I was staying.

The nearer I went, the more prevalent the atmosphere of the food market. The surrounding streets were thronged with shoppers milling around. The shopping baskets carried by many elderly women were filled with vegetables, seafood, chickens, ducks, fish and meat. Some fish were wagging their tails and some hens clucking. The elderly women, with a happy smile spread across their faces, were on their way home.

Once inside the market, I felt like landing in a new world. The rich assortment of hues and colors were dazzling. All goods were kept neat and tidy and arranged in perfect order be they at a vegetable stall, meat stall, seafood stall, fruit stall, etc. And each stall, being specialized, showed a characteristic of its own. Take for example the vegetable stall with its display of colors: purple eggplants, white radishes, red tomatoes, greenish cabbages. It also displayed various shapes: round clumsy wax gourds, long narrow bean pods, flat wide cabbage leaves. Hence, different colors and lines merged into an organic whole showing diversity in unity. I looked here and there until my eyes became blurred, taking the vegetable stall for an oil painting or a watercolor with distinct colors and lines done by a famous painter.

The same was true of other stalls. At fish stalls, live fish were swimming in the water and big carps weighing more than five kilos each were lying on chopping boards. At poultry stalls, caged chickens and ducks were making a lot of noise to greet each other. At meat stalls, chunky pieces of pork, beef and mutton were hung up. There were also special counters selling beef and

mutton to Moslems. At some stalls, chicken and duck eggs of a glistening white were piled high up like small hills while rows of bacon and salted duck, seemingly dripping with fat, were hung out on racks. The fruit stalls were even more attractive. Arrayed side by side were juicy honey peaches, plump watermelons, yellow round muskmelons, fresh tender lotus roots, vying with each other to be the most beautiful. It seemed as if I saw unfolding before me luxuriant orchards, fragrant lotus ponds, leafy green melon patches. Wasn't it a painting of matchless beauty?

It was, however, more of a transient illusion than a painting. To tell the truth, no painting could ever compare with these stalls. Things in a painting were fixed and immovable while goods at a stall were always on the move. Things on the display shelf would, before we knew it, soon find their way to the elderly women's shopping baskets. Standing before a stall, the elderly women would narrow their eyes and pick and choose until they decided on what they wanted to buy. They never worried about the purse because all food was selling at reasonable prices. Shopping was done in the hubbub of the market to the satisfaction of all. Everybody got what they needed, their shopping baskets filled to the brim. While the elderly women were on their way home, the shopping baskets they carried in their hands also looked like beautiful paintings.

Our foreign friends, putting up at hotels, were provided with everything they needed. But, when they saw the captivating food market, they clicked their tongue in admiration and were eager to do a bit of shopping there by themselves. Some of them bought a couple of big muskmelons, some bought several kilos of tomatoes, some bought some dried bean curds. To the satisfaction of all, the new acquisitions added to the richness and variety of their already abundant table.



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# 容忍

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◎ 季羨林

人处在家庭和社会中，有时候恐怕需要讲点容忍的。

唐朝有一个姓张的大官，家庭和睦，美名远扬，一直传到了皇帝的耳中。皇帝赞美他治家有道，问他道在何处<sup>[1]</sup>，他一气写了一百个“忍”字<sup>[2]</sup>。这说得非常清楚：家庭中要互相容忍，才能和睦<sup>[3]</sup>。这个故事非常有名。在旧社会，中国姓张的全以祖先的容忍为荣了。

但是容忍也并不容易。1935年，我乘西伯利亚铁路的火车经苏联赴德国，车过中苏边界上的满洲里，停车四小时，由苏联海关检查行李。这是无可厚非的<sup>[4]</sup>，入国必须检查，这是世界公例。但是，当时的苏联大概认为，我们这一帮人，从一个资本主义国家到另一个资本主义国家，恐怕没有好人，必须严查，以防万一。检查其他行李，我决无意见。但是，在哈尔滨买的一把最粗糙的铁皮壶<sup>[5]</sup>，却成了被检查的首要对象<sup>[6]</sup>。这里敲敲，那里敲敲，薄薄的一层铁皮决藏不下一颗炸弹的，然而他们却敲打不止<sup>[7]</sup>。我真有点无法容忍，想要发火。我身旁有一位年老的老外，是与我们同车的，看到我的神态，在我耳旁悄悄地说了一句：Patience is a great virtue（容忍是很大的美德）。我对他微笑，表示致谢<sup>[8]</sup>。我立即心平气和，天下太平。

看来容忍确是一件好事，甚至是一种美德。<sup>[9]</sup>但是，我认为，也必须有一个界限。我们到了德国以后，就碰到这个问题。旧时欧洲流行决斗之风，谁污辱了谁，特别是谁的女情人，被污辱者一定要提出决斗，或用手枪，或用剑。普希金就是在决斗中被枪打死的。<sup>[10]</sup>我们到了的时候，此风已息，但仍发生。我们几个中国留学生相约：如果外国人污辱了我们自身，我们要揣度形势<sup>[11]</sup>，主要要容忍，以东方的恕道克制自己。但是，如果他们污辱我们的国家，则无论如何也要同他们玩儿命，决不容忍。这就是我们容忍的界限。幸亏这样的事情没有发生，否则我就活不到今天在这里舞笔弄墨了。

现在我们中国人的容忍水平，看了真让人气短。在公共汽车上，挤挤碰碰是常见的现象。如果碰了或者踩了别人，连忙说一声：“对不起！”就能够化干戈为玉帛。然而有不少

人连“对不起”都不会说了，于是就相吵相骂，甚至于扭打，甚至打得头破血流。我们这个伟大的民族怎么竟变成了这个样子！我在自己心中暗暗祝愿：容忍兮，归来！

《容忍》是季羨林先生写于1966年的一篇随笔。

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[1] “问他道在何处”可按“问他如何治家求和睦”译为 and asked him how he had been running the family to achieve harmony。

[2] “他一气写了一百个‘忍’字”译为he wrote down without a break one hundred characters meaning “patience”，其中“一气”（即“一口气”）可译为without a break或in one breath等。

[3] “这说得非常清楚：家庭中要互相容忍，才能和睦”译为Evidently, the message he tried to bring home to the emperor was that family members must be accommodating to each other for the sake of harmony, 其中to bring home to…是成语，作“使……深切体会”解。

[4] “这是无可厚非的”意为“没有什么不对”，可译为That was all right或That was beyond reproach等。

[5] “一把最粗糙的铁皮壶”译为a crudely-made tinsplate kettle, 其中“铁皮”即“马口铁”，译为tinsplate。

[6] “……却成了被查的首要对象”可译为… was looked upon with suspicion or became something very fishy to them等。

[7] “薄薄的一层铁皮决藏不了一颗炸弹的，然而他们却敲打不止”译为The kettle was certainly too flimsy for holding a hidden bomb, but they barked up the wrong tree, and kept clanking it repeatedly here and there, 其中they barked up the wrong tree（成语，作“捕风捉影”解）是译文中的添加词，原文虽无其词而有其意；又，“敲打不止”译为and kept clanking it repeatedly here and there, 其中clanking是拟声词，作“把……敲得叮当响”解。

[8] “我对他微笑，表示致谢”译为I turned to him with a smile by way of expressing my thanks, 其中by way of是成语，意同for the purpose of。



[9] “看来容忍确是一件好事，甚至是一种美德”可按“看来容忍确是一件好事，或确切点说，是一种美德”，译为Obviously, patience is really a good thing, or rather a great virtue。

[10] “普希金就是在决斗中被枪打死的”译为The great Russian poet A. S. Pushkin was one of those shot dead in a duel, 其中用了一些解释性的添加词，如：The great Russian poet和one of those。

[11] “揣度形势”意即“权衡利弊”、“见机行事”等，可译为we should weigh the pros and cons或we should follow our sober judgement等。

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# Patience

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© *Ji Xianlin*

In home and social life one probably needs to be a little bit patient now and then.

During the Tang Dynasty, a high official surnamed Zhang was known far and wide for his harmonious home life. When the emperor gave him praise and asked him how he had been running the family to achieve harmony, he wrote down without a break one hundred characters meaning “patience.” Evidently, the message he tried to bring home to the emperor was that family members must be accommodating to each other for the sake of harmony. That’s a famous story. Consequently, people surnamed Zhang in the old days all felt greatly honored that one of their ancestors had been known for exercising patience.

However, it is easier said than done to be tolerant towards others. In 1935, I traveled to Germany via the Soviet Union over the Siberian railway. At the Sino-Soviet border in Manzhouli, the train stopped for a 4-hour inspection by the Soviet customs. That was all right because entry inspection was an international practice. But the then Soviet Union subjected me to a closer-than-usual customs inspection probably on the assumption that I, like all those traveling from one capitalist country to another, must be a dubious character. I had no objection to the check-up of my belongings except when a crudely-made tinplate kettle that I had bought at Harbin became something very fishy to them. The kettle was certainly too flimsy for holding a hidden bomb, but they barked up the wrong tree and kept clanking it repeatedly here and there. Driven beyond the limit of my patience, I was about to flare up when an elderly foreigner, who was my co-passenger, whispered to me, “Patience is a great virtue.” That calmed me down, and I turned to him with a smile by way of expressing my thanks.

Obviously, patience is a good thing or rather a great virtue. But I think there should be a demarcation line to be observed. Fighting a duel was a common practice in old Germany. One who suffered an insult to himself or especially his girlfriend would challenge the offender to a fight in which they used pistols or swords. The great Russian poet A. S. Pushkin was one of those shot dead in a duel. At the time when I arrived in Germany together with some other

Chinese students, the practice of dueling was still lingering on there though less prevalent. We pledged that in case of ourselves being insulted we should weigh the pros and cons and give precedence to patience in line with the Oriental doctrine of magnanimity, but that in case of a humiliating insult directed against our dear country, we should wage a life-and-death struggle against the offender without showing any patience. That is what I mean by drawing a demarcation line. Fortunately, nothing of the kind happened; otherwise, I might not have survived to write this article today.

It is disheartening nowadays to see so little patience shown by our compatriots. On a crowded bus, for instance, when you happen to bump into a co-passenger or step on his feet, an immediate word of apology from you will serve to prevent a dispute. But many even grudge saying, "Sorry!" Thereupon a quarrel or a fist-fight will follow until both parties are beaten black and blue. Oh, what has brought our great nation to such a pass? May PATIENCE come back to stay!

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# 论包装

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© 季羨林

我先提一个问题：人类是变得越来越精呢？还是越来越蠢？

答案好像是明摆着的<sup>[1]</sup>：越来越精。

在几千年有文化的历史上，人类对宇宙，对人世，对生命，对社会，总之对人世间所有一切，越来越了解得透彻、细致，如犀烛隐，无所不明<sup>[2]</sup>。例子伸手可得<sup>[3]</sup>。当年中国人对月亮觉得可爱而又神秘，于是就说有一个美女嫦娥奔入月宫<sup>[4]</sup>。连苏东坡这个宋朝伟大的诗人，也不禁要问出<sup>[5]</sup>：“明月几时有？把酒问青天。不知天上宫阙，今夕是何年？”可是到了今天，人类已经登上了月球，连月球上的土块也被带到了地上来。哪里有什么嫦娥，有什么广寒宫？

人类倘不越变越精，能做到这一步吗？

可是我又提出了问题<sup>[6]</sup>，说明适得其反。例子也是伸手即得。我先举一个包装。

人类活动在社会上，有时候是需要包装的。特别是女士们。在家中穿得朴朴素素<sup>[7]</sup>，但是一出门，特别是参加什么“派对”（party，借用香港话），则必须打扮得珠光宝气，花枝招展，浑身洒上法国香水，走在大街上，高跟鞋跟敲地作金石声，香气直射十步之外，路人谓之“侧目”<sup>[8]</sup>。这就是包装，而这种包装，我认为是必要的。

可是还有另外一种包装，就是商品的包装。这种包装有时也是必要的，不能一概而论。我从前到香港，买国产的商品，比大陆要便宜得多。一问才知道，原因是中国商品有的质量并不次于洋货，正是由于包装不讲究，因而价钱卖不上去。我当时就满怀疑惑：究竟是使用商品呢？还是使用包装？

我因而想到一件事：我们楼上一位老太太到菜市场上去买鸡，说是一定要黄毛的。卖鸡的小贩问老太太：“你是吃鸡？还是吃鸡毛？”

到了今天，有一些商品的包装更达到了匪夷所思的地步<sup>[9]</sup>。外面盒子，或木，或纸，或金属，往往极大。装扮得五彩缤纷、璀璨耀目。摆在货架上时，是庞然大物；提在手中或放在车中，更是运转不灵，左提，右提，横摆，竖摆，都煞费周折。及至拿到或运到家中，打开时也是煞费周折。在庞然大物中，左找，右找，找不到商品究在何处。很希望发现一张纸条上面写着：此处距商品尚有10公里！庶不致使我失去寻找的信心。<sup>[10]</sup>据我粗略的统计，有的商品在大包装中仅占空间十分之一，二十分之一，甚至五分之一。想到那个鸡和鸡毛的故事，我不禁要问：我们使用的是商品，还是包装？而负担那些庞大的包装费用的，羊毛出在羊身上，还是我们这些顾客，而华美绝伦的包装<sup>[11]</sup>，商品取出后，不过是一堆垃圾。

如果我回答我在开头时提出的问题：人类越变越蠢。你怎样反驳？！

《论包装》是季羨林写于1997年8月的一篇杂文，文章针砭社会时弊，亦庄亦谐，信手拈来，皆成妙品。

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[1] “答案好像是明摆着的”译为The following answer seems beyond dispute, 其中beyond dispute或past all dispute, 本作“没有争论余地的”解，现用以表达原文中的“明摆着的”。

[2] “人类对宇宙，对人世，对生命，对社会，总之对人世间所有的一切，越来越了解得透彻、细致，如犀烛隐，无所不明”译为man has acquired a more and more thorough and detailed understanding of the universe, the human world, life and society — in short, everything under heaven, 其中“如犀烛隐，无所不明”已作交代，毋庸另译。

[3] “例子伸手可得”译为Examples are legion, 其中legion作“多得不知其数”、“众多的”解，是形容词。

[4] “于是就说有一个美女嫦娥奔入月宫”译为created the legend of beautiful Chang'e flying to the moon, 其中the legend (作“传说”、“传说故事”解) 是译文中的增添词。

[5] “连苏东坡这个宋朝伟大的诗人，也不禁要问出”译为And Su Dongpo, a great poet of the Song Dynasty, wrote the following lines as a matter of course, 其中as a matter of course是成语，作“为意料中事”、“不用说”，“自然”等解。

[6] “可是我又提出了问题”译为Nevertheless, I also would like to bring forward some facts, 其中“问题”意即“实际情况”, 故译facts。

[7] “在家中穿得朴朴素素”译为Women dress casually at home, 其中dress casually的意思是“穿得随随便便”、“穿便服”等。此句也可译为Women dress simply (plainly) at home。

[8] “走在大街上, 高跟鞋跟敲地作金石声, 香气直射十步之外, 路人为之‘侧目’”译为On the streets, the loud clip-clop of their high-heeled shoes and the strong aroma of their perfume will attract public attention far and wide. “作金石声”不宜按字面直译, 选用拟声词the loud clip-clop表达。“十步之外, 路人为之‘侧目’”也未按字面直译, 而用意译法处理: will attract public attention far and wide, 两处夸张语气, 都与原文不相上下。

[9] “达到了匪夷所思的地步”未逐字直译为has reached an unimaginable degree, 现译is fantastically overdone, 灵活达意, 其中fantastically作“荒唐地”、“异想天开地”解, overdone作“做得过分”解。

[10] “很希望发现一张纸条上面写着: 此处距商品尚有10公里! 庶不致使我失去寻找的信心”译为You will probably wish for a slip of paper therein bearing the written note, “10 more kilometers to the commodity!” so as to retain your confidence in the search, 其中wish for作“盼望”解, 往往针对不可能实现的事物; therein意为“从中”, 是译文中的添加词。“庶不致使我失去寻找的信心”可按“以保持寻找的信心”译为so as to retain your confidence in the search。

[11] “华美绝伦的包装”译为the flashy package, 其中flashy有“华而不实”之意, 比beautiful, gorgeous, exquisite等更确切。

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# On Packaging

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Let me begin with this question. Are human beings getting increasingly intelligent or stupid?

The following answer seems beyond dispute: They are getting more and more intelligent.

In the course of several thousand years of his cultural history, man has acquired a more and more thorough and detailed understanding of the universe, the human world, life and society — in short, everything under heaven. Examples are legion. Our ancestors, out of their fondness for the moon and curiosity about it, created the legend of beautiful Chang'e<sup>[1]</sup> flying to the moon. And Su Dongpo<sup>[2]</sup>, a great poet of the Song Dynasty, wrote the following lines as a matter of course:

The Bright Moon, when will she appear?  
Wine cup in hand, I ask the azure sky.  
I don't know inside the heavenly palace  
What time of year it is tonight.

Today, man has managed to land on the moon and even come back bringing with him some of its clods. Chang'e and her heavenly palace simply don't exist.

Could man have achieved that without becoming more and more intelligent?

Nevertheless, I also would like to bring forward some facts to show just the opposite. Examples are only too numerous. Packaging is the first thing I want to deal with.

People, especially women, sometimes need packaging in their social activities. Women dress casually at home, but when they go out, especially when they attend parties, they have to be gorgeously dressed and sprayed all over with French perfume. On the streets, the loud clip-clop of their high-heeled shoes and the strong aroma of their perfume will attract public attention

far and wide. That's what we mean by packaging and I call it a kind of necessary packaging.

But there is another kind of packaging — the packaging of commodities. Such packaging is sometimes also necessary and, therefore, should not be mentioned in the same breath. Some time ago, as a visitor to Hong Kong, I found Chinese-made goods there selling at a much lower price than in the mainland and I also learned on inquiry that it was due to plain packaging that they were selling cheap though of equal quality as imported goods. I was quite puzzled about what the customers actually need. The goods or the package?

That reminds me of a little story. An old lady who lived in the upstairs of my building one day went to the food market insisting on buying a chicken with yellowish feathers. The chicken vendor asked, “What do you eat? Chicken or the feathers?”

Nowadays, the packaging of some commodities is fantastically overdone. The boxes, made of wood, paper or metal, are usually very large and very colorful and dazzling. They take up a lot of space on the goods shelves and are very cumbersome whether carried by car or by hand. Very unwieldy whether carried by left hand or right hand, placed vertically or horizontally. And it is also a big headache to have it opened at home. Search left and right, and you still cannot locate the commodity in the huge box. You will probably wish for a slip of paper therein bearing the written note, “10 more kilometers to the commodity!” so as to retain your confidence in the search. According to my rough statistics, some commodities take up only one tenth, one twentieth or even one fiftieth of the space in the huge package. Thinking back to the above-mentioned story of chickens and chicken feathers, I cannot but ask, “The commodity or the package, which do you need?” After all, the wool still comes from the sheep's back as the saying goes. It is customers like us that will have to bear all the heavy expenses for packaging. And the flashy package, when emptied of its contents, will be nothing but a garbage heap.

Here is my answer to the question I raised at the beginning: Man is becoming more and more stupid. What could you say in retort?

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[1] Chang'e — Fairy maiden of the Moon (the lady in Chinese mythology who swallowed an elixir stolen from her husband and flew to the moon) .

[2] Su Dongpo (1037—1101) , also known as Su Shi, renowned writer and calligrapher of the Song Dynasty.





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# 白蝴蝶之恋<sup>[1]</sup>

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◎ 刘白羽

春意甚浓了，但在北方还是五风十雨，春寒料峭，一阵暖人心意的春风刚刚吹过，又来了一片沁人心脾的冷雨。

我在草地上走着，忽然，在鲜嫩的春草上看到一只雪白的蝴蝶。蝴蝶给雨水打落在地面上。沾湿的翅膀轻微地簌簌颤动着，张不开来。它奄奄一息，即将逝去。但它白得像一片小雪花，轻柔纤细，楚楚动人，多么可怜呀！

它从哪儿来？要飞向哪儿去？我痴痴望着它<sup>[2]</sup>。忽然像有一滴圣洁的水滴落在灵魂深处，我的心灵给一道白闪闪的柔软而又强烈的光照亮了。

我弯下身，小心翼翼地把白蝴蝶捏起来<sup>[3]</sup>，放在手心里。

这已经冷僵了的小生灵发蔫了，它的细细的脚动弹了一下，就歪倒在我的手中。

我用口呵着气，送给它一丝温暖，蝴蝶渐渐甦醒过来。它是给刚才那强暴的风雨吓懵了吧？不过，它确实太纤细了，你看，那白茸茸的像透明的薄纱的翅膀<sup>[4]</sup>，两根黑色的须向前伸展着，两点黑漆似的眼睛，几只像丝一样细的脚。可是，这纤细的小生灵，它飞出来是为了寻觅什么呢？在这阴晴不定的天气里，它表现出寻求者何等非凡的勇气。

它活过来了，我竟感到无限的喜悦。

这时，风过去了，雨也过去了。太阳用明亮的光辉照满宇宙，照满人间，一切都那样晶莹，那样明媚，树叶由嫩绿变成深绿了，草地上开满小米粒那样黄的小花朵。我把蝴蝶放在盛满阳光的一片嫩叶上。我向草地上漫步而去了。但我的灵魂里在呐喊——开始像很遥远、很遥远……，我还以为天空中又来了风、来了雨，后来我才知道就在我的心灵深处：你为什么把一个生灵弃置不顾？……于是我折转身又走回去，又走到那株古老婆娑的大树那儿。谁知那只白蝴蝶缓缓地、缓缓地在树叶上蠕动呢！我不惊动它，只静静地看着。阳光闪发着一种淡红色，在那叶片上颤悸、燃烧，于是带来了火、热、光明、生命，

雨珠给它晒干了，风沙给它扫净了，那树叶像一片绿玻璃片一样透明、清亮。

我那美丽的白蝴蝶呀！我那勇敢的白蝴蝶呀！它试了几次，终于一跃而起，展翅飞翔，活泼伶俐地在我周围翩翩飞舞了好一阵，又向清明如洗的空中冉冉飞去，像一片小小的雪花，愈飞愈远，消失不见了。

这时，一江春水在我心头轻轻地荡漾了一下<sup>[5]</sup>。在白蝴蝶危难时我怜悯它，可是当它真的自由翱翔而去时我又感到如此失落、怅惘，“唉！人啊人……”<sup>[6]</sup>我默默伫望了一阵，转身向青草地走去。

刘白羽（1916—2005），北京人，现代著名小说家、散文家。他幼时当过学徒，14岁上学，1936年毕业于北平民国大学中文系，1938年到延安。整个解放战争期间任新华社随军记者，抗美援朝期间两次奔赴朝鲜战场，以军旅作家著称。新中国成立后，从事文化领导工作，同时仍致力于创作，作品丰硕，所著《芳草集》获全国优秀散文（集）奖。在名篇《白蝴蝶之恋》中，他通过对一只受伤的白蝴蝶的情感倾注，表达了对生命和大自然的热爱与关注。文章笔触委婉细腻，诗意浓郁。

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[1] 文章题目“白蝴蝶之恋”可译为My Attachment to a White Butterfly或My Tender Care for a White Butterfly，现译A White Butterfly，取其简明。

[2] “我痴痴望着它”意同“我呆呆地看着它”、“我茫然凝视着它”等，可译为I stared at it blankly（或vacantly）。

[3] “我弯下身，小心翼翼地把白蝴蝶捏起来”译为I bent down to gingerly pick it up with my fingers。“捏起来”不能译为to pick it up with my hand，因“捏”的意思是“用手指夹”。又“小心翼翼”译为gingerly，意同very carefully或very cautiously。

[4] “薄纱的翅膀”可译为gauzy wings，现译为gossamer-like wings，其中gossamer作“薄纱”解，是英国文学经典中常见用语。

[5] “这时，一江春水在我心头轻轻地荡漾了一下”不宜直译，现结合上下文，按“这时，我忽然有些感伤”之意译为Meanwhile, I got a bit sentimental。

[6] “‘唉！人啊人……’”可参照上下文，按“我叹息道，‘唉！人的情感是多么脆弱！……’”译为“Oh, how mentally fragile man is! …” I sighed。

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# A White Butterfly

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© Liu Baiyu

Spring was very much in the air. In North China, however, the weather was agreeable but chilly. There was now a heart-warming spring wind, now a refreshing cold rain.

As I was walking on a meadow, I suddenly saw a snow-white butterfly lying on the tender green grass. It had been struck down by rain and was now unable to open out its tremulous wet wings. It was on the point of dying. Soft and slender and white like a snowflake, it looked so lovely and so pitiable.

Where was it from? And where was it flying to? I stared at it blankly, feeling like a drop of holy water had suddenly fallen into the depth of my soul and a ray of dazzling light, white and soft, had lit up my heart.

I bent down to gingerly pick it up with my fingers and placed it in the palm of my hand.

The little creature, stiff with cold, looked shriveled up and, twitching its thin legs slightly, fell on its side in my palm.

As I breathed on it to warm it up a bit, it came to gradually. It might have been scared stiff and out of its senses by the violent storm of a moment ago. It was very slim. Its gossamer-like wings were white, downy and transparent. Its two black feelers were stretched ahead. Its two eyes were pitch-black. Its legs were thin like thread. What had led the feeble little creature to venture out on the wing. What unusual courage it had displayed in battling against the treacherous weather as a seeker!

Its regained consciousness had brought me immeasurable joy.

By now, the wind and rain had both left off. The whole universe was basking in brilliant sunlight. Everything was bright and beautiful. The leaves had turned from light green to dark green. The meadow was studded all over with small yellow flowers as tiny as grains of millet.

After placing the butterfly on a sun-bathed leaf, I turned to stroll down the meadow. Then I heard a very, very distant call and took it for the sound of wind and rain, but soon I realized it had come from the depth of my heart — a call demanding to know why I had recklessly cast away the poor little creature. Thereupon, I turned back and came to an ancient big tree swaying gently in the breeze. To my great surprise, the butterfly was wriggling slightly on the leaf. I watched silently, refraining from alarming it. The sun was shining on the leaf with its reddish light, quivering and burning. It had brought fire, heat, light and life. It had dried up the raindrops and swept away dust. And the tree leaf looked like a piece of green glass, transparent and crystal-clear.

O my beautiful white butterfly! O my courageous white butterfly! After trying several times, it finally managed to rise abruptly to its feet and spread its wings to fly. It circled agilely around me for quite a long time and then flew high into the cloudless skies like a tiny snowflake until it was out of sight.

Meanwhile, I got a bit sentimental. I had taken pity on the white butterfly when it was in adversity. But now, as it was soaring freely way up into the sky, I experienced a feeling of loss and sadness. “Oh, how mentally fragile man is! ...” I sighed. I stood watching numbly for a long time, and then turned to stroll away on the meadow.

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# 丁香花下

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◎ 黄秋耘

今年的暮春和初夏，我是在北京度过的<sup>[1]</sup>。除了刮风天和阴雨天，我吃过晚饭后就溜达到中山公园去，去紫丁香花丛中消磨掉整个黄昏。一个人安静地坐在公园的长椅子上，让那浓郁的花香弥漫在包围着我的气氛里，沉思着四十多年来像云烟一般的前尘往事<sup>[2]</sup>。对于一个性情孤僻<sup>[3]</sup>而心境寂寞的老年人来说，这恐怕是最难得的享受了。

一个熟悉而亲切的面孔突然出现在我的面前，他的年纪和我差不多，是一家有名的出版社的老编辑：“怎么，老王，又是在这儿碰到你<sup>[4]</sup>，你好像对紫丁香花有点特殊的感情似的。”

“唔，也许，紫丁香花这种淡雅而又有点忧郁的情调适合我的气质。”

“这恐怕不见得是惟一的原因吧！”他狡黠地眨着眼睛：“在你的一生中，说不定有一件不寻常的事情和紫丁香花有点什么关系。比方说，在年轻时候，你是不是认识过一个像紫丁香花一般忧郁的姑娘？”

像我这么一大把年纪，距离“灰飞烟灭”的日子已经不很远<sup>[5]</sup>，似乎再也没有什么事情需要“保密”了<sup>[6]</sup>。而且，像这样美好而纯洁的回忆，多让一个朋友知道也未尝不是好事<sup>[7]</sup>。我们并肩坐在长椅子上。我稍微沉默了一会儿，就开了腔，那位老先生居然全神贯注地在倾听着。

“说起来，这是四十四年前的事了。和我同时代的人也许还会记得，1936年3月31日，北平的大、中学生在沙滩北大三院开过一个追悼在狱中受刑病死的战友郭清的大会，会后举行抬棺游行。我和六七百个同学参加了这次游行。我们的队伍从北池子走到南池子，就跟上千名反动军警碰上了，他们挥舞着警棍、皮鞭和大刀片向游行队伍冲击；而我们却赤手空拳，只能用几根竹竿招架着。经过一场剧烈的搏斗，我们终于被冲散了。当场逮捕了五十多个同学之后，反动军警还穷追着我们，几乎是两三个撵一个。我在前面跑，两个警察在后面追，我后脑勺挨了一下警棍，鲜血渗出了便帽，滴在天蓝色的大褂儿上，前后都

有斑斑点点的血迹。幸亏我在大学里是个运动员，终归跑得比他们快些，一眨眼就把他们落下了一百多米。我蹿过几条七枝八叉的胡同，跑进北池子南口的一条小巷里，眼看着有一户人家虚掩着门，我推开门一闪身躲了进去，反手就关上了门<sup>[8]</sup>。当时我浑身都是污泥和血迹，脸上也是红一块花一块的，不像个人样。院子里收拾得挺干净，静悄悄的，没有一个人影。过了半晌，门帘子一掀开，走出来一个很文静的姑娘，小个子，大眼睛，年纪看来还比我小一两岁，大概是个高中学生吧。她看到我这个模样，吓了一跳，但还是很镇定地问我：‘您怎么啦？哪儿受的伤？’

“我是个学生，刚才去参加游行，被警察打伤了。他们要抓我。借您这儿躲一躲，行不行？假如您不同意。我马上就出去。”

“您不能出去。这个样子出去，岂不是自投罗网！来！让我先给您包扎一下。”接着，她把我领进屋里，拿出绷带和药棉，上了药，迅速地用熟练而轻快的手指给我包扎好伤口，用酒精擦干净我的脸孔。关切地问道：‘弄痛了您没有？不难受吗？’

“我整理整理衣服，站起来；‘不怎么痛啦！我可以走了。’”

“她拦住我：‘不行，您身上有血迹，警察会认出来的，得换上衣服，戴上呢帽！’她从衣柜里拿出一件蓝布大褂儿和一顶旧呢帽：‘是我大哥的，您穿戴上大概还合适，他个子和您差不多。’”

“我一再推辞，她有点生气了<sup>[9]</sup>：‘唉，您这个人呀，真是个书呆子！生死关头，逃命要紧嘛，还顾得上那么多礼数？’”

“我走出这户人家，回头望一眼门牌号码。靠着蓝布大褂和呢帽的掩护，谁也看不出我是个被打伤的‘逃犯’，拐了个弯，到了骑河楼清华同学会，坐上直开清华园的校车，我就这样安然无恙地脱险了。”

“我养好伤以后，总想着要把蓝布大褂和呢帽还给人家。直接送到她家里去吗？万一出来应门的不是她而是别人，那我该怎么说才好呢？我只好写了一封短信，请她在下一个星期六的傍晚亲自到中山公园来今雨轩旁边的紫丁香花丛附近，取回我借去的大褂和呢帽。收信人的姓名只写着“大小姐”收，落款我没有写，因为那天在匆忙中我们谁都没有请教过彼此的尊姓大名。”

“我们终于在紫丁香花下见面了。她很大方地走到我面前，稍微点点头示意。”

“当时我还是一个十分腼腆的小伙子，我总觉得，随便询问一个不认识的姑娘的姓名或者介绍自己的姓名都是不太庄重的、太唐突的。我只是激动地对她说：‘非常感谢您的帮忙，那一天，要不是换了衣服，我一出门就会被捕的。胡同口有两只穿黑制服的狗在守着呢！’

“别客气！这些都是我应该做的<sup>[10]</sup>。其实这些旧东西您大可不必还给我。”

“我怕您不好向您的大哥交代！”

“不要紧。他不是经常穿戴的。再说，他和您一样，也是个大学生。他是爱国的，不过，没有您那么勇敢。”

“她将手上的纸包送给我：‘给，这是您那天换下来的布大褂和便帽，上面的血迹我给洗掉了。多可惜，这是志士的鲜血啊！’她半开玩笑半认真地说。当时有一支流行的爱国歌曲《五月的鲜花》，开头有一句歌词：‘五月的鲜花开遍了原野，鲜花掩盖着志士的鲜血。’

“其实，您也大可不必还给我。这件血衣，留下来作纪念不是很好吗？”

“她稚气地笑着说：‘您叫我搁在哪儿呢？假如家里的人问起来，我又该怎么说才好呢？这件事，除了咱俩，现在还没有第三个人知道！我爹是个好人，在中学里教书，他胆子小得要命！假如让他知道了……’

“她默默地望了我一眼，好像要记住我的容貌似的。但很快就说：‘假如没有什么事，我该走了！’临别时我们轻轻地握了握手，手指尖仅仅接触到对方的手指尖。她走到离开我约莫十多步的地方，迅速地回过头来望了我一眼，好像有点依依惜别的样子。她那轻盈而苗条的身影，很快就消失在苍茫的暮色和茂密的紫丁香花丛里面了。我猛地想跑上前去跟她多说几句话，至少问清楚她的姓名，但我终于痛苦地克制住自己，我不愿意株连她，因为我随时有被捕的危险。”

“这就是全部事情的经过，要说是‘爱情’吧，恐怕算不上；要说是友谊呢，又和普通的、寻常的友谊不太一样，好像多了一点什么东西——革命的情谊，一种患难与共、信守不渝的革命情谊，这是人世间最值得珍贵的东西。不知怎的，虽然事情已经过去四十多年了，每当我一看到紫丁香花，一闻到紫丁香花的香味，我就情不自禁地想起了这么一件事，这么一个人，仿佛又看到她那消逝在紫丁香花丛中的身影，仿佛又听到她离去时轻轻的脚步声。”



听完了我的故事，那位老先生无限感慨地说：“在我们一生中，生活有时会像河流一样，和另一条河流遇合了，又分开了，带来了某一种情绪的波流，永远萦绕着我们的心灵……淡淡的，却难忘！唉！怪不得你那样喜欢紫丁香花。不过，你真是个古怪的老头儿，在斑白的头发底下还保持着一个二十岁小伙子般强烈的感情，这样的人是不会幸福的。”

黄秋耘（1918—2001），原名黄超显，祖籍广东顺德，生于香港，著名散文家、文学评论家。1935—1937年在北平清华大学中文系学习期间，热情参加了一二·九抗日救国运动，并加入中国共产党。1943年毕业于广州中山大学。1949年后历任《文艺报》编辑部副主任、广东省出版局副局长、中国作家协会理事、中国作协广东分会副主席等职。主要作品有：散文集《浮沉》、《丁香花下》、《往事并不如烟》；文学评论集《苔花集》；回忆录《风雨年华》等。所著《丁香花下》一文以讲故事的形式叙述了作者青年时候的一段难忘的经历，是一篇脍炙人口的抒情叙事散文，选自作者的散文集《丁香花下》。

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[1] “今年的暮春和初夏，我是在北京度过的”可译为This year I was in Beijing from late spring to early summer, 或This year I spent late spring and early summer in Beijing, 或I was in Beijing during the late spring and early summer of this year。

[2] “四十多年来像云烟一般的前尘往事”意即“四十多年来如过眼云烟的往事”或“四十多年来转瞬即逝的往事”，故译为transient (fleeting) events of the past 40 years or so。

[3] “性情孤僻”可译为introvert或unsociable。

[4] “又是在这儿碰到你”意即“真想不到又在这儿碰到你”，故译为Fancy meeting you here again!, 其中Fancy作“想不到”解。

[5] “像我这么一大把年纪，距离‘灰飞烟灭’的日子已经不很远”不宜逐字直译，可按“我年老，行将就木”之意译为Being an old man already with one foot in the grave, 其中with one foot in the grave或to have one foot in the grave是习语，作“离死不远”解。

[6] “似乎再也没有什么事情需要‘保密’了”译为I felt I no longer had anything to hold back at all, 其中to hold back是习语，作“隐瞒”解。此句也可译

为I felt I no longer had anything to keep secret at all。

[7] “而且，像这样美好而纯洁的回忆，多让一个朋友知道也未尝不是好事”译为 Besides, it might be a good idea to let in one more friend on my sweet and pure memories, 其中短语动词to let in ... on ...作“让某人成为某事的知情人”解。

[8] “我推开门一闪身躲了进去，反手就关上了门”译为so, pushing it open, I slipped in sideways and pulled it to behind me, 其中slipped in sideways作“侧身溜进”解，又，pulled it to中的to是副词，作“关上”解。

[9] “我一再推辞，她有点生气了”译为As I declined the offer repeatedly, she became a little put out, 其中to be put out是习语，作“生气”解。

[10] “这些都是我应该做的”译为I've only done my bit, 其中to do one's bit是习语，作“尽本分”或“做自己应当做的一份工作”解。此句也可译为I've only done what I can to help。



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# Under a Lilac Bush

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This year I was in Beijing from late spring to early summer. Except on windy or rainy days, I would daily walk to Zhongshan Park after supper to idle away the evening hours amidst the purple lilacs. Sitting quietly by myself on a park bench, with the sweet fragrance of lilacs permeating the air around me, I was absorbed in reviewing the transient events of the past 40 years or so. To a lonely and introvert old man like me, the moment of contemplation seemed a rare treat indeed.

Suddenly, a familiar and amiable face appeared before me. He was about my age, and a senior editor with a well-known publishing house. “Hey, Lao Wang,” he addressed me. “Fancy meeting you here again! You seem to have a special liking for purple lilacs.”

“Well, maybe. Their quiet elegance plus a slight touch of melancholy suits my disposition.”

“That perhaps isn’t the only reason!” he added, giving a sly wink. “Something unusual in your past life may have to do with lilacs. For example, when you were young, didn’t you meet a girl as melancholy as a purple lilac?”

Being an old man already with one foot in the grave, I felt I no longer had anything to hold back at all. Besides, it might be a good idea to let in one more friend on my sweet and pure memories. So, as we sat side by side on the park bench, I started talking after a moment of silence. The old man listened attentively.

“It was 44 years ago. As people of about my age may still remember, on March 31, 1936, university and high school students in Peiping held a memorial meeting to mourn their comrade-in-arms Guo Qing, who had died of torture in prison. They then staged a protest march holding aloft the coffined martyr. I too joined about 700 fellow students in the march. On our way from Bei-chi-zi to Nan-chi-zi, we ran into thousands of reactionary soldiers and cops. They fell on us brandishing truncheons, leather-thonged whips and swords. We fought barehanded, trying to

ward off attacks with only a few bamboo poles. We were scattered after a violent struggle and more than 50 students were arrested on the spot. In the hot chase that followed, there were two or three cops for each fleeing student. As I ran like crazy with two cops chasing after me, my head was hit by a cop's baton in the back, causing blood to ooze from my cap and drip all over my sky-blue gown. Fortunately, as a university athlete, I was able to outrun the pursuers and leave them behind in a twinkling by more than 100 meters. After passing through a number of zigzagging lanes, I came to the southern end of Bei-chi-zi where I found a house with its gate left ajar, so, pushing it open, I slipped in sideways and pulled it to behind me. I was then smeared all over with dirt and bloodstains and my face looked ghastly with lots of smudges. The courtyard was clean and quiet without a single soul. It was quite a while before the door curtain was lifted and a gentle girl came out. She was of small stature and had big eyes. She looked my junior by one or two years and was most probably a senior middle school student. She was taken aback by my wretched condition and asked me calmly, 'What's the matter? Why, is there anything wrong?'

"I'm a student. I was with a student demonstration just now, and got beaten up by cops. They're hunting about for me. May I hide myself here? If you don't agree, I go out right away.'

"No, you can't. That would mean throwing yourself into a trap. Now, let me dress your wound first.' Then she led me into the room. She took out sterilized cotton and ointment, and quickly bandaged my wound with her nimble fingers. Then she cleaned my face with alcohol and said with concern, 'Does it hurt? Are you all right?'

"I rose and tidied up my clothes, and said, 'It doesn't hurt any more. I should be going now.'

"She stopped me, saying, 'No, you can't. The police will recognize you. You have to change clothes and put on a felt hat'! She then took out from the wardrobe a blue long gown and an old felt hat and said, 'They belong to my eldest brother and will fit you nicely because he's about the same height as you.'

"As I declined the offer repeatedly, she became a little put out and said, 'Oh, what a bookworm you are! The important thing at this critical moment is to flee for your life, not to stand on ceremony like that.'

"On stepping out of the house, I turned my head to take a look at the house number. Now, under cover of the blue long gown and the felt hat, nobody could recognize me as the injured

‘criminal’ at large. After turning a corner, I arrived at Tsinghua University Alumni Association on Qihelou Street where a school bus took me straight back to the University campus. So I was at last safe and sound.

“Then, after I recovered from my wound, I pondered over returning the blue long gown and the felt hat to the young girl. Should I call on her again? What if it was somebody else than herself that answered the door? So I decided to write her a letter telling her to meet me next Saturday evening under a lilac bush next to Jin-yu-zhai Teahouse in Zhongshan Park so that she could take back the things that I had borrowed from her. I addressed her as ‘Dear Lady’ in the letter without adding my signature because we had failed to ask each other's name on the previous day owing to the hurry of the moment.

“We at last met under the lilac bush. She came up to me with ease and greeted me with a slight nod.

“I was then a very bashful young chap. I thought it improper to conduct self-introduction between myself and a young girl that was a stranger to me. I said in an agitated tone, ‘Thank you very much for your help. I would have been arrested right outside your gate had it not been for the long gown and hat. I discovered two dark-uniformed bastards keeping watch at your gate.’

“‘Don't mention it! I've only done my bit. You really need not return the junk to me.’

“‘But they belong to your eldest brother.’

“‘Never mind. He seldom wears them. Besides, he, like you, is a patriot, but not as courageous as you.’

“She then handed me a paper-wrapped parcel and said half jokingly, ‘Take this — your cotton gown and cap. I've washed off all the bloodstains. What a pity I've destroyed the evidence of a hero's blood’!

“‘In fact you don't have to return them to me. Isn't it a good idea for you to have my bloodstained garment as a keepsake?’

“She went on with a naïve smile, ‘Where could I keep them? What could I say in case my folks should ask? Now, this is something between you and me! My dad is an honest guy. He teaches at a middle school. He's timid and overcautious. Suppose he should know of it ...’

“She gave me a silent stare like she wanted to bear in mind my facial features. Then she said, ‘If that’s all, I must say goodbye now.’ We parted by touching each other’s fingertips casually instead of with a handshake. When she was a few steps away, she abruptly turned round to give me a look like she was reluctant to leave me. Soon her slender and graceful figure was lost in the deepening dusk and among the flourishing lilacs. I suddenly felt like rushing ahead to have a few more words with her, at least to find out her name. But I restrained myself painfully because I didn’t want to get her involved. I was still in danger of being arrested at any moment.

“That’s all there’s to it. Strictly, it wasn’t love, nor was it ordinary friendship. There was a bit more to it. It was revolutionary friendship, or a bond of comradeship forged by common suffering and unswerving faith. In short, it was something of the greatest value in the world. Now, after more than 40 years, the sight of sweet-smelling lilacs still always reminds me of the said event and person. And I will feel as if I saw her figure disappearing among the lilac bushes and hear the light footsteps she made at the moment when she was leaving me.”

After hearing out my story, the old gentleman said with strong feeling, “Our life, like a river, sometimes joins another river only to separate again, thus leaving certain emotional ripples lingering in our mind ... faint and unforgettable! Oh, no wonder you’ve a special liking for purplish lilacs. But you’re really an eccentric old man. You still keep under your graying hair an emotion as intense as that of a 20-year-old young chap. Such a man as you can never be happy.”

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# 冬阳·童年·骆驼队

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◎ 林海音

骆驼队来了，停在我家门前。

它们排列成一长串，沉默的站着，等候人们的安排<sup>[1]</sup>。天气又干又冷。拉骆驼的摘下了他的毡帽，秃瓢儿上冒着热气，是一股白色的烟，融入干冷的大气中。

爸爸在和他讲价钱。双峰的驼背上，每匹都驮着两麻袋煤。我在想，麻袋里面是“南山高末”呢？还是“乌金墨玉”？我常常看见顺城街煤栈的白墙上，写着这样几个大黑字<sup>[2]</sup>。但是拉骆驼的说，他们从门头沟来，他们和骆驼，是一步一步走来的。

另外一个拉骆驼的，在招呼骆驼们吃草料。它们把前脚一屈，屁股一撅，就跪了下来。

爸爸已经和他们讲好价钱了。人在卸煤，骆驼在吃草。我站在骆驼的面前，看它们吃草料咀嚼的样子<sup>[3]</sup>：那样丑的脸，那样长的牙，那样安静的态度。它们咀嚼的时候，上牙和下牙交错的磨来磨去，大鼻孔里冒着热气，白沫子沾满在胡须上。我看得呆了，自己的牙齿也动起来<sup>[4]</sup>。

老师教给我，要学骆驼，沉得住气的动物。看它从不肯急，慢慢的走，慢慢的嚼；总会走到的，总会吃饱的。也许它天生是该慢慢的，偶然躲避车子跑两步<sup>[5]</sup>，姿势很难看。

骆驼队伍过来时，你会知道，打头儿的那一匹，长脖子底下总会系着一个铃铛，走起来，“铛、铛、铛”的响。

“为什么要一个铃铛？”我不懂的事就要问一问。

爸爸告诉我，骆驼很怕狼，因为狼会咬它们，所以人类给他们带上了铃铛，狼听见铃铛的声音，知道那是有人类在保护着，就不敢侵犯了。

我的幼稚心灵中却充满了和大人不同的想法，我对爸爸说：

“不是的，爸！它们软软脚掌走在软软的沙漠上，没有一点点声音，你不是说，它们走上三天三夜都不喝一口水，只是不声不响的咀嚼着从胃里倒出来的食物吗？一定是拉骆驼的人类，耐不住那长途寂寞的旅程，所以才给骆驼带上了铃铛，增加一些行路的情趣。”

爸爸想了想，笑笑说：

“也许，你的想法更美些。”

冬天快过完了，春天就要来，太阳特别的暖和，暖得让人想把棉袄脱下来。可不是么？骆驼也脱掉它的旧驼绒袍子啦！它的毛皮一大块一大块的从身上掉下来，垂在肚皮底下。我真想拿把剪刀替它们剪一剪，因为太不整齐了。拉骆驼的人也一样，他们身上那件反穿大羊皮<sup>[6]</sup>，也都脱下来了，搭在骆驼背的小峰上，麻袋空了，“乌金墨玉”都卖了，铃铛在轻松的步伐里响得更清脆。

夏天来了，再不见骆驼的影子，我又问妈：

“夏天它们到哪里去？”

“谁？”

“骆驼呀！”

妈妈回答不上来了，她说：

“总是问，总是问<sup>[7]</sup>，你这孩子！”

夏天过去，秋天过去，冬天又来了，骆驼队又来了，但是童年却一去不还。冬阳底下学骆驼咀嚼的傻事，我也不会再做了。

可是，我是多么想念童年住在北京城南的那些景色和人物啊，我对自己说，把它们写下来吧，让实际的童年过去，心灵的童年永存下来<sup>[8]</sup>。

就这样，我写了一本《城南旧事》<sup>[9]</sup>。

我默默的想，慢慢的写。看见冬阳下的骆驼队走过来，听见缓慢悦耳的铃声，童年重临于我的心头。



本文作者林海音（1918—2001），女，台湾苗栗人，生于日本大阪，1923年随父母回国，在北京度过了童年与青年时期，大学毕业后任北京《世界日报》记者。1948年到台湾，1955年主编《联合报》副刊，1967年创办和主编《纯文学》月刊。回顾北京城南的历历往事所写的《城南旧事》，是她最受读者喜爱的一本书，后已改编成电影。她的作品洋溢着浓郁的乡愁，具有典雅柔美的风格。

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[1] “等候人们的安排”意即“等候主人的命令（吩咐）”，未按字面直译为awaited people's arrangements, 现译awaited their master's bidding或waited to do the bidding of their master。

[2] “我常常看见顺城街煤栈的白墙上，写着这样几个大黑字”译为as I often saw in ads splashed in large black Chinese characters over the white wall of the coal storehouse close to the city wall, 其中把“顺城街煤栈”译为the coal storehouse close to the city wall, 未译 the coal storehouse on Shun Cheng Street; 又ads（广告）是译文中的添加词，原文虽无其词而有其意；又“写着”未译为written on, 改译splashed over（显眼地展示），更为达意；又“大黑字”译为large black Chinese characters, 比large black words精确。

[3] “看它们吃草料咀嚼的样子”译为lost in watching the way they were chewing the fodder, 其中lost in作“专注于”解，此句也可译为absorbed in watching how they were chewing the fodder。

[4] “自己的牙齿也动起来”可按“也不由自主地磨起牙齿”译为and involuntarily started grinding my teeth, too。

[5] “偶然躲避车子跑两步”译为Occasionally it will take a few quickened steps to dodge a car或Occasionally it will move a bit more quickly to make way for a car。

[6] “那件反穿大羊皮”译为the sheepskin overcoats they had been wearing inside out, 其中“大羊皮”指“羊皮大衣”，故译sheepskin overcoat; 又inside out作“里面朝外”解，是惯用语。

[7] “总是问，总是问”语带嗔怪口气，故用always加动词进行式表达：You're always asking questions …。

[8] “让实际的童年过去，心灵的童年永存下来”译为so that the childhood of my heart will last forever when the childhood of my life is gone, 其中“实际的童年”与“心灵的童年”不宜按字面分别直译为my actual childhood与my mental childhood。

[9] “《城南旧事》”译为Old Stories from the South End, 其中End作“地区”解，常用来指大城市的边沿地区。

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# Winter Sun? Childhood? Caravan

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© Lin Haiyin

The caravan of camels arrived and stopped in front of our home.

Standing in a long string, they silently awaited their master's bidding. It was dry and cold. The camel driver took off his felt cap, his sweaty bald pate giving off puffs of whitish steam to blend into the dry and cold air.

Father was haggling over prices with him. The camels had each two sacks of coal on their two-humped backs. I was curious about the sacks of “top-grade coal dust from Southern Mountain” or “black gold and inky jade”, as I often saw in ads splashed in large black Chinese characters over the white wall of the coal storehouse near the city wall. But the camel driver said he had trekked with the camels all the way from Mentougou<sup>[1]</sup>, step by step.

The camels knelt down by bending their front legs and sticking up their bottoms while another camel driver was giving out fodder to them.

After father had finished bargaining, the camel drivers began unloading the coal while the camels were eating. I stood in front of the camels, lost in watching the way they were chewing the fodder as well as their ugly faces, long teeth and composure. They were busy grinding their upper and lower teeth together with steam let out of their nostrils and foam forming all over their beards. I looked blankly and involuntarily started grinding my teeth, too.

As my teacher told me, I should learn from the camel — an animal so calm and steady and so patient. It moves slowly, but never fails to reach the destination of its journey; it chews its food slowly, but never fails to get its fill. Maybe it is slow by nature. Occasionally it will take a few quickened steps to dodge a car, but in a very awkward manner though.

When a caravan was approaching, people would hear the ding-dong of a bell tied under the long neck of the leading animal.

“What's the use of the bell?” I asked out of childish curiosity.

Father explained that since camels were in danger of being attacked by wolves, a bell was hung on them to clang a warning to the latter that the former were under human protection.

However, as a naïve little child, I had a lot of ideas of my own, all different from those of grown-ups. I said,

“No, dad! Camels walk noiselessly with the soft soles of their feet on soft sand. Didn't you tell me that they can keep walking three days and three nights without drinking a single drop of water, and all they do is chew their cud quietly? Camel drivers must be bored with the dull job. So they hang bells on their animals to make the journey more cheerful.”

Father pondered for a moment and said smilingly,

“Your explanation sounds more picturesque.”

As winter was drawing to an end and spring coming nearer, the sun became so warm that people felt like taking off their cotton-padded jackets. The camels, too, started to cast off their old hairy robes! Their hair was coming off in tufts and left dangling scruffily from under their bellies. How I wanted to shear it off! The camel drivers, too, took off the sheepskin over coats they had been wearing inside out and had them draped over the camels' backs. Now that the sacks had been emptied and the “black gold and inky jade” sold out, the caravan resumed its journey with brisk steps, the clanking bell sounding even more crisp and pleasing.

Summer came, but the camels were nowhere to be found. I again asked mother,

“Where are they gone in summer?”

“Who?”

“The camels.”

Mother was at a loss for words, then said,

“You're always asking questions ..., my child!”

Summer went, autumn went, and winter came again with the caravan. But my childhood

was gone never to return. And never again would I commit the folly of mimicking the way a camel would chew under the winter sun.

I always cherish memories of the scenery and persons I saw in my childhood when I lived in the South End of Peking.

“Why not write about them so that the childhood of my heart will last forever when the childhood of my life is gone?”said I to myself.

Hence my book *Old Stories from the South End*.

As I wrote contemplatively and slowly, I visualized the caravan approaching in the winter sun and heard the pleasant ding-dong of the camel bell. My childhood days returned to my mind.

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[1]A coal-mining area to the west of erstwhile Beijing.

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# 太阳

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◎ 吴冠中

昨天，小公园里撒满了阳光，孩子们、老人们，喜洋洋一大群<sup>[1]</sup>。今天，太阳不见了，阴冷阴冷的冬天，像要下雪了。公园里消失了人群，只有一个人裹着大衣低头独自行走，太阳的消失没有影响他独自行走，似乎他心中本来就没有太阳。

太阳与大家有关，人们跟着太阳起床，随着太阳的沉没而沉睡，等待明天的太阳。大家喜欢太阳，等着看日出，《日出的印象》是举世绘画名作，“夕阳无限好”是千古名句<sup>[2]</sup>。太阳赋大自然色彩，太阳在人间创造了阴影。没有了阴影，也就看不清光明，有了阴影才认识世界原来是立体的。总是生活在阴影里不健康，生活中没有阴影也不健康，太阳控制着人们的健康，生死存亡<sup>[3]</sup>。

人们看太阳，观赏其红、光、亮。参照太阳，人创造了灯笼。有了电灯，还爱灯笼，因为太阳永远令人膜拜，儿童画中出现最多的也就是太阳。地球上只能看到一个太阳，太阳是惟一<sup>[4]</sup>，惟一往往被尊为最伟大<sup>[5]</sup>，路易十四自称是太阳王，但路易十四还是死了，让别人去争太阳王的宝座。

太阳是热之源，是温暖的象征，惶惶之人常说失去了心中的太阳。赤日炎炎的酷暑，人们怕太阳，太阳并不总赐予幸福，它可能是伪君子，它令禾苗枯萎，荼毒生灵。当它被人畏惧时，夏夜的月色倒赢得了人们的青睐，其实月亮那点迷人的光<sup>[6]</sup>，只是太阳的反照。太阳我行我素，永远这样放光芒，它一样对待野草、鲜花、蛆虫、蝙蝠、高楼大厦与沙漠洪荒……<sup>[7]</sup>

人们终于还是离不开无比强烈的太阳。

吴冠中（1919—2010），中国当代著名画家兼散文家，1919年生于江苏宜兴，1942年毕业于杭州国立艺专，1947—1950年在法国巴黎国立高等艺术学院进修，曾任中央工艺美术学院教授。他自幼喜爱文学，作画之余，写了大量情真意切的散文，得到文艺界高度赞誉，并受广大读者喜爱。《太阳》是他写的一篇随笔。

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[1] “昨天，小公园里撒满了阳光，孩子们、老人们，喜洋洋一大群”译为  
Yesterday, the small park was bathed in sunshine and lots of kids and elderly  
folks there enjoyed themselves very much, 其中was bathed in sunshine意同was  
covered with sunshine。又，此句也可译为Yesterday, lots of kids and elderly  
folks enjoyed themselves very much in the sun-drenched small park。

[2] “‘夕阳无限好’是千古名句”译为“The setting sun shines with  
unrivalled splendor” is a celebrated line from an ancient Chinese poem, 其中  
把“千古”译为from an ancient Chinese poem, 带有解释性，交代此名句来自一句中国  
古诗。

[3] “太阳控制着人们的健康，生死存亡”可按“太阳与人们的健康息息相关，决定  
人们的生死存亡”译为The sun has much to do with our health and determines our  
life or death, survival or extinction。

[4] “太阳是惟一”译时应采用增词法：The sun is the sole ball of fire in the  
sky或The sun is the only fiery celestial body。

[5] “惟一往往被尊为最伟大”译为Anything that is the only one of its kind  
is often held up as great, 其中把“惟一”译为the only one of its kind, 也采用  
增词法；to hold up是成语，作“提出”、“推举”等解。

[6] “那点迷人的光”可按“那迷人的暗淡光芒”译为its enchanting pale light。

[7] “太阳我行我素，永远这样放光芒，它一样对待……”译为The sun goes on  
doing whatever it pleases, always shining on all alike …, 其中alike意同  
equally。

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# The Sun

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© Wu Guanzhong

Yesterday, the small park was bathed in sunshine and lots of kids and elderly folks there enjoyed themselves very much. Today, the sun has disappeared. It is a cold and gloomy winter day and looks like snow. The park is deserted except for a solitary walker wrapped in an overcoat with his head bent low. The disappearance of the sun does not affect his solitary walk at all. It seems that there is no sun in his heart.

We are all closely related to the sun. We get up at sunrise and fall into a heavy slumber after sunset until the sun reappears the next day. We all love the sun and long for sunrise. *The Impressive Sunrise* is a world-famous painting. "The setting sun shines with unrivalled splendor" is a celebrated line from an ancient Chinese poem. The sun endows Mother Nature with color and creates shadows for men. Without shadows, we would be unable to see light. It is by means of shadows that we find the world to be three-dimensional. It is unhealthy to confine ourselves to shadows, nor is it healthy to have no shadows in life. The sun has much to do with our health and determines our life or death, survival or extinction.

People look at the sun and admire its glow, light and brilliance. Men invented the lantern in imitation of the sun and continue to love the lantern when they have the electric lamp because the sun will always have the worship of all. It also appears most often in drawings done by children. We see one and only one sun from the earth. The sun is the sole ball of fire in the sky. Anything that is the only one of its kind is often held up as great. Louis XIV styled himself Solar King. But he nevertheless died, leaving his potential successors to contend for the Solar-King throne.

The sun is the source of heat and the symbol of warmth. Sorrowful people often complain that they have no sun in their hearts. People dread the sun in sweltering summer days. The sun does not always give us blessings. It may be a hypocrite, causing seedlings to wither and plunging people into the depth of misery. While people dread the sun, they admire the moon on summer evenings though, in fact, its enchanting pale light is a reflection from the sun. The sun goes on doing whatever it pleases, always shining on all alike, be they wild grass, fresh flowers,



worms, bats, skyscrapers, deserts, wild country ...

All in all, people can't go without the all-powerful sun.



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# 毀画

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◎ 吴冠中

二十年前我住在前海北沿<sup>[1]</sup>时，附近邻居生了一个瞎子婴儿，我看着这双目失明的孩子一天天成长，为他感到悲哀，他将度过怎样的一生<sup>[2]</sup>！我想，如果这孩子是我自己，我决不愿来到人间，但父母总是珍惜自己的小生命，千方百计养育残疾的后代。作者对自己的作品，当会体会到父母对孩子的心情<sup>[3]</sup>。学生时代撕毁过大量习作，那是寻常情况，未必总触动心弦。创作中也经常撕毁作品，用调色刀戳向画布，气愤，痛苦，发泄。有时毁掉了不满意的画反而感到舒畅些，因那无可救药的“成品”不断在啮咬作者的心魂。当我在深山老林或边远地处十分艰难的条件下画出了次、废品，真是颓丧之极，但仍用油布小心翼翼保护着丑陋的画面背回宿处，是病儿啊，即使是瞎子婴儿也不肯遗弃。

数十年风风雨雨中作了大批画，有心爱的、有带缺陷的、有很不满意但浸透苦劳的……任何一个探索者都走过弯路和歧途，都会留下许多失败之作<sup>[4]</sup>，蹩脚货，暴露真实吧，何必遮丑，然而，换了人间，金钱控制了人，进而摧毁了良知和人性。作品于今有了市价，我以往送朋友、同学、学生、甚至报刊等等的画不少进入了市场，出现于拍卖行。五十年代我作了一组井冈山风景画，当时应井冈山管理处的要求复制了一套赠送作为藏品陈列，后来我翻看手头原作，感到不满意，便连续烧毁，那都属于探索油画民族化的幼稚阶段，但赠管理处的那套复制品近来却一件接一件在拍卖行出现。书画赠友人，这本是我国传统人际关系的美德，往往不看金钱重友情。

艺术作品最终成为商品，这是客观规律，无可非议。但在一时盛名之下，往往不够艺术价值的劣画也都招摇过市，欺蒙喜爱的收藏者，被市场上来回倒卖，互相欺骗。我早下决心要毁掉所有不满意的作品，不愿谬种流传。开始屠杀生灵了，屠杀自己的孩子。将有遗憾的次品<sup>[5]</sup>一批批，一次次张挂起来审查，一次次淘汰，一次次刀下留人，一次次重新定案。一次次，一批批毁，画在纸上的，无论墨彩、水彩、水粉，可撕得粉碎。作在布上的油画只能用剪刀剪，剪成片片。作在三合板上的最不好办，需用油画颜料涂盖。儿媳和小孙子陪我整理，他们帮我展开六尺以上的巨幅一同撕裂时也满怀惋惜之情，但惋惜不得啊！我往往教儿媳替我撕，自己确乎也有不忍下手的隐痛。画室里废纸成堆了，于是儿媳

和阿姨抱下楼去用火烧，我在画室窗口俯视院里熊熊之火中飞起的作品纸灰，也看到许多围观的孩子和邻居们在交谈，不知他们说些什么。画室里尚有一批覆盖了五颜六色的三合板，只能暂时堆到阳台上去，还不知能派什么用场，记得困难时期我的次品油画是用来盖鸡窝的。

生命末日之前，还将大量创作，大量毁灭，愿创作多于毁灭！

散文《毁画》是著名画家兼散文家吴冠中（1919—2010）的佳作，选自1955年5月出版的《吴冠中散文选》（由国际文化出版公司发行）。

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[1] “前海北沿”意即“前海北岸”，可译为on the northern side of the Qianhai Lake或on the north of the Qianhai Lake。

[2] “他将度过怎样的一生”可译为What would become of it for life?或How was it to drag out this existence?, 其中it均指“婴儿”。

[3] “作者对自己的作品，当会体会到父母对孩子的心情”可按“作品对于作者，犹孩子对于父母一般”译为A work of art is to the creator what a baby is to its parents。

[4] “任何一个探索者都走过弯路和歧途，都会留下许多失败之作”译为All art explorers are liable to take roundabout courses or lead themselves astray, thus ending up in fiascoes。“探索者”应指“艺术探索者”，因此译为art explorers。

[5] “有遗憾的次品”可按“成问题的画作”译为problematic paintings。

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# Scrapping My Paintings

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© Wu Guanzhong

Twenty years ago, when I was living on the northern side of the Qianhai Lake, Beijing, one of my neighbors gave birth to a blind baby. That made me sad. What would become of it for life? Personally, I would have refused to come into this world disabled. Nevertheless, all parents love their own babies and will do whatever they can to rear them even though they are born disabled. A work of art is to the creator what a baby is to its parents. When I was a schoolboy, I used to tear up a lot of the exercises I did. That was a common practice, and I never regretted it. Now I am doing the same with my paintings. I will often use a palette knife to cut into a canvas so as to let off my pent-up anger or anguish. Sometimes, it will bring me ease of mind to scrap my own substandard works. Sometimes, I will feel extremely dejected when a painting I have done under hard conditions in remote mountains and dense forests turns out to be inferior. But I will nevertheless carry it home on my shoulder after wrapping it up carefully in a tarpaulin. It's my sick baby, my blind baby. I shouldn't abandon it.

I produced a great many paintings during the scores of difficult years. Some of them were my favorites, some were defective, some, though unsatisfactory, were fruits of my painstaking labor... All art explorers are liable to take roundabout courses or lead themselves astray, thus ending up in fiascoes. Defective works should be exposed rather than covered up. But things on earth have changed and men are so much under the sway of money that they have become conscienceless and unfeeling. Paintings, nowadays, have market prices. Many of my paintings given as presents to friends, schoolmates, students and newspapers and periodicals have found their way to the market or auction house. In the 1950s, after I finished a set of Jinggang Mountain landscape paintings, I donated a replica of it to the Jinggang Mountain Administrative Office at its request for permanent museum display. Later, when I looked over the original set of the paintings, which represented the immature stage of my attempts at nationalizing oil painting, I felt dissatisfied and had it all destroyed by fire. Unexpectedly, however, the replicated paintings recently showed up one after another in an auction house. Making a gift of painting or calligraphy to friends has been a traditional virtue of ours related to interpersonal relationship,

which values affection above material gains.

It is natural and beyond reproach for works of art to end up becoming commodities. The problem is that inferior paintings of low artistic value, often, under cover of high reputation, openly beguile avid art collectors and people rush for speculative buying and reselling of them, cheating each other. I made up my mind long ago to scrap all of my unsatisfactory paintings so as to prevent the circulation of low-grade products. So I began to butcher my own babies. I would hang up on the wall my problematic paintings batch by batch and time and time again for rigorous screening. Substandard paintings were eliminated and demolished. Poor paintings on paper, be they ink-and-wash, watercolor or gouache, were torn to pieces. Poor oil paintings on canvas had to be cut to shreds with a pair of scissors. Poor paintings on three-ply boards were a hard nut to crack, and had to be blotted out with oils. My daughters-in-law and grandchildren would lend me a helping hand. But they sighed regretfully while joining me in unrolling and tearing up gigantic painting scrolls of over six feet in length. I too could not help feeling soft-hearted and silently endured anguish in my heart. As my studio was piled high with the scrapped paintings, my daughters-in-law, together with our housemaid, would take the scrapheap downstairs to make a bonfire of it in the yard. I looked out of my studio window and saw paper ashes flying up from the raging flames. And I also saw children and neighbors crowd around watching and chatting. I didn't know what they were chatting about. Left in the studio were some threeply boards covered with multicolored oil paints. I had all of them temporarily stored in the balcony without knowing what I could ever do with them in the future. I remember that back in the famine year I even used my unsatisfactory oil paintings for building chicken coops.

I'll, before the end of my life journey, continue to do a lot of creating as well as destroying, but, hopefully, more creating than destroying!

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# 哭<sup>[1]</sup>

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◎ 吴冠中

那年<sup>[2]</sup>，我坐夜车去朝拜圣地——到茂陵瞻仰霍去病墓前的雕刻。

夜车到了终点站，离霍去病墓还老远<sup>[3]</sup>。在那满天星斗的西北原野上，我时而顺着大车道，时而踏着羊肠小径往前赶路<sup>[4]</sup>，及至霍去病墓地，天色才开始曙明。附近没有行人<sup>[5]</sup>，我迫不及待地扑向<sup>[6]</sup>墓前那几座庞然巨物的伟大雕刻作品。我十分激动，它们永远是活着的，并一直是我精神上的支柱<sup>[7]</sup>。当我在异国遭到歧视的时候，当世界上其他国家的杰出艺术品令我敬仰的时候，当我自馁的时候，痛苦的时候……这几座气势磅礴的永恒的石头雕刻便总会呈现于我眼前。

我久久徘徊于霍墓雕刻间，远看，浑然一体；近看，耐人寻味，在粗犷的斧凿中行走着蜿蜒的线<sup>[8]</sup>。斯是顽石，却生意盎然，全世界的艺术家到此不能不肃然起敬！“我们的祖先比你强得多！”我也许还继承了阿Q精神胜利的一面吧<sup>[9]</sup>，但有了这样矗立在世界艺术史上的先祖爷爷，确是得天独厚。这总是值得欣慰的！

1989年我重访巴黎，感慨万千。返国后，我怀着一种极其复杂的心情又一次去了西安，再一次瞻仰霍墓雕刻。在霍去病墓前，在秦俑坑前，在碑林博物馆的汉唐石雕前，我只想号啕痛哭<sup>[10]</sup>。老伴跟随我，还有那么多观众，我不敢哭。哭什么？哭它太伟大了，哭老鹰的后代不会变成麻雀吧？<sup>[11]</sup>

《哭》是吴冠中于2000年写的一篇随笔，文章笔墨寥寥，气势不凡，细腻真切，充满真挚的爱国热忱与民族自豪感。

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<sup>[1]</sup>题目“哭”译为On the Verge of Tears，意即“几乎流泪”，是斟酌文章内容而译的。

<sup>[2]</sup>“那年”意即“几年前”或“有一年”，不宜译为That year，现译Years ago。

[3] “夜车到了终点站，离霍去病墓还老远”译为As it was a long way from the terminal station to Huo's tomb…，如直译When the night train arrived at its terminal, Huo's tomb was still a long way off …则欠通顺。

[4] “我……往前赶路”译为I had to hurry on with my journey, 其中to hurry on with…是成语，作“匆忙（做某事）”解。

[5] “附近没有行人”译为Not a pedestrian in sight, 其中省略了动词was。此句也可译为Not a soul in sight, 意即“见不到任何人”。

[6] “我迫不及待地扑向……”可译为I lost no time in presenting myself before…或I hurriedly came up to…。

[7] “它们永远是活着的，并一直是我精神上的支柱”译为The immortal art treasures will be my permanent spiritual prop, 其中art treasures是增添词，用来满足译文造句需要。

[8] “在粗犷的斧凿中行走着蜿蜒的线”译为Traceable among the rough marks of hatchet and chisel were delicate lines zigzagging, 其中delicate是译文中的添加词，作“精细的”解，用以强调“粗中有细”的内涵。

[9] “我也许还继承了阿Q精神胜利的一面吧！”可按“我也许受阿Q‘精神胜利’哲学的影响”译为maybe affected by Ah Q's philosophy of “spiritual victory”, 其中affected意同influenced, 又, philosophy作“人生哲学”、“观点”等解。

[10] “我只想号啕痛哭”译为I just felt like crying with abandon, 其中with abandon作“放任”、“纵情”解。全句意同I just felt like having a good cry。

[11] “哭老鹰的后代不会变成麻雀吧？”的含意是“因担忧老鹰的后代会变成麻雀而哭”可译为and because of my fears about the descendants of the eagle turning out to be sparrows或and because I am worried that the eagle might have sparrows as its descendants, 其中my fears about 与I am worried that都是译文中的添加词，原文虽无其词而有其意。

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# On the Verge of Tears

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© Wu Guanzhong

Years ago, I went by night train to Mao Ling, a sacred place in Shaanxi Province, to pay homage to the sculptures standing before Huo Qubing's<sup>[1]</sup> tomb.

As it was a long way from the terminal station to Huo's tomb, I had to hurry on with my journey on foot under the starry sky of Northwest China, sometimes along a broad road, sometimes on a narrow footpath. The day was just dawning when I arrived at Huo's tomb. Not a pedestrian in sight. I lost no time in presenting myself before the majestic carved works of great magnitude before the tomb. I was beside myself with agitation. The immortal art treasures will be my permanent spiritual prop. Whenever I am discriminated against in a foreign country, whenever I stand in awe before a foreign outstanding work of art, whenever I am disheartened, whenever I suffer agony ..., these imperishable stone carvings of amazing grandeur will inevitably appear in my mind's eye.

I loitered for quite a long while among the sculptures, which were an integrated mass when viewed from afar and very intriguing when scrutinized close by. Traceable among the rough marks of hatchet and chisel were delicate lines zigzagging. Insensate as they were, the carved stones were brimming with life and vigor. Artists from all over the world cannot help feeling awed when they visit this place. "Our forefathers did much better than you!" I declared, maybe affected by Ah Q's<sup>[2]</sup> philosophy of "spiritual victory". We are indeed very lucky to have our forefathers standing tall and upright in the world history of art. This is certainly a matter for rejoicing.

In 1989, while revisiting Paris, I felt all sorts of emotion surging up within me. Back in China, when I paid another visit to Xi'an and the sculptures before Huo Qubing's tomb, I was seized with mixed feelings. I just felt like crying with abandon as I stood once more before Huo's tomb, before the Chin Dynasty terra cotta warriors and horses and before the Han and Tang upright stone tablets bearing ancient inscriptions. But I refrained from tears because I was then



accompanied by my wife and surrounded by numerous spectators. Why did I feel like having a good cry? Because my motherland is so great and because of my fears about the descendants of the eagle turning out to be sparrows.

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[1]Huo Qubing (140—117 BC) , famous general of the Western Han Dynasty.

[2]Ah Q, also Akiu, main character in Lu Xun's famous novella The True Story of Ah Q (1921—1922) . A typical “champion of spiritual victory, ” Ah Q declares himself a winner whenever he has been humiliated.



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## 再说包装（节录）

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© 吴冠中

包装的本质是伪装<sup>[1]</sup>。

为了美观，略施装饰，无可厚非<sup>[2]</sup>，斥之伪，有点刻薄。商品离不开包装，离谱的包装<sup>[3]</sup>，岂止伪，存心欺蒙顾客。日本人很讲究包装，一个漂亮的大匣里面藏着精致的小匣，小匣里还有更小的匣，一层层的包装待你剥到底，最后裸露的往往只是一块小小的糖果。

我们进入了包装的时代，这恰好提醒我们进入了伪劣假冒的时代<sup>[4]</sup>。“豪华精美”包装的礼品满天飞，送这种豪华礼品的人与被送者之间绝无真诚的友情，聪明的包装者<sup>[5]</sup>是明悟这一实际的，所以工夫用在礼品之外，包装之上。外国也包装，也走人情，也行贿，但以包装作欺蒙则我们传统中早有提示：金玉其外，败絮其中<sup>[6]</sup>。

包装歌星、包装书画家、包装著作……包装早已是堂而皇之<sup>[7]</sup>的事业，不怕社会讥讽了。书籍装帧应让人一目了然著作的内涵与品位，是极深奥的艺术创作工作，但今日书店书摊上琳琅满目，一片花里胡哨<sup>[8]</sup>，连书名都认不出来。印一张白底黑字的封面吧。

伪装是个人的野心，也适应社会的需求。官吏的乌纱、皇帝的蟒袍用以吓唬老百姓，他们退堂退朝后便恢复本来面目，毋须衣冠沐猴<sup>[9]</sup>了。西装、革履、领带，这种包装在西方已定型几百年<sup>[10]</sup>，并早已成为全世界公认的正式服饰，而且居然在不断更新的时装流变中岿然不动。但休闲服的兴起，不知是否会冲垮这端着架子的西装传统，因人们最终要追求自在与舒适，一切架子与伪装都将被抛弃。

吴冠中的《再论包装》写于2003年，似为季羨林（1911—2009）1997年写的《论包装》的后续，两者异曲同工，相映生辉，对社会时弊作了不约而同的鞭挞讽刺。

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[1] “包装的本质是伪装” 译为 **Basically, packaging means false**

embellishment, 其中basically意同fundamentally和essentially, 都可用来表达“本质上”, 但basically较简短通俗, 故选用之。

[2] “略施装饰, 无可厚非”本可译为a little embellishment ...is beyond reproach等, 但is beyond reproach的语气嫌重, 与“无可厚非”略有出入, 故改译is not altogether (或completely) inadvisable。

[3] “离谱的包装”意即“过分的包装”, 故译going too far with it, 或overdoing it, too much of it等。

[4] “我们进入了包装的时代, 这恰好提醒我们进入了伪劣假冒的时代”可按“我们进入了包装的时代, 不如说进入了伪劣假冒的时代”译为We have entered the age of packaging, or rather the age of counterfeit and shoddy merchandise。

[5] “聪明的包装者”可按“精明的商人”译为shrewd businessmen。

[6] “以包装作欺蒙则我们传统中早有提示: 金玉其外, 败絮其中”可按“以包装欺骗, 我们很早就有这传统, 以‘金玉其外, 败絮其中’一语为证”译之: we have a longer tradition of hoodwinking customers by means of packaging, as witness the ancient Chinese saying, “Gold and jade without, rubbish within”。

[7] “堂而皇之”意即“公开”, 故译overtly或openly。

[8] “但今日书店书摊上琳琅满目, 一片花里胡哨”译为But, today, bookstores and bookstalls are a riot of loud glaring color, 其中riot作“极度丰富”或“一片”解, loud glaring color作“艳丽夺目的色彩”解。

[9] “衣冠沐猴”意即“人装打扮的猴子”, 按字面应译monkeys in human attire, 现按“乔装打扮”译为dress up as such。

[10] “西装、革履、领带, 这种包装在西方已定型几百年”译为The Western-style suit with leather shoes and necktie to go with it is a kind of packaging that has taken shape in the West ever since several hundred years ago, 其中to go with it作“与……相配”解, 也可改用to match it。

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## More on Packaging (Excerpt)

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Basically, packaging means false embellishment.

Nevertheless, a little embellishment for the sake of nice appearance is not altogether inadvisable, and it is a bit harsh to denounce it as falsehood. Merchandise can never do without packaging, but going too far with it means something worse than falsehood — it is deliberate cheating. Japanese are very particular about packaging. Hidden inside one beautiful big box will be a number of gradually smaller delicate ones placed one inside another. You have to tear them off one by one until you finally hit on nothing but a tiny piece of candy.

We have entered the age of packaging, or rather the age of counterfeit and shoddy merchandise. Attractively-packaged gifts can be found everywhere. Aware of the complete absence of real friendship between sender and receiver of a gift, shrewd businessmen have been racking their brains trying to beautify the packing design rather than improve the commodity itself. People in foreign countries are also particular about packaging, and also bribe with gifts, but we have a longer tradition of hoodwinking customers by means of packaging, as witness the ancient Chinese saying, “Gold and jade without, rubbish within.”

Star singers, painters and calligraphers, authors...all go in for self-packaging overtly in disregard of public ridicule. Binding and layout, which provide clear insights into the content and quality of a book, call for profound artistic work. But, today, bookstores and bookstalls are a riot of loud glaring color, so much so that the book titles are overshadowed and become hardly recognizable. Why not have book covers printed just in black and white instead?

Packaging serves to satisfy social needs as well as personal ambition. Imperial officials and emperors used to wear black gauze hats and boa-design robes respectively to frighten common people into submission. After a court session or imperial court session was adjourned, they would respectively cease to dress up as such and become their usual selves. The Western-style suit with leather shoes and necktie to go with it is a kind of packaging that has taken shape in the

West ever since several hundred years ago. It has long become universally accepted formal wear and even survived the vicissitudes of garment style intact. Nevertheless, nobody can tell if the tradition of wearing the stiff and formal Western-style suit will end up being broken down by the upsurge of popular casual wear. In the final analysis, people prefer ease and comfort to any form of affectation and pretence.



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# 鸵鸟·孔雀·老鹰

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◎ 吴冠中

## 鸵鸟

鸵鸟蹒跚地走着，一身的肉真诱人<sup>[1]</sup>，她之生似乎是为了供人食用。她没有防卫的手段，敌人来了就跑，跑得特别快<sup>[2]</sup>。当跑不脱的紧急时刻，她将头钻进沙堆，她看不见敌人了，以为已安全，人笑这是鸵鸟心态<sup>[3]</sup>。是鸵鸟学了阿Q，还是阿Q学了鸵鸟，无从考证，也不必考证了。

## 孔雀

孔雀陶醉在自己的美丽中，她施施然地散步<sup>[4]</sup>，侧目看行人，希望人们欣赏她的美，她估计人们都拜倒于她的艳丽。一个穿红衣服的孩子走过来了，她怕是与她媲美的，于是赶紧张屏，并左右摇摆，使出浑身解数<sup>[5]</sup>。开屏后确乎引来大群观赏的人们，人们赞美，欢笑，她似乎全听懂了歌颂的语言，自己十分开心。只一句，她永远没听懂：你是一个可怜的女人。

## 老鹰

灰褐色的老鹰从未意识到打扮自己的羽毛，而且她总离人群远远的，常盘旋于高空，远看她只是短短的线之一划。她目力好敏锐，遥远处一只奔跑的兔或鼠，一旦落入她的视线<sup>[6]</sup>，她飞速降落，猛地一扑，便获取了生命的粮食。她那如钩的爪和嘴，令人恐惧，也令人欣赏<sup>[7]</sup>，是强力之美，是尖锐之美，引无数画家竞折腰。

《鸵鸟·孔雀·老鹰》是中国当代著名画家兼散文家吴冠中于2000年写的一篇随笔。

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[1] “鸵鸟蹒跚地走着，一身的肉真馋人”译为The ostrich hobbles with its tantalizing fleshy body, 其中tantalizing作“吊胃口的”、“令人垂涎欲滴的”解。此句也可译为 The ostrich staggers along, its fleshy body looking so tempting to the human palate, 但不如前译简约。

[2] “敌人来了就跑，跑得特别快”译为In the face of an enemy, it just runs away, and that very quickly, 其中In the face of 作“面临”解，又后面and that very quickly中的that作“而且”解，用来加强语气。

[3] “鸵鸟心态”未译ostrich mentality, 今用英语中现有的ostrichism (鸵鸟政策、自我陶醉) 一词表达。

[4] “她施施然地散步”作“她大摇大摆地走动”或“她高视阔步地走动”解，译为It struts around即可。

[5] “一个穿红衣服的孩子走过来了，她怕是与她媲美的，于是赶紧张屏，并左右摇摆，使出浑身解数”译为When a little kid in red happens to come near, the peacock, taking her for a potential rival, immediately erects and spreads out its tail feathers and sways now to the left and now to the right as best it can, 其中“她怕是与她媲美的”可按“害怕(认为)她是潜在的竞争对手”分别译为fearing that she might be a potential rival或taking her for a potential rival。“张屏”又作“开屏”，可译为erects and spreads out its tail feathers或spreads its tail to display its fine feathers。“左右摇摆”可译为sways now to the left and now to the right或sways from side to side, 但前者较生动。“使出浑身解数”译为as best it can, 比doing all it is capable of利落。

[6] “遥远处一只奔跑的兔或鼠，一旦落入她的视线……”译为As soon as it spots a distant hare or rat on the run ..., 其中spots作“发现”解，意同discovers, catches sight of等，又on the run是成语，意思是“奔跑中的”，也可用短语running like crazy替代。

[7] “她那如钩的爪和嘴，令人恐惧，也令人欣赏”可译为Its hooked claws and beak are both scary and admirable, 但不如Its hooked claws and beak are scary

but admirable确切，因后者稍许侧重了“令人欣赏”的意思。



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# Ostrich ▪ Peacock ▪ Eagle

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## **The Ostrich**

The ostrich hobbles with its tantalizing fleshy body. The bird seems destined to be human food. It has no self-defence means. In the face of an enemy, it just runs away, and that very quickly. At the critical moment when it is hard pressed, it buries its head in the sand, thinking itself safe simply because it can't see the enemy. People, therefore, refer to it in ridicule as ostrichism. It is impossible and also unnecessary to find out if Ah Q is the teacher of the ostrich or vice versa.

## **The Peacock**

The peacock is intoxicated with its own beauty. It struts around with a sidelong glance at the pedestrians, hoping that they will stop to view and admire itself and believing that all people will be infatuated with its gorgeousness. When a little kid in red happens to come near, the peacock, taking her for a potential strong rival, immediately erects and spreads out its tail feathers and sways now to the left and now to the right as best it can. That succeeds in attracting a large group of spectators. They marvel at its beauty and cheer. The big bird looks very happy with all the words of praise, which it seems to understand fully. Nevertheless, there is one sentence it can never understand, that is, "You're a miserable woman."

## **The Eagle**

The grayish brown eagle never thinks of preening itself. It keeps off from man and often

wheels high up in the sky, only to disappear way up like a flash. As soon as it spots a distant hare or rat on the run, the sharp-eyed bird will swoop down on its prey for life-sustaining food. Its hooked claws and beak are scary but admirable. They embody the beauty of strength and sharpness and have been the favorite theme of innumerable painters.



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# 照片上的童年<sup>[1]</sup>

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◎ 何为

前些日子<sup>[2]</sup>，为了寻找<sup>[3]</sup>四十年前的旧作剪报，在篋底的隐蔽角落里，竟把一些远年陈迹也翻了出来。其中年代最久的是一本既厚且大的古老影集。

在那本布满虫蛀的影集里，贴着我出世后最早的几张照片。我漠然看着褪了色的童年面容，似乎找到了童年的梦<sup>[4]</sup>，却又觉得它早已远远地离开我，再也不属于我自己，仅仅是一种无可奈何的存在而已。

照片上的童年是真实的，又是虚幻的<sup>[5]</sup>。

一张照片上，有一个稚气可掬的孩子，大概是刚满周岁，按照家乡的习俗，在胸前悬垂着一块很大的“锁片”<sup>[6]</sup>。半个多世纪前的一幅留影。这就是我自己吗？萌芽状态的人生，一无所知地面对着陌生的世界。

另一张站着的全身照，记得是摄于三岁那年，也可能是四岁。冬天，穿着又厚又臃肿的棉袍，显得蹒跚可笑。又一张，看上去是同一时刻拍摄的。那是我和祖母的合影。我紧紧拉着祖母的手。我从幼小时就在祖母抚育下，祖孙俩形影不离<sup>[7]</sup>。那一年祖母不过五十三四岁。在照片上，她微微侧着脸，仿佛叮嘱我向前注视，又像在给我讲孟姜女万里寻夫的悲壮故事。我的祖母有讲不完的民间故事。我总觉得她有一本无字的书，书上写满了令人神往的故事，那也是我最早接触到的文学作品<sup>[8]</sup>。

照片上的背景部分，经过漫长岁月，留下泛黄的时间痕迹，还有一些幻影似的模糊斑点。衬托着人像背后的斑驳墙垣上，一个很大的圆圈，轮廓分明。

墙上大圆圈是一扇圆形的大门吗？我问自己。

是一扇门。正是我童年时代熟悉的月洞门，童话般的门。

我出生的老屋里，厅堂前有一个石面铺砌的院子，足供我嬉戏奔跑。花砖墙跟前，并

列着几只大水缸，用以承接檐下的雨落水。每一只水缸都比我高得多。我躲在水缸后面，与小伙伴捉迷藏。院子两侧，东西相对，各有一个月洞门。为什么我总是记得那两扇大圆门呢？是因为它不同于普通的长方形门框，圆圆的像天上月宫吗？抑或是，两扇大门之间，有一块小小的天地，曾经是我骑竹马驰骋的所在？我常常想起故乡的老屋，它充满了我童年的回忆。

一九六〇年仲夏，我回到了阔别三十多年的故乡，回到定海城内。一天，我踏着暮色，悄悄蹑入横塘弄。一条幽深寂寥的长巷，一条两旁厚墙夹峙的石板道<sup>[9]</sup>。日影西斜，照着长巷石板道上一幢老屋。经人指引，我登上石阶，推开虚掩的门扉。四下寂然无声。蓦地，院子两头的月洞门呈现在眼前。依然是那两个大圆圈。只是比我回忆中小了许多，而且显得很陈旧。儿时，我与小游伴互相追逐过的院子和厅堂，都堆满了层叠的货包。原来多年以前，老家旧宅早已改成了百货店的商品堆栈。

我踌躇不前，不由感到一阵迷惑和惆怅。

也许我最好是不要还乡，不要重返家园，不要寻求那逝去的旧梦。我不知道是有所得抑或是有所失<sup>[10]</sup>。一切都已过去，一切都已变样。

只有照片上的童年，至今还留驻下来。当我从箱筐内找到旧作的若干剪报后，便把那一本比我生活过的年代更长久的影集<sup>[11]</sup>，重又放入书箱里。然后轻轻合上了箱盖。我的童年回忆于是随同影集一起又沉入箱底。

何为（1922—2011），当代著名作家，原名何敬业，祖籍浙江定海。20世纪40年代初先后就读于上海大同大学和圣约翰大学，1937年开始发表文学作品，在上海历任报纸记者、刊物编辑和电影文学编辑。1959年调至福建电影制片厂任故事片编辑负责人，1964年转任福建省作家协会专业作家，后为中国作家协会全国委员会名誉会员。《照片上的童年》是他写于1980年10月的一篇佳作，深情追怀他在故乡度过的童年时代。

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[1] 文章题目“照片上的童年”译为The Photographic Record of My Childhood, 比Photos Taken in My Childhood和What I Photographed Like as a Child确切。

[2] “前些日子”意即“不久前”，可译为The other day或Recently。

[3] “寻找”在此有“翻找”之意，最好译为rummaging (for)，比looking for确切。

[4] “似乎找到了童年的梦”意即“似乎重温童年旧梦”，故译feeling as if I were reliving my childhood。

[5] “照片上的童年是真实的，又是虚幻的”可译为My childhood, as recorded in the old photos, was at once real and unreal，其中was at once real and unreal意同both real and illusory。

[6] “在胸前悬垂着一块很大的‘锁片’”可按“胸前挂着一个大型饰物，以表吉祥”译为a big ornament hung on my chest as a lucky charm或a big piece of jewelry hung on my chest as an amulet to protect me against bad luck。

[7] “我从幼小时就在祖母抚育下，祖孙俩形影不离”译为As she had been taking care of me ever since I was in the cradle, we became inseparable from each other，其中ever since I was in the cradle意同ever since I was a little baby或ever since my babyhood。

[8] “那也是我最早接触到的文学作品”译为They became, as it were, the first literary works I ever came into contact with in my life，其中as it were是成语，作“可以说”、“似乎”等解，为译文中的添加词，原文虽无其词而有其意。

[9] “石板道”指“用石板铺的小巷”，故译flagstone alley。

[10] “我不知道是有所得抑或有所失”未按字面直译为I wondered whether my visit had ended up in gains or losses，现按“我不知道此行是否值得”之意译为I wondered whether it had been worthwhile or not for me to revisit my old house。

[11] “那一本比我生活过的年代更长久的影集”译为 the album that had seen many more winters than I，其中winters作“年代”、“岁月”解。

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# The Photographic Record of My Childhood

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The other day, in rummaging a suitcase for newspaper clippings of my essays written over forty years ago, I came upon some old objects, among them an enormously bulky old album.

The moth-eaten album contained several photos of myself taken in early childhood. I stared blankly at my little face in the faded photos, feeling as if I were reliving my childhood. But I also felt that my childhood had long been irretrievably gone and no longer belonged to me.

My childhood, as recorded in the old photos, was at once real and unreal.

In one of the photos, I was very little, probably just one year old. As was the custom of my native place, I had a big ornament hung on my chest as a lucky charm. The photo had been taken over half a century ago. Was it I myself in the embryonic stage of life, with my ignorant eyes on the strange world?

Another photo, in which I stood full-length, had been taken, I remember, when I was three or four. It was winter, and I was dressed cumbersomely in a cotton-padded thick gown, staggering ridiculously. In still another photo, probably taken at the same time, I was holding grandma by the hand. As she had been looking after me ever since I was in the cradle, we had become inseparable from each other. In the photo, she looked in her early fifties. She was turning her head slightly, as if trying to make me look ahead or telling me the tragic and moving story of Meng Jiang Nu<sup>[1]</sup> making a long, difficult journey in search of her husband. She had an unlimited stock of folk tales to tell. I always thought her in possession of a wordless book full of fascinating stories. They became, as it were, the first literary works that I ever came into contact with in my life.

The background of the photos was yellowed with age and dotted with fuzzy specks. There was distinctly a big round hole in the mottled wall.

Wasn't the round hole a fan-shaped gate? I asked myself.

Yes, it was. It was the moon gate so familiar to me in my childhood — a fairy-tale gate!

I used to play on the flagstones of the courtyard in front of the hall of the old house where I had been born. Standing side by side before the tiled wall were several water vats for receiving rain water dripping from the eaves. In playing hide-and-seek with my little playmates, I would conceal myself behind one of the vats, which were taller than I was. On either side of the courtyard there was a moon gate. Why did the two big moon gates always remain in my memory? Was it because they differed from ordinary rectangular gates in resembling the big round gate of the legendary palace on the moon? Or was it because of the little world between the two big gates where I used to play happily? I often think of the old house in my hometown. It brings back many, many memories of my childhood.

In the midsummer of 1960, I returned to my old home in the city of Dinghai for a short visit after a long absence of more than thirty years. One day, in the deepening twilight, I quietly stepped into Heng Tang Alley, a long flagstone alley between two towering walls. The setting sun was casting its last rays on an old house down the alley. At the direction of someone, I found my way to the house and ascended its stone steps. Its gate was left unlatched, so I pushed it open. Inside it was all quiet. My eyes suddenly fell on the moon gate on either side of the courtyard. Yes, the same two old big round holes. Only they looked much smaller than they were in my memory, and very shabby too. The courtyard and the hall where I had used to play around with my little playmates in my childhood were now heaped with sacks of goods. So my old house had long been transformed into the warehouse of a department store!

I hesitated to move ahead, feeling perplexed and melancholy.

Perhaps I should not have returned to my hometown to see my old house and to relive my past experience. I wondered whether it had been worthwhile or not for me to revisit my old home. Everything's gone. Everything's changed.

The only thing that still remained was my photographic childhood. Having found some newspaper clippings of my old writings, I replaced in the suitcase the album that had seen many more winters than I. Then I carefully put back the lid on the suitcase. Memories of my childhood, together with the album, sank again to the bottom of the suitcase.

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[1]The name of a heroine in Chinese folklore, who trekked over a long way to look for her husband only to find him already dead from forced labor on the construction site of the Great Wall. Her bitter cries over her husband's death was said to have caused a section of the Wall to crumble down.





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# 困水记<sup>[1]</sup>

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◎ 何为

本月上旬，相隔仅一天，我家老房子先后遭逢两次水灾。旧筑地处繁华市区的低洼地，多年来常为积水所困<sup>[2]</sup>，但水漫厨房乃至客厅，登堂入室，以今年这两次最为严重，尤其是第二次。

是日，上午十时许，出门上街到对马路的医院治眼疾。不久就听到雨声雷声，顷刻间窗外白茫茫的雨水混沌一片。百年罕见的特大暴雨，狂泻如瀑布，如山洪暴发。雨水的急骤猛烈，雨量之大，真是惊心动魄。

治病购药完毕<sup>[3]</sup>，只能在候诊大厅呆等，病人都被突如其来的狂风暴雨困住了。坐在我旁边的一位七十多岁病者，为坐困水城频频叹气。此公听说多年前我住过的羁旅之地，顿时眉飞色舞提高嗓门，大说其福州话，原来他是福州人。说起当地的一连串风味小吃，两人都如数家珍<sup>[4]</sup>，谈得津津有味。话一停，发现外面的陆地成了海洋，于是只能坐下来再谈榕城风情，借以消磨时间。

暴雨来势虽猛，其实时间并不太长，由于苦等心焦，感到这场雨像是没完没了。终于有人试探地撑着伞向雨街走去，我也跟着起步踏上归程<sup>[5]</sup>。

医院的边门距我家不过一箭之遥，过马路不远就是我家的弄堂口。这一段路历年来不知翻修过多少次<sup>[6]</sup>，无奈下大雨积水为患，始终没有解决。这一天路面更是大水泛滥，水深及膝，我别无选择，只能穿着皮鞋在泽国中小心翼翼地蹒跚而行。

偏偏最近又在修路，通行的只是一半马路，路上坑坑洼洼高高低低，过马路又必须从丁字路口绕道过去。行人很少。我颤巍巍地涉水步行，忽然想起自己的年龄。小时候，总感到年龄属于七老八十的长辈们，与自己无关。我的祖父六十岁时早已蓄须，不免显得老态，那时我只有十岁。现在我年已八十，在浑浊的水中，有如滚滚浪潮中的一叶孤舟<sup>[7]</sup>。我闪避汽车开过的泥水飞溅，艰难地过马路，进弄堂，推入家门，厨房里满地积水，过道上也是积水，甚至地面较高的客堂后间也浸满大水。除了冰箱已提前移开，家具都被水

淹，我只有望洋兴叹<sup>[8]</sup>。

这次去医院不足三小时，大部分时间都在归途上荡漾的水中度过。上了年纪，老年性疾病相继袭来，生活中不少时光都消耗在医院里。两个月前不慎伤脚，竟缠上石膏<sup>[9]</sup>。“石膏长靴”<sup>[10]</sup>刚除去，现在又遇水灾。一个目力不济的八十老翁，无人扶持，不用拐杖，摇摇晃晃在大水中跋涉，似乎有几分勇敢，也有几分悲壮<sup>[11]</sup>。

被无情的岁月推入老龄社会的众多老者，过着凡夫俗子的生活，惟有自勉自励，加强自我保护意识，坚强地在人生道路上向前走去，否则又如何？<sup>[12]</sup>

《困水记》是散文家何为写于2001年8月的一篇小品。作者年老多病，孤居闹市，住房累累水淹，倾诉苦楚，并鼓励广大老龄人加强自我保护意识，坚强生活下去。

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[1] 题目“困水记”可译为 *Stranded in a Flood* 或 *Stuck in a Flood*。

[2] “多年来常为积水所困”可按“多年来常被水淹”译为 *has for years been subject to floods* 或 *has been flooded time and again in recent years*。

[3] “购药完毕”可按“配完药”译为 *after having the prescriptions filled (or made up)*。

[4] “如数家珍”可译为 *like we were enumerating our family treasures* 或 *as if we were examining one by one our family treasures with delight*, 或 *as if we were naming with delight each of our family valuables*。

[5] “我也跟着起步踏上归程”可按“我也跟着这样做”译为 *I just followed suit*, 取其简洁。

[6] “历年来不知翻修过多少次”译为 *has undergone repair I don't know how many times in recent years*, 其中 *I don't know how* 是英语常用插入语，作状语用。此句也可译为 *has in recent years been repeatedly repaired*。

[7] “现在我年已八十，在浑浊的水中，有如滚滚浪潮中的一叶孤舟”译为 *Now, as an octogenarian, I was like a solitary small boat drifting at the mercy of a large flow of muddy water*, 其中 *drifting at the mercy of* 是译文中的增益词，意为“在……（浊浪）支配下漂泊”。

[8] “我只有望洋兴叹”可按“我只感无可奈何”译为I felt simply helpless, 其中simply意同completely。

[9] “缠上石膏”意即“上了石膏”，译为in plaster。

[10] “石膏长靴”指“石膏绷带”可译为plaster cast或plaster bandage。

[11] “也有几分悲壮”译为Yet, it's something of a stirring tragedy too, 其中something of作“有点儿”、“有几分”解。

[12] “否则又如何？”可译为What else can they do? What can they do otherwise?

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# Stranded in a Flood

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© *He Wei*

Early last month, my old house was twice flooded within three days. Situated in a low-lying part of the busy downtown area, it has for years been subject to floods. But the worst flood occurred this year, especially after the second rain, with our kitchen, sitting room and even bedrooms all covered with water.

On the morning of that day, I went to the hospital on the other side of the street at about 10 o'clock to see an eye-doctor. Soon a fierce thunderstorm broke out and I saw a vast expanse of foamy floodwater outside the window. It was an exceptionally serious rainstorm, dashing down like a cataract or mountain torrents. What a scary scene!

The patients were stranded by the sudden downpour. All we could do was sit in the big hospital waiting room after having the prescriptions filled. Sitting by my side was a patient in his seventies. He kept sighing over the nasty weather. Learning that I had been a dweller of Fuzhou many years ago, he brightened up at once and began to speak the Fuzhou dialect loudly. He turned out to be a native of Fuzhou. We began to chat with relish about the typical local delicacies of Fuzhou like we were enumerating our family treasures.

Then, during a break in the conversation, we found the streets submerged by water, so we had to sit down and resume chatting about Fuzhou so as to while away the time.

The violent storm did not last long at all. But it seemed interminable due to my impatience. At last, as I saw someone venture into the wet street under an umbrella, I just followed suit.

It's only a stone's throw from the hospital to my home, which is situated at the entrance of a lane across the street. The section of the street here has undergone repair I don't know how many times, yet it still floods whenever there is a rain. Now, on that day, it was flooded knee-deep because of an especially heavy rain. All I could do was stagger along cautiously in the deep water in my leather shoes.

It happened that the street was under repair with only half of it for free passage, but full of bumps and hollows. One had to make a detour at a T-juncture. There were few pedestrians. As I tottered through the water, I suddenly thought of my age. When I was a kid, I used to think that age had nothing to do with me and associated it instead only with my elders in their sixties or eighties. When I was ten, my grandpa, at sixty, looked quite old for his age because of the beard he was wearing. Now, as an octogenarian, I was like a solitary small boat drifting at the mercy of a large flow of muddy water. I barely managed to cross the street, taking care to dodge the muddy water splashed over by cars. At last I entered the lane and, pushing open the door of my house, I found the kitchen, the passageway and even the place behind the drawing room all flooded. All furniture, except the fridge that had been previously moved elsewhere, was soaking wet. I felt simply helpless.

Altogether, it took me less than three hours to see the doctor, but a greater part of the time was spent in wading through the floodwater on my way home. People advanced in age are liable to various kinds of senile diseases. That's why they spend a lot of time in going to hospital. Two weeks ago, I had one of my legs in plaster after injuring it through carelessness. Now, with the plaster cast removed, I was harassed by a flood. It seemed a bit of an act of bravery for me, an 80-year-old man with impaired eyesight, to totter through the floodwater without a helping hand or a walking stick. And it's something of a stirring tragedy too.

Many who have been forced into the ageing society by inexorable time are now living the life of common people. They need more self-encouragement and more awareness of self-protection, and should live on with a strong will. What else can they do?



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# 回忆一个历史镜头

## ——记四十年前日军在南京投降仪式

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◎ 何为

在中国抗日战争<sup>[1]</sup>和世界反法西斯战争胜利四十周年的纪念日子里,我想起四十年前一个历史镜头。那是一九四五年九月九日,日军对华投降仪式的一次采访。

抗战刚刚结束,一个炎夏日子,柯灵同志介绍我在复刊后的上海文汇报工作<sup>[2]</sup>。我很幸运,到职后约一个月,便以该报特派记者身份,去南京采访那个历史时刻的现场实景,同行的是摄影记者穆一龙。

车抵南京,费了一番周折,办妥了入场采访的各项手续,终于在日军投降签字仪式举行前及时赶到,得以目击这一历史性的场面。

是日,南京黄埔路“中国陆军司令部”大门外的广场上,来往军人骤增。到处可见大写V字,即英文Victory(胜利)的第一个字母也。通向大礼堂的甬道两侧,全部美式配备的岗哨林立,吉普车往来不绝。间或可见三三两两的美国宪兵协助警戒。景象森严,气氛肃穆,确是一个不同寻常的日子。

按照印发的时间表,仪式于上午九时举行,“投降代表务必于八时五十二分到会场”,实际上是八时五十五分到场的,迟了三分钟。代表投降一方的是驻华日军最高指挥官陆军大将冈村宁次<sup>[3]</sup>,偕同其高级幕僚共七人,在一名国民党上校军官带领下,乘车到达。聚集在门前的上百名中外记者,纷纷摄取这一情景。

此时在大礼堂内,一片凝固的沉默。礼堂中央的一侧,设一较小的长条案,为日军投降代表席,其后站立十二名全副武装的士兵。与投降席相对,另一侧的条桌宽长得多,这边是国民党高级将领及中国记者席。国民党陆军一级上将何应钦代表中国接受降书。介乎两桌之间的边侧置有一长桌,乃盟国代表和外国记者坐席。桌上都铺着白桌布。所有参与其盛的人员均依次坐定,默默等待着那庄严时刻的到来,等待着日军降将进入大厅。

在这一瞬间,我的思潮翻腾。八年抗战的灾难日子,任人宰割的中华民族,国土沦丧

的屈辱生活，从此一去不复返了。然而内战的乌云笼罩着中国疆土之上，中国人民真正站起来的日子还有所待。不过我深信，这个日子将不是很远了。

这时我注意到，日军代表的投降席条案上摆着一台小时钟，还有一套纸墨笔砚。文具当然是签降书用的，至于小时钟的用意则就不得而知了。

八时五十八分，礼堂内灯光闪亮，摄影机纷纷开动。众目睽睽下，日军投降代表被引导入场，先站在规定的地位，立正，然后向何总司令鞠躬。何矜持地示意他们可入席坐下，便转向中外记者宣布，距签字式只有“最后五分钟”了。于是中外记者一阵忙乱，场子里一阵响动。

九时零四分，何总司令站在盟国国旗下主持受降式，令冈村宁次大将递上证明文件。冈村一身戎装，脸色铁青，毫无表情，坐在其旁的驻华日军总参谋长陆军中将小林浅三郎，持证明文件走过来，经何应钦验阅后将文件留下。

紧接着，两份日军降书中文本，交由小林参谋长转给位于投降席居中的冈村宁次。冈村起立，双手接过降书，取用案上的毛笔签字盖章。其中一份命小林参谋长交于冈村。投降签字的过程约五分钟。仪式历时二十分钟，日军投降代表随即被引导退出。

有一个细节不妨一记<sup>[4]</sup>：我从旁观察何应钦向其僚属低语，原来他要那支有历史意义的毛笔留作纪念。

风云变幻数十年，当年的日军投降书早已存入历史的档案，用于投降书上签署的那支毛笔大概也不知去向。历史是无情的，有它自己的轨迹和方向，伟大的中国人民抗日民族自卫战争终于胜利了。日本军国主义者以战败而告终。侵略者在中国大地上留下的那一段血腥的罪恶历史，任何人都无法篡改，更不容抹煞<sup>[5]</sup>。历史只能还它本来的面目。

四年前我在日本旅行的时候，广泛接触到日本各阶层的人民，他们对过去日本军国主义者侵占中国领土，都抱有沉重的赎罪心情。有一回，北海道的一户牧场主看见我们伏地便拜。这是我亲眼目睹的事实。我能够理解日本人民的感情。他们也是军国主义的受害者。

从一九四五年九月九日到一九八五年九月九日，整整四十年过去了。回忆四十年前的那次采访，使我得以重温历史的一页，也促使我进一步对历史的回忆和思考。

《回忆一个历史镜头》是当代著名作家何为写于1985年9月的一篇回忆录。

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[1] “中国抗日战争”通常译为China's war of resistance against Japanese aggression, 也有人把它译为China's anti-Japanese war, 虽较简短, 但欠周全, 未能充分传递原意。

[2] “柯灵同志介绍我在……上海文汇报工作”译为I got a job through Ke Ling as a staff member of the Shanghai Wen Hui Bao, 其中through一词作“经……介绍”解, 意同on the recommendation of。

[3] “驻华日军最高指挥官陆军大将冈村宁次”本可译为Yasuji Okamura, commanding general of the Japanese ground forces on the China mainland或General Yasuji Okamura, commander-in-chief of the Japanese army in China等, 均欠妥切, 现译General Yasuji Okamura, supreme commander of the Japanese invading forces in China (或the Japanese forces of aggression in China)。

[4] “有一个细节不妨一记”可按“不妨谈谈一个花絮”译为There is a titbit I would like to share with you, 其中titbit作“小趣闻”、“花絮”等解。

[5] “侵略者在中国大地上留下的那段血腥的罪恶历史, 任何人都无法篡改, 更不容抹煞”译为The history of bloody crimes committed by the aggressors on Chinese soil shall never be falsified, let alone blotted out, 其中let alone是成语, 作“更不必说”解, 意同成语much less。

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# Memories of a Historic Scene — On the Nanjing ceremony of Japanese surrender 40 years ago

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© He Wei

On the 40th anniversary of the victory of China's War of Resistance Against Japanese Aggression and the world war against fascism, a historic scene of 40 years ago came back to my mind. It was on September 9, 1945 that I was sent to cover the Japanese surrender ceremony at Nanjing.

On a hot summer day at the end of the anti-Japanese war, I got a job through Ke Ling<sup>[1]</sup> as a staff member of the Shanghai *Wen Hui Bao*<sup>[2]</sup>, a newspaper that had just resumed publication. Luckily, I was sent to Nanjing about a month later to report on the historic event in my capacity as special correspondent. I was accompanied by press photographer Mu Yilong.

After arriving in Nanjing by train, with elaborate formalities gone through, we came just in time for the opening of the surrender ceremony.

The day witnessed a sudden increase of armymen hurrying to and fro on the square in front of the gate of the Chinese Army Headquarters on Huangpu Road, Nanjing. The capital letter V, signifying Victory, was in sight here and there. Lining the paved path leading to the assembly hall were numerous sentries fully armed with US-made equipment and jeeps kept zooming up and down. Occasionally, US MPs were seen assisting in keeping watch in twos and threes. It was indeed an unusual day characterized by utmost vigilance and solemn atmosphere.

According to the printed timetable distributed to the public, the surrender ceremony was to begin at 9:00 a.m. and the Japanese surrender delegation had to show up by 8:52 a.m., but they arrived at 8:55 a.m., that is, 3 minutes late. The Japanese delegation consisted of General Yasuji Okamura, supreme commander of the Japanese invading forces in China, and six of his senior aides. As they arrived by car under the guidance of a KMT colonel, over a hundred Chinese and

foreign newsmen gathered at the gate hastened to click their cameras.

There was a sustained utter silence in the hall. In the center of it, there was on one side a smaller long table for seating the Japanese delegates, with 12 fully-armed Chinese soldiers lining up behind. On the other side, there was another table, much longer and wider, for seating the KMT highranking officers and Chinese newsmen. KMT General He Ying-qin was to accept the surrender on behalf of China. Still another long table stood in between for Allied representatives and foreign correspondents. The tables were all covered with a white cloth. All personnel then took their seats one after another, quietly awaiting the solemn hour and the appearance of the Japanese delegation.

At this very moment, my mind was occupied with teeming thoughts. The disastrous days of the 8-year war of resistance were gone for ever. The Chinese people would never again be subjected to the humiliation of being annexed and subjugated. However, since the country was then enveloped in the dark clouds of civil war, it would be quite some time before the Chinese people could really rise to their feet. Nevertheless, I firmly believed that such a day would not be far off.

I noticed that there was on the table of the Japanese delegates a little clock in addition to paper, ink, writing brush and inkstone. The stationery was of course to be used for signing the surrender documents, but what about the little clock?

At 8:58 a.m., the hall was ablaze with lights and cameras started clicking. The Japanese delegates were led in under the gaze of watchful eyes. They walked on until they reached the prescribed place, then stood at attention and bowed to General He. General He reservedly motioned them to their seats, and then turned to the newsmen with the announcement that the surrender ceremony was to begin in five minutes. Thereupon, there was a sudden flurry among the newsmen plus the sound of something astir throughout the hall.

At 9:04 a.m., General He, standing under the Allied flags to accept the surrender, ordered Yasuji Okamura to submit his certificates. The latter, in full military attire, looked ghastly pale and expressionless. Lieutenant General Asasaburo Kobayashi, Chief of General Staff of the Japanese forces of aggression in China, who had been sitting next to Okamura, came up to hand over the certificates to General He, who kept them after looking them over.

Then Kobayashi was given two copies of the instrument of surrender, both in Chinese, to be

passed on to Okamura, who rose to take them with both hands and then picked up the writing brush from the table to sign his name and affix his seal on either copy. Kobayashi was then ordered to hand over one copy to Okamura. Altogether it took about five minutes to finish signing the surrender and twenty minutes for the ceremony to last until the Japanese were led out of the hall.

There is a titbit I would like to share with you, that is, I noticed General He whispering to his subordinates that he personally would like to keep the writing brush as a memento.

Now, the surrender documents have long since been consigned to the historical archives. And no one knows what has become of the writing brush that was used to sign the documents. History is inexorable, moving ahead according to its own course and direction. The great people of China have won the victory of the war of resistance against Japanese aggression and self-defence. Japanese militarism has ended in total defeat. The history of bloody crimes committed by the aggressors on Chinese soil shall never be falsified, let alone blotted out. History should be shown in its true colors.

Four years ago, while traveling in Japan, I came into wide contact with Japanese people of various strata. They all felt deeply sorry for the Japanese militarists' aggressive acts against China. Once, I saw with my own eyes how the owner of a livestock farm in Hokkaido threw himself on the ground before us to show his remorse for the Japanese invasion of China. I well understood the feelings of the Japanese people. They, too, were victims of Japanese militarism.

It is now forty years to a day from September 9, 1945 to September 9, 1985. Recalling my news-gathering of forty years ago has enabled me to review the past. It has also deepened my thoughts on history.

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[1]Ke Ling (1909—2000), renowned contemporary Chinese essayist, playwright and literary critic.

[2]Wen Hui Bao, Chinese daily newspaper first published in 1938 in Shanghai.

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# 散书偶感

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◎ 何为

乍一听来，“散书”的说法很费解。那天京华老友在长话中说<sup>[1]</sup>，他们有些上年纪的同行，正在散书或考虑散书。他就是其中的一个。原来“散书”之谈，出自一位德高望重的世纪老人、前辈作家，大意谓<sup>[2]</sup>少年是集书的时候，老年是散书的时候。是啊，人到老年，有些事不能不考虑该如何处理了。

散书也是近年来我常常想到的问题。我的所谓藏书，实在并不足道，不过从幼时学文开始，数十年文学生涯中，相偕而来的书日益增多。现在只能将书刊杂乱地到处堆置，倘若集中起来，也是一个小小的书城<sup>[3]</sup>。

那年我的工作调到福州，搬家最苦最累的是搬书。到福州数年，“文革”期间我的书幸而未遭劫，及至下放到偏僻的闽北山区，全部书籍都随卡车装去，那真是一种磨难。两年后忽又调回省城，于是所有的书又装车回到福州。长途漫漫，车上驮着沉重的书，山一程，水一程，书上沾着山野的露水，带着青草的香味。直至数年后，那整箱整箱的书又运回上海，重返我离开的地方。全靠我家老二的强劳力和灵巧聪慧，才能保全颠沛流离中的旧书。在焚书的年代<sup>[4]</sup>，保存旧书无异是一笔小财富。

这些旧书伴随我一生。在我的人生道路上相伴愈久，依恋之情也愈深。一般说来，私人藏书大致可分三类：待读又不可不读的书<sup>[5]</sup>，可读可不读的书，不读的书。最后一类最简单，论斤卖掉当纸浆<sup>[6]</sup>即可。第二类最难处理，大体上总要过目一遍，常常为一本书的去留煞费踌躇。书是有感情的，总是藕断丝连地依依不舍，恨起来快刀斩乱麻统统散掉。我年轻时曾说过，书是最忠实的，只要你不离弃，它永不背叛你。啊，我的书！

说到第一类书，古典文学名著的精品以外，有许多文友们著作的签名本，也有自己喜欢的杂书，都是非保留不可的，生也有涯，将来不得而知。

散书的年纪到了。我也想有所行动，然而那些山积的旧书，倘若分门别类，分批分散出去，从包扎装箱到邮寄，如此繁杂的体力劳动，现在我是无能为力了。幸而我故纸堆里

有价值的不多，姑且等一等再说。

《散书偶感》是当代著名作家何为写于2000年12月的一篇佳作。英译时略有删节。

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[1] “在长话中说”译为told me over the long-distance, 其中the long-distance 即the long-distance phone call。

[2] “大意谓”译为something to the effect that, 其中to the effect作“大意是”、“意思是”解。

[3] “也是一个小小的书城”可按“加起来也为数可观”之意译为add up to quite a number, 其中add up是成语, 作“加起来共计”解。

[4] “焚书的年代”可译为the age of book-burning, 现译为the age of obscurantism, 意思相同, obscurantism原意是“蒙昧”。

[5] “待读又不可不读的书”译为books for required reading that have not yet been read, 其中required作“必须的”解。

[6] “论斤卖掉当纸浆”未按字面直译为by selling them off by the jin as paper pulp, 现译为by selling them off cheap as waste paper bound for the pulp mill, 其中用cheap替代by the jin, 用as waste paper bound for the pulp mill替代as paper pulp, 有助理解。

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# Random Thoughts on Giving Away Books

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The idea of giving away one's books sounds rather puzzling at first. The other day, my friend Jing Hua told me over the long-distance that some of his elderly colleagues were giving away or considering giving away the books they owned and that he himself was doing the same. The idea originated with a venerable old veteran writer, who said something to the effect that youth is the time for collecting books and old age for giving away books. Yes, getting on in years, one needs to ponder over the question of how to deal with certain things in life.

In recent years, I, too, have often turned over in my mind the question of books though, in fact, my so-called private library is not worth mentioning. Nevertheless, it has kept accumulating in the scores of years of my literary career. Now, piled up in a jumble here and there in my house, they add up to quite a large number though.

Years ago, when I was transferred to a new post in Fuzhou, the capital city of Fujian Province, the removal of my books gave me a big headache. During the several years when I was in that city, my books were lucky enough to survive the disaster of the so-called "Cultural Revolution." But, when I was sent to do manual labour in the remote mountains of northern Fujian, all the books had to go with me by truck, which plunged me into a world of trouble. Two years later, when I was suddenly transferred back to Fuzhou, the books had to be loaded on a truck again for a long ride over mountains and rivers, exposing themselves to the dew drops of the mountain area and inhaling the aroma of green grass. It was not until many years later that the books, then packed in boxes, were at last transported back to Shanghai, the place where I had originally come from. I owe the safety of my books to the efforts of my second son, who is physically strong and bright and clever. Books that have survived the age of obscurantism are without doubt an invaluable asset.

All my old books are my life-long companions. The longer the companionship, the more profound my attachment for them. Generally speaking, there are three kinds of books in my private collection, namely, books for required reading that have not yet been read, books for

optional reading and books unworthy of reading. Books of the last kind can be disposed of easily, that is, by selling them off cheap as waste paper bound for the pulp mill. The second kind of books are most difficult to handle. I generally give a glance into them before making a difficult decision on whether to keep them or not. Books are emotional and always reluctant to part from me. And sometimes, in a fit of impatience, I will even feel like resolutely doing away with them all at once. As I said in my young days, books are most faithful and will never betray you so long as you don't abandon them. Oh, my books!

Books of the first kind consist of many autographed copies of works by my literary friends and miscellaneous favorite books of mine as well as de luxe editions of literary classics. They are to be kept intact by all means. But, as there is a limit to human life, the future of these books is unknown.

It is high time for me to give away my collected books. But it is beyond my power to do the toilsome labour of sorting out piles upon piles of books and then doing all the wrapping, packing and mailing. Fortunately, there are few things of much worth among piles of my musty old books. So I might as well take it easy.





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# 妈妈的手

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◎ 高莽

妈妈太老了，不过头发没有全白，脸上也没有出现几颗老人斑，只是腰背微驼。<sup>[1]</sup>纤瘦的身体比30年前大约缩了一头。她的两只手，似乎只剩下几条青筋和一把骨头，手指也弯曲了<sup>[2]</sup>，好像折弯而没有断的树枝。妈妈有时望着自己的手，自嘲地说：“这哪是手指头啊，简直是鸡爪子……”每次我听到妈妈这种含有辛酸的话，就心疼不已。

我记得小的时候，妈妈怎样用一双细嫩的手为我洗头，洗身，洗脚。她的手轻轻摸抚着我的皮肤，好惬意，好温柔哟！

我记得上学时，有一次老师让我在一个儿童剧里扮演松鼠的角色。可服装要自己解决，我急得不知如何是好。妈妈安慰我：“你放心好了！我给你做<sup>[3]</sup>……”妈妈买来一块灰绒布，剪裁、缝纫。第三天清早，我醒来时，发现妈妈依然坐在缝纫机前<sup>[4]</sup>。她微微一笑，拿起一件带大尾巴的松鼠式戏装<sup>[5]</sup>让我看。试了一下，好极了。那时，我根本没有想过：妈妈为了让自己的儿子高兴，连夜不睡辛劳了几天。

稍长，我喜欢伏在妈妈身边，看她在布头上缝绣彩色花朵。她那么专注，那么细心，缝了拆，拆了缝<sup>[6]</sup>，稍有欠妥的地方，一定返工。后来，我看到布头上绽开了鲜花，长出了绿叶，飞来了小鸟，似乎还能闻到花草的清香，听到鸟儿的啼鸣。这是妈妈为我缝制的枕头套。我喜爱极了。我睡在这个枕头上，感受到妈妈的手爱抚着我的脸，温暖着我的心，连夜里的梦也不太苦涩了。

妈妈手中产生的每件东西，都精致，都漂亮。她总是精益求精。

“文革”期间，五七干校的军宣队禁止我们外国文学工作者阅读中外文学作品，我利用这个机会学习缝纫。这时我才感念妈妈几十年来为我和哥哥们缝制衣服付出了多少精力与心血。

妈妈的手是什么时候变得粗糙了呢？妈妈老了，她的手已经拿不住针线，也不能做饭了，甚至走路时也要手扶墙壁<sup>[7]</sup>。墙壁上留下被她的手磨损的痕迹。

前几年，妈妈90岁生日，我决定亲手给她做一套便服衣裤。自认为这是儿子最好的一件礼物，她一定会高兴。

那天，妈妈接过我缝制的衣服，脸上闪着光亮，眼睛在微笑。那天，我满怀幸福地睡了。

半夜醒来，我发现了一条灯光从妈妈的门缝里泄出来。是妈妈没有睡？是妈妈忘记了熄灯？我下床走向门缝，往她的屋里观望。她正坐在床上，围着被<sup>[8]</sup>，戴着老花镜，手中拿着我缝制的衣裤，在细细地观看。她慢慢地摸来一把小剪子。她要干什么？我屏住呼吸。天哪！原来……原来她用颤颤抖抖的手开始拆卸我为她特意缝制的新衣服。我的心顿时凉了！妈妈，这是您60岁的儿子亲手给您缝制的衣服呀！为什么不穿，反而拆成片呢？

过了几天，我实在憋不住了，才问妈妈。妈妈盯着我的眼睛，过了半晌，开口说：“你缝的不合格啊！线——扎得不直、不匀，有些粗糙……干活儿可不能这样！”她说，她把衣裤都拆了，想背着我重缝起来，可是手不听使唤，缝不成了<sup>[9]</sup>，妈妈看着自己那双哆哆嗦嗦的枯手，叹了一口气。

妈妈劳动一生，我回想了一下<sup>[10]</sup>，她无论干什么事，的确从不曾让人有些许挑剔。如今，她不能劳动了，可是对儿子的劳动成果，也决不放松一针一线。

我望着妈妈的双手，心想：妈妈教给我的，岂只是不应该缝制不合格的衣服？！

高莽，1926年生，哈尔滨人，笔名乌兰汗，是我国著名翻译家、作家、画家，终生从事俄罗斯文学翻译工作，曾任中国作家协会《世界文学》杂志总编辑，著有多部散文集。《妈妈的手》是他写于1992年的一篇讴歌亲情的佳作。

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[1] “妈妈太老了，不过头发没有全白，脸上也没出现几颗老人斑，只是腰背微驼”如按原文次序直译为 *Mother is very old, but her hair is only partially gray and her face has few old age speckles. She is a bit stooped*, 前后两句缺乏连贯性。现把两句合译为 *Mother is a bit stooped with age, but her hair is only partially gray and her face has few old age speckles*, 条理就较清楚。又“没有全白”可译为 *only partially gray* 或 *only partly gray*。

[2] “手指也弯曲了”如直译为 *The fingers were twisted (或 crooked)*, 似言过其实。应按“手指也变形了(或变了样)”译为 *The fingers looked quite out of*

shape (或shapeless), 较为确切。

[3] “我给你做”译为I'll make one for you all right, 其中短语all right用来加重语气, 作“无疑”、“确实”等解。

[4] “发现妈妈依然坐在缝纫机前”译为I was surprised to find her still sitting at the sewing machine, 其中surprised作“意外”解, 是译文中的添加词, 原文虽无其词而有其意。

[5] “一件带大尾巴的松鼠式戏装”译为the stage costume for a squirrel with a bushy tail, 其中把“大尾巴”译为a bushy tail, 比a big tail更确切, bushy的原意是“毛茸茸的”、“毛密的”。

[6] “缝了拆, 拆了缝”译为unstitching what she had sewn or re-sewing what she had unstitched, 也可简化为unstitching or re-sewing。

[7] “要手扶墙壁”译为with a groping hand on the wall for support, 其中groping是译文中的添加词, 作“触摸”解。

[8] “围着被”意即“肩上披着被”, 应译with a quilt draped over her shoulders, 不应按字面直译为covered by a quilt, with a quilt around her等。

[9] “可是手不听使唤, 缝不成了”译为but she couldn't make it, her fingers being all thumbs with age, 其中her fingers being all thumbs源于成语one's fingers are all thumbs, 作“手指笨拙”、“手指不灵巧”解。此句也可译为but, being all thumbs with age, she just couldn't make it。

[10] “妈妈劳动了一生, 我回想了一下”译为Mother has been diligent with her hands all her life即可, 第二句可不译。又第一句的意思是“妈妈一生爱用双手劳动”, 如按字面直译为Mother has been working all her life, 内涵不尽相同。

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# Mother ' s Hands

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© *Gao Mang*

Mother is a bit stooped with age, but her hair is only partially gray and her face has few old age speckles. Her small and thin stature, however, is shorter than thirty years ago by a head. And nothing seems to remain of her two hands but a few blue veins and bones. The fingers looked quite out of shape like broken twigs still hanging on to trees. Sometimes, looking at her own hands, she will say in self-ridicule, "How can I still call them my fingers? They're chicken claws ...." At this, my heart invariably aches.

When I was a child, I remember, mother used to wash my hair, my body and my feet with her delicate soft hands. As her hands ran over me gently, what a feeling of comfort and warmth came over me!

Once, when I was a schoolboy, my teacher wanted me to play the part of a squirrel in a children's play. I worried very much about the stage costume that, according to the teacher, had to be provided by myself. Mother set my heart at ease by saying, "Don't worry! I'll make one for you all right ...." Thereupon, she bought a piece of gray cotton flannel and started cutting it out and sewing. On the early morning of the third day, when I woke up, I was surprised to find her still sitting at the sewing machine. She smilingly showed me the stage costume for a squirrel with a bushy tail. I tried it on. It was perfect. At that time, nevertheless, little did I ponder about mother having spent quite a few sleepless nights toiling for her son's sake.

When I was older, I would nestle by mother's side and watch her embroidering brilliant flowers on a piece of cloth. She worked attentively and meticulously, unstitching what she had sewn or re-sewing what she had unstitched, always doing all over again whatever she considered inadequate. When fresh flowers, green leaves and flying birds eventually appeared on the cloth, I seemed to smell the faint scent of flowers and plants and hear the tweeting of birds. Mother had made an embroidered pillowcase for me. I was overjoyed. When I lay with my head pillowed on it, I felt as if her hand were fondly caressing my face and warming my heart, and I were no longer disturbed by bad dreams.

Everything that mother makes by hand is delicate and nice-looking, and she keeps trying to do better. During the so-called “Cultural Revolution”, when I was sent to a farm school<sup>[1]</sup>, I, like all other scholars in the field of foreign literature, was denied access to foreign literary books. So I took the opportunity to learn sewing instead. Only then did I fully realize how for scores of years mother had toiled away at making clothes for my elder brothers and me.

When did her hands start to become so rough? She is old. Her hands are now too enfeebled to do even needlework or cooking. When she walks, she has to move along with a groping hand on the wall for support. Consequently, the wall now bears traces of the wear and tear of the continual touching of her hand.

Several years ago, to celebrate her 90th birthday, I decided to make her by myself a suit of clothes for everyday wear, consisting of a short coat and a pair of trousers, thinking that it would be the best gift possible from her son and that it would surely delight her much.

As she received the clothes on her birthday, her face brightened up with smiles. That night, I had blissful hours of sleep.

Around midnight, I woke up to find lamplight coming in through the crack of her door. I wondered if she was staying up late or had gone to bed forgetting to put out the lamplight. I got out of bed and peeping into her room through the crack, I saw her sitting on the bed with a quilt draped over her shoulders. With a pair of presbyopic glasses on, she was holding in her hands the suit of clothes I had made and examining it closely. Then she slowly fished out from somewhere a pair of small scissors. What was she up to? I held my breath. Good Heavens! So she was going to unstash with her trembling hands the new clothes I had specially made for her. My heart sank. O mother, that was the suit your 60-year-old son had made for you! Why were you going to unstash it rather than wear it?

Several days later, I couldn't hold back the question in my mind any more. She stared into my eyes for quite a while and then said, “Your needlework isn't up to standard. The stitches are untidy and uneven. The whole thing is crude... That's not the way to go about your work.” She had the whole suit unstitched and wanted to re-sew it behind my back, but she just couldn't make it, her fingers being all thumbs with age. Looking at her tremulous wizened hands, she sighed.

Mother has been diligent with her hands all her life. She always saw to it that she was

faultless in whatever she did. Now she is too old to work, but she is very strict with my performance.

The sight of mother's hands always plunges me into deep thought: Her teaching goes far beyond the making of good clothes.

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[1] Referring to the “May Seventh Cadre School” set up in the countryside across China in accordance with Mao Zedong's “May 7th Directive” issued during the so-called “Cultural Revolution” (1966—1976), to which innumerable intellectuals, government officials, etc. were sent to do physical labour.

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# 过戈壁

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◎ 哲中

茫茫的戈壁望不到边，黄羊不落脚，马儿不敢走<sup>[1]</sup>。遍地铺着尖利的石头，步行更是困难<sup>[2]</sup>。

我呆呆地望着前方。

傍晚时分，戈壁上传来悠扬的驼铃。一峰骆驼（身后还有一峰小骆驼），兴冲冲地向我走来。

驼背上没有骑手，旁边也不见人影。骆驼主人呢？难道它是野骆驼吗？

它走向前来，拿粉红色的舌头舔我手背，用鼻头拱我口袋。我拿出干粮招待它。它吃完干粮，转身卧到地上，示意请我骑到背上。我犹豫了一下，终于骑上去。此时夕阳西去，夜幕缓缓升起。我忐忑不安，不知是悲是喜？

戈壁之夜，繁星在头上闪烁，月华如银，我仿佛走进梦中。在驼背上，我甚至产生怀疑，怕它对我怀着歹意。

一夜就这么提心吊胆地过去了。

第二天，太阳从东方升起，我的神经才稍稍松弛了一些。骆驼仍然驮着我缓缓地由东向西行进。过了戈壁，就是我此行的目的地了，但我仍然揣摩不透它的心意。

戈壁上突然刮起龙卷风，我们置身风暴当中<sup>[3]</sup>。天昏地暗，飞沙走石<sup>[4]</sup>。骆驼站着，稳如泰山，让我藏到它身子下面，我才免遭风沙伤害。风沙过去了，它又驮着我继续前行。我的心便从怀疑而至感激了。

走了一天一夜，已经很疲乏了，骆驼也得休息一下。我找到了一块洼地住下，让骆驼到戈壁滩上去吃草。

是夜云头很低，睡梦中觉得谁在拽我裤腿。才翻身，眼前闪动着一双双绿幽幽的眼

睛<sup>[5]</sup>。我一骨碌从地上坐起，狼知道我没有死，一起向我裂开大嘴<sup>[6]</sup>。这时远处一声怒吼，在那边吃草的骆驼冲过来，和狼厮打到一块。三头狼，一头被咬死，一头受伤，一头吓跑了。骆驼将我揽到身边，像是怕狼再来吃我。我扑到它身上，一个劲地亲。

经过五天五夜，我们走出了戈壁。和骆驼分别时，我有许多话要说，但它不懂，只好摆摆手走了。我走了很远，它还站在原地向我凝望。

到了目的地，友人说，驮我过戈壁的骆驼的主人，是塔吉克的牧驼人。

“牧驼人呢？我没有见到他呀！”我很诧异。

“老牧驼人要是活着，也该有几百上千岁了。”

“他有后代吗？”

“他有儿子、孙子、重孙，子子孙孙，都在戈壁上牧驼。”

“老人家怎么把骆驼驯养得这么听话？”

“这话奇怪。老人家没有驯养出来这样的骆驼，你能走过戈壁吗？”

回来的路上，我又骑上那峰骆驼。

到了戈壁才发现，随身带的水壶忘了装水。没有饮水，这长长的戈壁怎么过去？这里的太阳火炉一样，烤得我浑身冒汗，口干得张不开。头一天熬过去了，第二天处于半昏迷状态，第三天一头栽倒在戈壁上。

昏睡中我感到嘴唇湿润湿润的，有一股泉水往嘴里流。我贪婪地喝着，体内的血液迅速奔涌起来。好容易，我半睁开眼睛，看到跟前坐着一个汉子。看出那是年轻的牧驼人。他身后卧着一片黑压压的骆驼。我想站起来，腿不听使唤<sup>[7]</sup>，激动之后，我又昏迷了过去。

第二天，牧驼人和骆驼不见了，唯有驮我的骆驼仍站在身旁守候。由于饮了水，体力恢复了许多，水壶里也灌满了水，我又能骑着骆驼上路了。

驼铃声声，在广袤的戈壁上空回荡。

那是经人驯服的专门载着旅客走戈壁的“沙漠之舟”呀，可不是野骆驼。



哲中（1933— ），安徽省肥东县人，当代作家，1959年于中国人民大学法律系毕业后，志愿赴新疆工作。著有小说散文集《天山的阳光》、长篇游记《一个神秘世界的见闻》、散文集《大漠的歌》等。所著《过戈壁》一文选自1986年10月14日《人民日报》。

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[1] “黄羊不落脚，马儿不敢走”可按“黄羊和马儿都不敢冒险进入”之意译为even Mongolian gazelles and horses dared not venture into it, 其中venture into作“冒险涉足”解。

[2] “步行更是困难”译为was even more difficult for foot travelers to negotiate, 其中foot travelers作“徒步旅行者”解，to negotiate的意思是“胜利通过”、“越过”等。

[3] “我们置身风暴当中”中的“置身”有“陷入困境”（to get trapped）的含义，全句可译为We were caught in a violent storm.

[4] “飞沙走石”译为the fierce wind sent sands flying about and pebbles hurtling through the air, 其中sand本是不可数的物质名词，用复数形式，是为了加强语气。

[5] “眼前闪动着一双双绿幽幽的眼睛”译为I ... saw pairs of eerie green eyes glistening, 其中eerie的意思是“令人害怕的”、“怪异的”，是译文中的增添词，原文虽无其词而有其意。

[6] “一起向我裂开大嘴”如按字面直译为the wolves opened their mouths wide（或opened their big mouths），未能充分传神达意，现译为the wolves bared their fangs ferociously（露出一付利牙尖齿的凶相），似较可取。

[7] “我想站起来，腿不听使唤”不宜直译为I wanted to get up, but my legs would not obey me, 现译为I wanted to rise to my feet, but my legs gave way, 其中gave way作“（腿）发软”解。此句也可译为I felt like getting up, but my legs would not hold me up.



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# Crossing the Gobi Desert

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© Zhe Zhong

The Gobi Desert was boundless, so even Mongolian gazelles and horses dared not venture into it. The desert plain, covered with sharp-edged rock fragments, was even more difficult for foot travelers to negotiate.

I stood gazing blankly into the distance.

Towards evening, the sweet jingling of camel bells was heard from across the desert. A camel, followed by a baby camel, came towards me sprightly.

No one was sitting astride the animal, nor any one standing beside it. Who was its master? Was it a wild camel?

As it moved closer to me, it stuck out its pink tongue to lick the back of my hand and dug its snout into my pocket. I gave it a feed of the food I had brought with me for the journey. After eating, it turned to lie on the ground, motioning me to ride on it. I did accordingly after some hesitation. The sun was setting in the west and night was falling. I felt uneasy, not knowing if I was sad or happy.

It was a starry moonlit night on the Gobi. I felt like in a dream. Sitting astride on the camel's back, I even became suspicious, fearing that the camel might have malicious intent against me.

I was nervous the whole night.

It was not until the next dawn that I became somewhat relaxed. The camel, carrying me on its back, continued to move slowly from east to west. I was to reach my destination after getting out of the Gobi, but I still couldn't figure out the camel's intention.

A tornado suddenly whirled over the Gobi and we were caught in a violent storm. It turned dark all round and the fierce wind sent sands flying about and pebbles hurtling through the air.

The camel, however, stood rock-firm. I hid myself under its belly so as to protect myself from the sand storm. After the sand storm passed off, the camel, with me on its back, started to move forward again. A sense of gratitude had then replaced suspicion in my heart.

A day and night passed and I felt tired out. And the camel was in need of a rest too. I found a low-lying place for a stopover. Then the camel went grazing at a sandy beach.

It was a night with clouds hanging low. I was roused from sleep by somebody pulling me by the trouser legs. I turned over in bed and saw pairs of eerie green eyes glistening. So I sat up from the ground abruptly. Seeing that I was alive, the wolves bared their fangs ferociously. At this very moment, the camel rushed with an angry roar from its grazing land to fight the wolves. Consequently, one of the three wolves was bitten to death, another was injured and still another fled through fear. The camel then took care to keep me close to itself for fear that the wolves might come again to attack me. I threw myself on it and kissed it vigorously.

We were out of the Gobi five days and nights later. At parting, there were many things I could have said to the camel, but I refrained because it could never understand human speech. All I did was walk away waving my hand. After walking a long way off, I still saw it stand fixing its eyes on me.

On reaching my destination, a friend of mine there told me the camel that had carried me across the Gobi belonged to a Tajik trainer of camels.

“Where is he? I haven't seen him yet,” I asked in astonishment.

“If the old herdsman were still alive, he should be several hundred or even more than a thousand years old.”

“How about his descendants?”

“He had sons, grandsons and grand grandsons — all of them looking after camels on the Gobi.”

“How did the old man manage to raise and train the camels until they were so tame and gentle?”

“Well, had it not been for the old herdsman, you wouldn't be able to cross the Gobi, would

you?"

On my return trip over the Gobi, I rode on the same camel.

I realized on my arrival at the Gobi that I had forgotten to replenish my canteen with water, which was indispensable for travelers on the Gobi. Under the scorching sun, I was sweating all over and my mouth was parched. I managed to pull through on the first day, I had fainting fits on the second day, and I fell onto the ground on the third day.

I fell into a lethargic state. My lips became moistened through water being poured into my mouth. As I was gulping it down greedily, blood flowed rapidly through my body. It was with difficulty that I managed to have my eyes half opened. Then I saw a man sitting in front of me. I could tell that he was a herdsman. Behind him was a dark mass of camels lying on the ground. I wanted to rise to my feet, but my legs gave way. At the end of my excitement, I turned lethargic again.

The next day, the herdsman and his camels were nowhere to be found. Only the camel that had carried me across the Gobi was standing beside me, keeping watch. After drinking the water, I felt very much recovered physically. And the canteen had also been filled with water. So I resumed my journey astride the camel.

The jingling bells of my camel echoed through the boundless Gobi.

It was not a wild camel, but a camel known as the "ship of the desert" that had been raised and trained specifically to carry travelers across the Gobi.

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# 宰牛

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◎ 王蒙

“它<sup>[1]</sup>知道的，它要挨刀了！”房东说。

纳赛尔江拿出刀来，喊一声“安拉<sup>[2]</sup>，艾斯敏拉”（以真主的名义），照准牛脖子<sup>[3]</sup>飞快地一下，样子一点也不凶恶<sup>[4]</sup>。牛“哞”地一声闷叫，血喷如注，牛的眼睛在这一瞬间突然睁大，应该说是突然放出了痛苦的强光，旋即暗淡、固定，变成两枚乌溜溜的玻璃珠子。

穆斯林是严禁食用动物的血的，他把牛血放净、埋好，用了不多的时间就宰好了牛，倒挂在房檐上，开始按1块钱1公斤的价格出售了。

空气里充满了牛血牛肉的腥气。虽然用土掩埋了牛血，仍然立即引来了许多只乌鸦<sup>[5]</sup>，真是不祥的鸟<sup>[6]</sup>。

这天晚上海丽琪罕熬了一大锅牛杂碎汤<sup>[7]</sup>，我只觉得腥，勉强吃了半碗就不肯再吃，使房东二老颇觉疑惑。第二天一早，我腹痛如绞，腹泻如注。从这一件事上，我已经看准了自己的无用。

后来队里有一次宰牛，我也看到了，印象要淡得多。那是为了迎接夏收开镰吧，队里<sup>[8]</sup>组织了农忙地头食堂，宰牛开张。宰牛本身已无所谓，令人难忘的是日落西山放牧的牛群回村里时，经过村口宰过牛的地方，牛群彳亍不前，吼声大作，悲怆鸣叫，牛蹄踏踏不已。老乡们说，牛是闻得出味道来的，一旦“得知”一位同类归西，呼天唤地之状，令人震惊。

王蒙（1934— ），著名作家，祖籍河北南皮，生于北京，著述颇丰，1953年创作长篇小说《青年万岁》，1956年发表短篇小说《组织部新来的年轻人》，有《王蒙文集》行世。1986—1989年任中华人民共和国文化部部长。《宰牛》是他写于1991年3月19日的一篇散文，文字隽永精练。

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[1] “它”指“牛”，译为The cow。英语cow本作“母牛”或“奶牛”解，但常泛指“牛”，不分公母老幼，如cow hide（牛皮）、cowshed（牛棚）、cowboy（牛仔）等。

[2] “安拉”或“真主”应译Allah，为伊斯兰教所信奉的惟一神的名称。

[3] “照准牛脖子”译为right into the neck of the animal，其中right（恰好地）表达原文的“照准”。

[4] “样子一点也不凶恶”译为without showing nastiness，其中nastiness作“一副凶相”解。此句也可译为without a nasty look on his face。

[5] “仍然立即引来了许多只乌鸦”译为flocks of crows nevertheless appeared on the scene by following up the scent，其中following up the scent作“闻着臭迹追赶”解。

[6] “真是不祥的鸟”译为O ill-omened birds!，其中ill-omened意同unlucky、inauspicious等。惊叹词O是译文中的添加词，有助于更好地表达原意。

[7] “牛杂碎汤”本可译为chopped stewed entrails of the cow或chopped stewed internal organs of the cow，均欠理想，现译chopped beef tripe stew较简练通俗，其中以常用的beef tripe（牛肚）一词概括“牛杂碎”，便于理解。

[8] “队里”应指“队领导”，故译为our Team leaders。

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# Ox-Slaughtering

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© Wang Meng

“The cow is expecting itself to be knifed soon,” said my landlord.

Nasser took out a knife and shouted, “In the name of Allah!” Thereupon he plunged the knife right into the neck of the animal. He did it agilely without showing nastiness. The animal uttered a muffled moo as blood started gushing out of the cut. Its eyes, ablaze with acute pain, suddenly dilated and then turned dim and static, like two black glass balls.

As it was strictly banned among Moslems to eat animal blood, Nasser had the cow's blood buried underground. It took him only a short time to finish the butchering. He then had the slaughtered cow hung upside down under the eaves and began selling the beef at one *Yuan* per kilo.

The air was full of the rank smell of the slaughtered animal and its blood. Although the blood had been buried, flocks of crows nevertheless appeared on the scene by following up the scent. O ill-omened birds!

That evening, Hailiqi prepared a potful of chopped beef tripe stew. It was too smelly for me, so I managed to eat only half a bowl. That very much perplexed my landlord and his wife. Early the next morning, I suffered from a severe stomach-ache and diarrhoea. I blamed myself for being so fragile.

Later, I witnessed ox-slaughtering again, this time at my Team, but I was no longer impressed. By order of our Team leaders, we had a temporary kitchen set up at the edge of the field, probably in anticipation of the busy season of wheat harvest. Ox-slaughtering was commonplace. But something most unforgettable happened one afternoon when a herd of cattle were returning to the village from the grazing ground in the setting sun. At the village entrance, the animals slowed down and then stopped moving ahead, meanwhile bellowing loudly and mournfully and thumping the ground again and again with their hooves. The villagers told us that



the cattle had found their way to the spot by scenting out the blood of the slaughtered cow, and then lamented loudly, to our astonishment, over the death of an animal of their kind.



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# 鸟巢

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◎ 肖凤

水泥浇筑成的塔楼和板楼，鳞次栉比<sup>[1]</sup>，远远望去，仿佛是陡峭垂直的群山，构成了大城市的独特风景线。然而它们的造型，僵硬呆板，不像大自然的山峦，鬼斧神工，有着美妙的线条，蕴含着迷人的神韵。

不过，生活在北京市的平民百姓，如果能够在这灰色的或者绿色的，或者别的什么颜色的高楼里，拥有一个属于自己的空间，不论是大是小，只要它是独立的，能够无拘无束地生活着<sup>[2]</sup>，也就满足了。

有时走在马路上，仰首遥望居住的那座楼宇，找到第17层那几扇属于自己和自己亲人的窗户，就觉得那个叫做“家”的地方，其实更像一个“鸟巢”。因为它方方正正，像一个匣子，虽然它被夹在第16层与第18层之间，却总是觉得它好像是被高高地吊在半空中，上不着天，下不着地。作为人类的家园，它似乎是太高了一点儿。

因此常常羡慕鸟儿，它们能够自由自在地飞翔，如果它们把巢筑在第17层上面，也能舒展开自己的双翼，款款地飞回去<sup>[3]</sup>。而且还能站在自己的巢里，优哉游哉地鸟瞰人群<sup>[4]</sup>。可是我没有翅膀，如果我要回到自己的“鸟巢”，必须借助楼里的电梯。而电梯又受制于电的有无，或有没有故障（它常有故障），以及开电梯的小姐是否坐在岗位上<sup>[5]</sup>。不像鸟儿那般自由，一切由它自己做主，想要出门就出门，想要归巢就归巢。

坐在窗前的写字台前伏案工作，会忽然听见“咕，咕，咕”的悦耳声音，抬头一望，原来是两只白色的鸽子站在窗外的窗沿上，正在亲昵地对话<sup>[6]</sup>。我不愿惊扰它们，便静静地坐在那里，欣赏它们的漂亮形体与温柔姿态。待它们亲热地谈得够了<sup>[7]</sup>，就会转过小巧的头颅，用它们那双明亮的小眼睛，与我对视。每逢这时，我就很想告诉它们，我是多么地喜欢鸽子，毕加索笔下的那只名鸽，其实远不如真实的鸽子美丽。我还会产生错觉，不知是这对鸽子还是自己，正住在“鸟巢”里，也不知我与它们是否同类。它们的小脑袋里想些什么，我一无所知，反正是等到它们流连得够了，就展翅飞翔，飞回到属于它们自己的巢里，那个鸟巢比我的“鸟巢”平方米略少，不过也是悬在半空，悬在对面那座塔楼的一家住

户的阳台上。

除了鸽子之外，也有麻雀造访我的窗台。或者一只，或者两只，或者更多。它们叽叽喳喳，跳跳蹦蹦，全然不顾有人正从窗户的另一面望着它们<sup>[8]</sup>，很像一群喜爱游玩的活泼孩子。它们的家不知筑在何处，好像比鸽子的家距离远些。

这些客人光顾我的“鸟巢”，让第17层的高空有了魅力。有时站在窗户里面向外望去，常常看见鸟儿们在窗外飞翔，这种景象使自己几乎忘记了是被围困在水泥筑成的方格子里<sup>[9]</sup>。

可是，只要俯首下望，大城市的单调景色就会一目了然——马路很像一条灰色的带子，形形色色的汽车和无轨电车像大大小小的甲壳虫，慢慢地向前蠕动，很久才能走到视线之外。近处是深灰色的屋顶。远处是层层叠叠的楼群。

绿色的树木像珍宝，令人爱不释“目”，使人更加向往大自然。很想变成一只鸟，从这座“鸟巢”中飞出去，飞到森林中去，飞到大海边去，飞到崇山峻岭中去，飞到一切有花有草有树有水，惟独没有水泥和汽车尾气的地方去。去享受一下没有污染的清新空气，去享受一下没有噪音的宁静氛围，去享受一下没有撒过漂白粉的清澈溪水<sup>[10]</sup>，去寻找一个没有是非，没有烦扰，没有摩擦，没有争权夺利，没有勾心斗角，没有尔虞我诈的干净去处。

《鸟巢》的作者是女作家肖凤（1937— ），北京人，原名赵凤翔。1959年毕业于北京师范大学中国语言文学系，现为北京广播学院电视系教授。著有《萧红传》、《庐隐传》、《冰心传》以及散文集《韩国之旅》、《肖凤散文选》等。

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[1] “水泥浇成的塔楼和板楼，鳞次栉比”译为Rows of cement tower buildings and prefabs, 其中用rows或row upon row表达“鳞次栉比”（其意思是“一个挨着一个地排列着”）。“水泥浇成的”可译为cement或cement-poured。此外，因“水泥”和“混凝土”基本相同，也可用concrete或concrete-poured代替之。又，“板楼”指“预制板房屋”，应译为prefabs, 即prefabricated buildings。

[2] “独立的，能够无拘无束地生活着”可按“不受干扰地，自由自在地生活”译为can enjoy the ease and privacy of ..., 其中privacy作“不受干扰”或“独处”解，ease作“自由自在”解。

[3] “也能舒展开自己的双翼，款款地飞回去”意即“也能轻松愉快地飞回去”，可译为they could also fly back to it light-heartedly。

[4] “还能站在自己的巢里，优哉游哉地鸟瞰人群”译为and then stand enjoying a leisurely view of crowds milling about in the streets, 其中milling about in the streets是译文中的添加词，意同strolling in the streets, 原文虽无其词而有其意。

[5] “而电梯又受制于电的有无……”译为And, mind you, that depends upon the uninterrupted supply of electric power …, 其中插入语mind you (请注意)是译文中的增益词，用以加强全句语气。

[6] “正在亲昵地对话”未按字面直译为talking together softly (或 affectionately), 而采用成语billing and cooing (谈情说爱), 取其简洁利落。

[7] “待它们亲热地谈得够了”译为At the end of their rendezvous (或tryst), 取其简洁。未译为After they had finished talking together softly或After they had finished demonstrating their affection等。

[8] “全然不顾有人正从窗户的另一面望着它们”可译为totally impervious to any onlooker on the other side of the window, 现, 为了简洁, 改译为totally impervious to any peeper behind the window。

[9] “这种景象使自己几乎忘记了是被围困在水泥筑成的方格子里”译为I will forget I am living in the prison cell of a cement-poured home, 其中the prison cell of a cement-poured home作“像牢房一般的水泥筑成的屋子”。

[10] “没有撒过漂白粉的清澈溪水”可按“未被污染的清澈溪水”译为pure water from a limpid brook。

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# The Bird's Nest

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Rows of cement tower buildings and prefabs, looking from afar like groups of steep mountains, are a unique sight in big cities. They are stiff and stereotyped in form, unlike real mountains which are a masterwork of nature with beautiful lines and implicit enchanting grace.

Nevertheless, the common people of Beijing will be content with housing accommodation, big or small, in a high-rise of gray, green or any other color, where they can enjoy the ease and privacy of their own home.

Sometimes, while strolling in the street, I raise my head to gaze far ahead at the building where I live. As I identify my window on the 17th floor, I realize what we call our“home”is in fact more like a“bird's nest.”It's cubical like a box. Sandwiched in between the 16th and the 18th floor, it's like something hanging high up in mid-air, touching neither the sky nor the earth. Apparently, it's a bit too high for a human domicile.

Therefore, I often envy birds their ability to fly freely. If they had a nest built on the 17th floor of our building, they could also fly back to it light-heartedly and then stand enjoying a leisurely view of crowds milling about in the streets. But, unfortunately, I have no wings. So I have to use the elevator in the building to get back to my“nest.”And, mind you, that depends upon the uninterrupted supply of electric power, the trouble-free condition of the elevator (which often has troubles) and the presence of the girl elevator operator on duty. Unlike birds, I can't always act as I think fit, leaving or coming back to my“nest”freely as I please.

Sometimes, sitting at my desk before the window, I will suddenly hear a soft cooing sound and, looking up, I find a pair of white doves billing and cooing on the outer windowsill. Unwilling to alarm them, I will sit quietly admiring their elegant shape and gentle carriage. At the end of their rendezvous, they will turn their heads and exchange stares with me, their tiny eyes glistening. I will, on such occasions, be very eager to let them know how I love doves and that the famous dove painted by Picasso is far less beautiful than real doves. I will feel confused

as to who should be the real dweller of the“nest”— the pair of doves or me, and whether we are of the same kind. I don't know what thoughts they have in their tiny brains. Anyway, after enjoying themselves to their heart's content, they will fly back to the nest of their own. It is somewhat smaller than mine by several square meters, but is also hanging in midair, over the balcony of a residence in the opposite tower building.

In addition to doves, sparrows also frequent my windowsill. They will come singly, in pairs or groups, chirping and hopping about like playful kids, totally impervious to any peeper behind the window. The whereabouts of their home is unknown, but apparently it is farther than that of doves.

The visit of these guests to my“nest”has lent great charm to the 17th floor. Often, when I see birds flying beyond my window, I will forget I am living in the prison cell of a cement-poured home.

But, if I stoop to look down, I'll see immediately how insipid the city is. The streets stretch like grey ribbons. It takes quite a while for cars of all descriptions and trolleybuses to move along slowly like beetles of various sizes until they are out of sight. Nearer in sight are dull grey rooftops, and farther on stand row upon row of buildings.

Green trees are so lovely that we can scarcely take our eyes off them. I wish I could become a bird so that I could fly off from this“nest”to the forest, the sea, the mountain, or to any place with flowers, grass, trees and water, but without cement and tail exhaust. It would be a place where I could enjoy unpolluted fresh air, quiet atmosphere free from noise-pollution, pure water from a limpid brook. It would be a clean place without discord, disturbance, friction, scramble for power and gain, intrigue and mutual deception.

